VIRGIL

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN JACKSON

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HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
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PREFACE

The following translation has been made from the text edited by Mr. Hirtzel in the Bibliotheca Oxoniensis, and the very few variations may be easily ascertained from a glance at his *apparatus criticus*. The same fact will account for the orthography of some proper names—e.g. Volcens, for Volscens, &c.

My best thanks are due to those gentlemen who kindly read the proofs and made many valuable suggestions and corrections: the President of Magdalen, Vice-Chancellor of the University, Mr. Clark of Queen's College, Mr. Godley of Magdalen, and the staff of the Clarendon Press. It is hardly necessary to add that any inherent blemishes are the undivided property of the translator.

J. J.

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THE ECLOGUES

I

Meliboeus, Tityrus

MELIBOEUS. Tityrus, thou liest, canopied beneath thy spreading beech and wooing the silvan Muse on thy slender oat, while we—we quit our country's bounds and her sweet fields. *We* fare forth into exile: Tityrus, in shaded ease, teaches the responsive woods to call Amaryllis fair!

Tityrus. O Meliboeus, it was a god gave us this peace.—For a god he will ever be to me, and full many a tender lamb from my folds shall stain his altar. By his boon my kine range as thou seest, and their master tunes what lays he will on his rural pipe.

Meliboeus. As for me I grudge thee not—rather I marvel! Misrule so lords it on every hand and in every field. Lo, here am I, sick at heart, driving these goats on and on.—Nay, Tityrus, here is one that scarce I can lead! For, but a little space ago, among these thick-set hazels, she yeaned and left —alack!—her twin kids, hope of my flock, on the naked flint! Full oft, I bethink me, had not my wit been dense, oaks struck from heaven foreshowed this mischance.—But, Tityrus, expound me this god of thine!

Tityrus. The town, my Meliboeus, that men call *Rome*, I thought—simple soul!—was like this of ours, whither we shepherds are wont to drive the tender weanlings of our ewes. Even so I knew whelp was likest to dog and kid to dam: even so I measured great by small. But, above all

other cities, this so far exalts her head as the cypress above the lissom osiers !

Meliboeus. And what cause so potent led thee to visit Rome?

Tityrus. Freedom, who—though late—yet deigned to mark my indolence, now that a whiter harvest fell beneath my razor. Spite of all she glanced on me at last, and came after many days,—after Amaryllis' reign began and Galatea cast me off. For—confess I must !—while Galatea swayed me I knew neither hope of freedom nor thought of thrift, and, though many a victim left my stalls and many a stout cheese was pressed for the thankless town, never did this hand of mine reach home silver-laden.

Meliboeus. In sooth, I marvelled, Amaryllis, whence those tearful prayers to heaven—for what swain thou didst leave thine apples to droop on their native boughs ! Tityrus was gone ! Ah, Tityrus, the pines and springs themselves, and these very orchards, called thee back !

Tityrus. What could I do? I might neither quit my chains nor prove elsewhere powers so kindly. Here, Meliboeus, I saw that youth to whom, year after year, my altars smoke for twice six days. Here he gave answer, as none before, to my plea : *Feed, swains, your cattle as of yore ; breed your bulls !*

Meliboeus. Happy old man ! And so these fields will be left thine own—fields ample enough for thee, though bare stone lies everywhere and morasses choke thy meadows with slime and with sedge. No alien pasturage shall try thy heavy ewes, no malign contagion from a neighbouring flock infect them ! Here shalt thou court the cooling shade amid familiar streams and sacred founts ! Here, as erewhile, on one hand, that neighbouring hedge by thy boundary line,

on whose flowering willows the bees of Hybla banquet, shall, with gentle whisper, lull thee time and again to slumber: and there, beneath yon frowning cliff, the woodman shall sing to the winds, while all the time the crooning pigeons, thy pets, shall never be dumb, and the turtle-dove shall make perpetual moan from that towering elm.

Tityrus. Therefore, sooner shall the nimble stag graze in mid-air, and ocean leave its fishes bare upon the strand—sooner, each roving the other's realm, the Parthian shall drink of Arar, and Germany of the Tigris, than his lineaments fade from my heart.

Meliboeus. But we must hence—some to the thirsty Afric sands, some to stray through Scythia and along Oaxes' clayey currents, or where the Briton dwells utterly estranged from all the world! Oh, shall I ever, after many years, see my country's bounds again? see my humble cot with its turf-clad roof? see, next, astounded, the scant ears of corn that once were kingdoms to me? Shall a godless soldiery tenant these smiling fallows? The savage these yellow fields? Look to what civil strife has brought our unhappy people! We have sowed that these may reap! Ay, Meliboeus, go graft thy pear-trees and marshal thy ordered vines!—Forward, my goats! forward, my once happy flock! Never more, stretched in some mossy dell, shall I watch you hanging far above from the shrub-clad cliffs: no songs will I sing, nor ever again shall you crop flowering lucerne or bitter willow with Meliboeus for your shepherd!

Tityrus. Yet, for this night, rest thou here with me, couched on green leaves. I have store of mellow apples, mealy chestnuts, and well-pressed cheeses galore. Even now the smoke rises from the far cottage-roofs, and deeper shadows begin to fall from the hill-tops.

II

Shepherd Corydon was all aflame for fair Alexis, his master's love : nor knew he what to hope. Day by day—his only solace—he came where the serried beeches reared shadowy summits, and there alone, with bootless passion, flung his untutored strains to mountain and wood :

'O cruel Alexis, hast no thought for my songs, no pity for me? Say, wilt thou have me die? Now even the cattle seek the cool shade ; now the green lizard hides in the brake, and Thestylis pounds garlic and thyme—strong-scented herbs—for the mowers spent by the pitiless heat. But under this fiery sun, as I scan thy footprints, the woods are shrill with the cicala's raucous voice, and mine. Was it not better worth to abide Amaryllis' shrewish anger and hot disdain,—better to abide Menalcas, though he was swart and thou art fair? Sweet boy, trust not over much to thy hue ! The white privet fades and falls, the dark hyacinth is gathered ! Thou thinkest scorn of me, and, Alexis, thou askest not what manner of man I am —what stock of cattle I have, what store of milk white as the snow ! A thousand ewe-lambs of mine stray over the Sicilian hills ; my new milk fails me not, summer or frost. I sing even as Amphion, the Dircaean, sang, when he called his flocks together on Attic Aracynthus. Nor am I so unbeautiful ! Of late I stood on the strand, when the winds had soothed the seas, and surveyed myself. Be thou our judge, and I fear not Daphnis, if the mirrored semblance cannot lie !

'O let it but content thee to live with me in our humble fields and dwell in our lowly cots, to lay low the stag and drive the herded goats to the green hibiscus ! In the woodland with me thou shalt mimick Pan in song :—it was Pan

who taught us to join reed to reed with wax ; it is Pan who cares for the sheep and the shepherds of the sheep ! And let it rue thee not that a reed should have chafed thy lips ! To learn this same art, what did not Amyntas do? I have a pipe compact of seven hemlock-stalks, uneven their length : that pipe Damoetas gave to me long ago, and said, as he lay a-dying: *Now it owns thee for its second lord!* Damoetas said; the fool Amyntas heard and envied. Nay, more, two roes—in no safe vale did I find them—their skins still dappled with white, drain each day two ewe-udders : and these I keep for thee. Long has Thestylis prayed to take them home : and now she shall, since my gifts are vile to thee !

'Come, live with me, fair love ! See, for thee the nymphs bring baskets heaped with lilies : for thee the winsome Naiad, plucking pale violets and poppy-heads, weds jonquil to scented fennel-flower, and anon, enweaving them with casia and all sweet herbs, gilds the velvet hyacinth with the yellow marigold ! My own hands shall gather thee quinces, gray with tender down, and chestnuts such as my Amaryllis loved. Waxen plums I will add (for plums, too, shall have their meed) ; and you, O laurels, I will pluck, and thee, their neighbouring myrtle—for so set side by side ye blend your sweet fragrances.—

'Ah, Corydon, thou art but a clown ! Alexis cares naught for gifts, and, if gifts were all the battle, Iollas would not yield. Alack, alack, what hope—poor fool !—have I been nursing? Self-undone, I have called the scirocco to my blossoms, the wild boar to my crystal springs ! Ah, madman, whom dost thou flee? Even gods have dwelt in woods, and Dardan Paris. Let Pallas tenant herself the towers herself has built, but be the woodland my only love ! The grim lioness pursues the wolf, the wolf himself the goat, the

wanton goat the clover-blossom, and Corydon thee, Alexis! Each draws to his best-beloved.—Look, the oxen drag home the plough with uptilted share, and the parting sun doubles the lengthening shadows; but love still flames in me! For what term shall be set to love?

'Ah, Corydon, Corydon, what madness is this? Thy vine hangs half-pruned on the leafy elm! Or why not prepare, at least, to plait some little thing thou needest from osiers and pliant reeds? Thou wilt find another Alexis, an this disdain thee!

III

Menalcas, Damoetas, Palaemon

Menalcas. Say, Damoetas, whose the flock? Meliboeus'?

Damoetas. Nay, Aegon's. Aegon but now gave it me to tend.

Menalcas. O, ever luckless flock! While your master woos Neaera, and trembles lest she favour me, this hireling shepherd milks his ewes twice an hour, and the sheep are robbed of their strength, and the lambs of their milk!

Damoetas. Remember, none the less, to be more chary of thy gibes to *men!* We know both who it was, who, while the goats looked squinting on—and whose the shrine, though the complacent Nymphs did naught but laugh!

Menalcas. That day, methinks, when they saw me in Micon's vineyard, notching the shoots with malicious knife!

Damoetas. Or was it when, by these old beeches, poor Daphnis' bow and arrows were broken, which perverse Menalcas raged to see given the lad, and needs must harm him by fair or foul—else had he died!

Menalcas. What will not masters do, when their knaves are thus pert? Did I not see thee, rascal, trapping Damon's goat, while Lycisca barked, and barked again? And when I shouted, 'Where is this fellow running? Tityrus, muster the flock!' Damoetas was skulking behind the sedge!

Damoetas. And was he not beaten in song? And was he not to pay the goat my pipe had won by its strains? If it is news to thee, that goat was mine: so Damon himself confessed; only he swore he could not pay!

Menalcas. *Thou* beat him in song! *Thou* ever own a wax-jointed pipe! Was't not thy dunce-ship, whose use it was to haunt the cross-roads and murder a doleful tune on a screeching straw?

Damoetas. Then, shall we make trial between ourselves, turn by turn, what each may avail? I stake this cow.—Nay, never cry off! She comes twice a day to the milking-pail, and her udder suckles twins. Say thou for what pledge thou wilt enter the fray!

Menalcas. From the herd I durst not venture aught. I have a father at home, I have a shrewish step-dame; and twice a day one numbers the kids, and both the flock. But—and thyself must own it a deeper wager—I will stake, to indulge thy madness, two beechen cups, the graven work of divine Alcimedon. On these a clinging vine, chased by the master's ready chisel, mantles spreading clusters of pale ivy. And in the midst are two figures, Conon and—who that other, whose rod mapped out the whole heavens for man, what seasons are sacred to the reaper, what to the stooping ploughman?—And never have I touched them with my lips, but safely I keep them stored.

Damoetas. For us, no less, that self-same Alcimedon wrought two cups: round the handles he clasped the soft

acanthus, and in the centre placed Orpheus and his obsequious woods. And never have I touched them with my lips, but safely I keep them stored! But look on my cow, and never a fair word wilt thou give to thy cups!

Menalcas. Shalt never escape to-day! Appoint thy place and there I will be. Let but our judge be . . . why not Palaemon? See, here he comes! I will teach thee henceforth to challenge no singing-bouts!

Damoetas. To work, if a note be in thee! *I* shall not lag: *I* shun no umpire! Only, neighbour Palaemon, lend thy dearest heed; for this is no paltry matter.

Palaemon. Sing on! For soft is the grass that cushions us: now every field and every tree is a-burgeon; now the woods are green, and the year is loveliest. Begin, Damoetas: and thou, Menalcas, follow in turn. Verse for alternate verse ye shall sing. Verse by verse is the Muses' law!

D. From Jove my lay begins: for of Jove all things are full. He bids the earth give fruit, and he cares for my song.

M. And me Phoebus loves! With me Phoebus has his offerings ever sure—laurels and sweet-blushing hyacinths.

D. Galatea, wayward girl, pelts me with apples, then runs behind the willows—and hopes I saw her first!

M. But my own love, Amyntas, comes to me unsought, and now not Delia is better known to my dogs!

D. Gifts I have for my darling: for my own eyes marked where the wood-pigeons have builded close to the sky.

M. I have sent my boy—'twas all I could—ten golden apples, plucked from a tree of the forest. To-morrow will I send a second ten.

D. O how many and how sweet the tales that Galatea

whispers! Carry, ye winds, some portion to celestial ears!

M. What boots it, Amyntas, that thy heart disdains me not, if, while *thou* pursuest the boar, *I* must guard the nets?

D. Send Phyllis to me, Iollas; it is my birthday! When I slay my heifer for the harvest, come thou thyself!

M. Phyllis is my only love; for she wept when I went away, and, with halting voice: 'Fare thee well,' she said, 'fare thee well, my fair Iollas!'

D. Terrible the wolf to the stalls, the rains to the ripened crop, the tempest to the trees, and Amaryllis' frowns to me!

M. Sweet the shower to the corn, the arbute to the new-weaned kids, the lithe willows to the heavy ewes, and Amyntas alone to me!

D. Pollio loves my Muse, country-bred though she be! Pierian maids, feed fat a calf for your student!

M. Pollio makes new songs himself! Feed ye fat a bull that butts already and spurns the sand with his hooves!

D. He who loves thee, Pollio, let him come where he joys to see thee come! Let honey distil for him, and the ragged bramble bloom with spices!

M. He who hates not Bavius, O Maevius, let him love thy songs; and let him yoke the fox to boot, and milk the he-goat!

D. Ye boys, who cull flowers and earth-born strawberries, hie you hence: a cold snake lurks in the grass!

M. Venture not over-far, my sheep: it is ill trusting to the bank! The ram himself still dries his fleece!

D. Tityrus, turn back the grazing goats from the stream. When the season is come, myself shall wash them all in the spring.

M. Drive in the ewes, my swains! If the heat overtake the milk as erst, our palms will press the teats in vain!

D. Alack, alack, how fat are these vetches! how lean is my bull! The same love is fatal to the herd and to the master of the herd!

M. With these, at least—nor is love to blame—the skin scarce clings to the bone. Some evil eye blights my tender lambs!

D. Say, in what land—and to me be great Apollo—Heaven's vault extends three ells, nor farther!

M. Say, in what land—and have Phyllis for thyself—flowers spring inscribed with royal names!

P. Not ours to decide such high dispute! Both thou art worthy of the heifer, and he, and whosoever shall shrink not from Love's sweets nor taste his bitterness. Swains, close now the springs. The meadows have drunk enough!

IV

Sicilian Muses, let us raise a somewhat loftier strain. Not all do orchards and the lowly tamarisk delight. If the woodland be our theme, let our woods be worthy of a consul's ear!

The last age, heralded in Cymaean song, is come, and the great march of the centuries begins anew. Now the Virgin returns; now Saturn is king again, and a new and better race descends from on high. Only do thou, pure Lucina, deign to smile on the nascent babe, by whose grace our iron breed shall at last cease, and the age of gold dawn on all the world. Now thy Apollo reigns!

And thou, too, Pollio—thou shalt be consul when that glorious day is ushered in and the mighty months move on their course ; and under thy auspices, if any trace of our old blood-guiltiness still linger, it shall be made vain, and the peoples shall be loosed from their age-long fear.—To him shall be given the life divine : he shall see heroes mingling with gods and be seen of them, and sway the world to which his father's good sword gave peace. On thee, child, at every turn the unlaboured earth shall shower her gifts. The ivy-tendrils shall wanton with the fox-glove, and the bean with the laughing briar. The goats, uncalled, shall bring home their udders big with milk, and the cattle shall not fear the great lion. Thy cradle, even, shall blossom with smiling flowers : the serpent shall perish and the herb that hides its poison be no more, and Assyrian spices shall spring in every field. But so soon as thou hast learned to read the annals that tell of heroes' deeds and thy father's prowess, and to know virtue, what it is, hour by hour the plains shall grow more yellow with ripening corn, the blushing grape shall hang on the uncouth bramble, and the sturdy oak drip with honey-dew.

Yet shall some few stains of the old-time sin live on, to bid man tempt the sea in ships, girdle his towns with walls, and cleave his furrows in the soil. Another Tiphys shall then arise, and another Argo convey her chosen heroes. The old wars shall be fought anew, and great Achilles shall fare again to Troy. But soon, when the strong years have made thee man, the seaman himself shall quit the wave, nor shall any ocean-going barque pass to and fro with merchandise ; for every land shall be rich with the fruits of all. Earth shall not groan under the harrow, nor the vine under the pruning-hook ; the hardy ploughman shall

loose his oxen from the yoke ; wool shall be taught no more to counterfeit an alien hue, but the ram in his meadow shall himself change his fleece—now for the sweet blush of purple, anon for the saffron's yellow—and scarlet shall clothe the feeding lambs at will.

Such were the ages the sister Fates bade run, as they sang over their spindles, all three in concord uttering the stable will of Destiny !

And thou, dear offspring of the gods, mighty seed of a Jove to be—enter thou on thy great office, for the time is all but here ! Behold, the world's ponderous sphere bows before thee—earth and the tracts of ocean and the empyreal vault ! Behold how all things exult in the days that are drawing nigh ! And oh, that in the twilight of life I may draw my breath so long that time may be vouchsafed me to hymn thy deeds ! Then shall neither Thracian Orpheus nor Linus vanquish me in song, though his mother aid the one and his sire the other—though Calliope stand by Orpheus and fair Apollo by Linus. Let Pan dispute the prize with me, let Arcady be our judge, and with Arcady for his judge Pan shall confess him conquered !—Begin, baby boy, to know thy mother with a smile—through ten weary moons has that mother travailed for thee ! Begin, baby boy ! Him who had never a smile for a parent, no god honours with his board, no goddess with her bed !

V

Menalcas, Mopsus

Menalcas. Mopsus, now that we meet, good men both—thou to inspire the slender reed, I to sing my rhymes—why not seat us amid these elms and intermingled hazels ?

Mopsus. Thou art my elder, Menalcas : it fits that I obey thee, whether we move under these shades that shift to the breathing Zephyrs, or—if it like thee—into the cave. See how that wild vine decks it with infrequent clusters !

Menalcas. In our hills Amyntas alone may challenge thee.

Mopsus. What, were he to dispute the palm with Phoebus also !

Menalcas. Mopsus, strike up the first, if thou hast aught to say of Phyllis' latest love, aught to Alcon's praise, or any gibes at Codrus. Strike up ! Tityrus will tend the grazing kids.

Mopsus. Nay, rather I will try these lines that I carved the other day on the green beech-bark, and set to music, marking words and tune alike. Then go bid Amyntas compete with me !

Menalcas. Far as the lithe willow is beneath the pallid olive, far as the lowly lavender is beneath the crimson rose-bower—so far, to Menalcas' mind, is Amyntas beneath Mopsus !

Mopsus. But stay, friend : no more ! We are in the cave !—' For Daphnis the Nymphs wept, Daphnis cut down by a ruthless death—ye hazels and streams bear witness

to the Nymphs!—when clasping her son's piteous clay the mother cried out on the cold gods and stars. In those days, Daphnis, was none who drove his pastured kine to the cool waters, and no four-footed creature tasted of the river or touched a blade of grass. Daphnis, the shaggy hills and forests proclaim that Afric lions made moan for thy taking-off!

'Daphnis taught man to yoke even Armenia's tiger beneath the car, to lead in the Bacchic rout, and wreathe in soft leaves the stubborn spear. As the vine gives glory to her servant-trees, as the grape to the vine, as the bull to the herd, as the standing corn to the fruitful land, so thou to thy people! Since Fate swept thee from us, Pales' self hath left our fields, and Apollo at her side. In the furrows, whereto so oft we entrusted the big barley-grains, nothing springs save luckless darnel and barren straws. In lieu of the soft violet, in lieu of the bright narcissus, rise thistles and sharp-spiked thorns!—Strew, shepherds, the turf with leaves, shroud the springs in shadow: Daphnis commands this tribute! And make a tomb, and on the tomb write this rhyme: *Daphnis I was of the woods, Daphnis whose fame has scaled the stars! Fair my sheep, but fairer their shepherd!*'

Menalcas. As sleep on the grass to the weary, as a bubbling brook of sweet water to assuage our thirst in the heat, such was thy song, heaven-sent singer, to me! In voice, not on the pipe alone, thou art thy master's compeer. Happy swain, now thou shalt be next to him! Yet in quittance I will sing this lay of mine—feebly, as I may—and exalt Daphnis. To the stars will I exalt him: me, too, Daphnis loved!

Mopsus. And could I deem any boon greater than this?

The swain himself merited all song, and long ago Stimicon praised to me that strain of thine.

Menalcas. 'Fair Daphnis marvels at Heaven's unfamiliar threshold, and beneath his feet surveys the clouds and the stars. Therefore frolic pleasures fill the woods and all the country, and Pan, and the shepherds, and the sister Dryads. And the wolf thinks no guile against the flock, nor the hunter's net against the stag: good Daphnis is a friend to peace! The very mountains unshorn lift their voices starward for joy; the very rocks, the very copses sing loud: *A god is he, a god, Menalcas!*

'O be thou kind, be thou gracious to thy people! Lo, here are four altars—two, Daphnis, for thee; two for Phoebus! On these, year by year, I will set two foaming cups of fresh milk, two bowls of rich olive oil, and, for my first care, cheering the feast with store of wine—in winter, before the hearth; in harvest-tide, beneath the shade—I will pour the Chian vintage, fresh nectar from the flagon. Damoetas and Lyctian Aegon shall sing to me, and Alphesiboeus mimick the Satyr-flings.

'To thee shall these rites be always paid, when we duly acquit our vows to the Nymphs, nor less when we purify our fields! So long as the boar shall love the mountain-tops, and the fish the stream—so long as the bee shall feed on thyme and the cicala on dew—so long shall thy honour, and thy glory, and thy praises abide! As to Bacchus and Ceres, so to thee, year after year, the husbandmen shall pay their vows; and to their vows shalt thou, too, hold them!'

Mopsus. What gift shall I give thee—what, indeed?—for such a song? Not so sweet to me is the rustle of the South-wind's coming, nor the rollers thundering on the beach, nor rivers rushing down rocky vales.

Menalcas. But first let me bestow on thee this frail reed. This taught me 'Shepherd Corydon and his love'; this, 'Meliboeus and his flock'!

Mopsus. And take thou this crook, Menalcas, with its fair brass rings and even knots. Oft did Antigenes ask it but he asked in vain—and yet in those days he was well worthy of love!

VI

My Muse first deigned to sport in Sicilian numbers, and blushed not to make the woods her home. Kings and captains I prepared to sing, when Cynthius plucked my ear and warned me: 'Tityrus, the flocks a shepherd feeds should be fat; thin-spun the rhymes he sings!' And now—for enough, and more, my Varus, will be found eager to hymn thy praises and chant thy stricken fields—now will I woo the country Muse on my slender oat! Forbidden themes I sing not: yet if one there be—one to read and love even these lays of mine—with thee, Varus, shall our tamarisks sound, with thee all our groves. No page is there more grateful to Phoebus than that which writes *Varus* at its head!

Onward, Pierian sisters! Chromis and Mnasyllus—two swains—saw Silenus stretched fast asleep in a cave, his veins swollen, as ever, with last night's wine. Not far away lay the garlands that had slipped from his head, and his weighty beaker drooped from its well-worn handle. Approaching (for oft the greybeard had cheated them of his promised song), they bound him in fetters fashioned from his own wreaths. As third confederate Aegle came, and reassured

the timorous pair—Aegle, fairest of the Naiads—and, as his eyes began to unclose, stained his brows and front with crimson mulberries. Then, smiling on their ruse: 'To what end these fetters?' he cried. 'Loose me, swains; enough the show of power! Hear the songs ye list! Songs for you;—for her another boon is in waiting!' And with the word he began.

Then might ye see Fauns and all wild creatures sporting in measured dance, while sturdy oaks bowed their crests. Not so does Parnassus' cliff delight in Phoebus: not so do Rhodope and Ismarus marvel at their Orpheus!

For he sang how, through the great void, the seeds of earth, and air, and sea, and of liquid fire withal, were gathered together; how from these germs sprang the beginning of all things, and the sphere of the nascent universe waxed and took form; how, next, the earth grew harder, began to imprison the Sea-god in his deeps, and, little by little, to assume substantial shapes, till a new sun shone on an astounded world, and the showers fell from greater heights as the clouds receded, what time the woods first began to rise, and, here and there, a wild beast wandered over mountains that knew him not.—He told of the stones that Pyrrha threw, of Saturn's reign, of the eagles on Caucasus, and Prometheus' theft; told of Hylas, the fount where he was left, and how the seamen called on him, till all the strand echoed 'Hylas, Hylas'; then solaced Pasiphae—happy, had the herded cattle never been known!—with the love of her snowy bull.—Ah, hapless maid, what madness has taken thee? The daughters of Proetus filled the fields with counterfeit lowings, but never one followed a bestial love, though each had feared to find the yoke on her neck, and often had felt on her smooth brow for the expected

horns !—Ah, hapless maid, thou art straying over the hills : he, under some dark holm, his snow-white flank pillowed on soft hyacinths, chews the pale grass, or courts some light-of-love in the ample herd. 'Nymphs, Nymphs of Dicte, close ye now the forest-glades ! It may be his vagrant footsteps shall meet our eyes : it may be, the kine shall bring him, lured by the green grass or following their company, to our Cretan stalls ! '

Then he sings of the girl entranced by the apples from the Western Garden ; Phaethon's sisters he shrouds in moss of the bitter bark, and raises them—alders now—from earth ; and of Gallus he sings, wandering by Permessus' stream—how one of the sister Nine led him to the Aonian hills, how to do him honour all the quire of Phoebus arose, how Linus, shepherd and singer divine, his brows cinctured with flowers and bitter parsley, thus hailed him : 'This pipe—lo, take it !—the Muses bestow on thee, as erst on the old Ascraean. With this would he sing till he drew the unbowed ash from its hills : with this do thou rehearse whence sprang the Grynean grove, till there be no wood in which Apollo vaunts him more ' !

What needs my tale, how he sang of Nisus' Scylla, who—fame still tells—her white waist girt with yelping monsters, vexed the Ithacan's barques, and, in the deeps of ocean, tore —ay me !—the trembling mariners limb from limb with her sea-hounds : how he told of Tereus and his changed frame, the banquet Philomela served, and the gifts she gave ; how she flew to the desert, yet, hapless queen, first fluttered awhile round her whilom halls !

All the songs he sang that once thrice-happy Eurotas heard from the lute of Phoebus, and bade its laurels remember. The resounding valleys flung them heavenward, till at last

the Even-star, bidding men house and number their flocks, floated into a reluctant sky!

VII

Corydon, Thyrsis

It chanced that Daphnis had made his seat beneath a whispering ilex, and Corydon and Thyrsis driven their flocks together—Thyrsis his ewes, Corydon his big-uddered goats—both in the springtide of life, both Arcadians, both ready to sing in even contest, both ready to make reply! Hitherward, while I was shielding my tender myrtles from the frost, the he-goat, lord of my flock, took his truant way; and I caught sight of Daphnis. And he, espying me in turn: 'Make speed, Meliboeus, and come thou hither! The goat is safe, and thy kids! Come, and if thou canst idle an hour away, rest under the shade. Hither, across the meadows, thy steers will come themselves to drink! Here Mincius fringes his green banks with waving rushes, and out from yon hallowed oak comes the hum of swarming bees!'

What could I do? I had no Alcippe, no Phyllis, to pen my weanlings at home; and a great battle was abroad—Corydon and Thyrsis. Spite of all, I postponed my business to their play! And so the pair began their bout, in alternate verse: alternate verse their Muses chose to recall! Thus Corydon sang, thus Thyrsis countered in turn:

Corydon. Ye Nymphs that I love, Libethrian maids, grant me such gift of song as ye granted my Codrus—Codrus, whose lines are next Apollo's! Or, if that power be not for all, here my shrill pipe shall hang on the holy pine!

Thyrsis. Crown, ye swains of Arcady, crown with ivy

your rising bard, till Codrus' heart shall crack! Or, should he praise to fulsomeness, wreathe my brows in foxglove, that his felon tongue harm not the minstrel to be!

Corydon. 'Huntress of Delos, to thee young Micon offers this head from a bristled boar, and these antlers from a veteran stag of ten. If like fortune be assured him, thou shalt stand all of polished marble, thy ankles bound with buskin of crimson!'

Thyrsis. A bowl of milk, Priapus, with these cakes once a year, is all thou canst hope from us. A poor garden is that thou keepest! Marble we have made thee now—all these days permit!—but let the lambs make full our flock, and gold thou shalt be!

Corydon. Galatea, child of the wave, sweeter to me than Hybla's thyme, whiter than the swan, lovelier than the ivy's pallor, if Corydon own any place in thy heart, so soon as the pastured bulls shall repair to the stalls, come thou to me!

Thyrsis. Nay, let me seem to thee more bitter than Sardinia's herb, rougher than the broom, viler than the drifted seaweed, an to me this day be not longer than all the year! Home, my full-fed steers, get ye home for very shame!

Corydon. Ye mossy founts and lawns softer than sleep, with your protecting arbute and its scant canopy of green, ward the solstice beams from my cattle! For now Summer's drouth is on the way, and now the vine-buds begin to swell on the lithe tendrils.

Thyrsis. With me you will find a hearth and pitchy brands of pine; with me, a mighty fire ever blazing, and beams black with many a layer of soot! Here we reck as much of the icy North as the wolf of the sheep, how many they be, or the rushing spate of its banks!

Corydon. The junipers stand fair, and the shaggy chest-

nuts ; strewn beneath each tree lies its native fruit ; now all is smiling : but let fair Alexis quit these hills, and thou'lt see the very rivers dry !

Thyrsis. The ground is parched ; the grass thirsts and dies in the poisoned air ; the Wine-god has grudged the shade of his vines to the hills : but, when my Phyllis comes, every copse shall be green and Jove shall descend, unstinting, in gladsome showers !

Corydon. Dearest the poplar to Alcides, the vine to Bacchus, the myrtle to lovely Venus, and his own laurel to Phoebus ! Phyllis loves the hazels, and, so long as Phyllis shall love them, nor myrtle nor laurel of Phoebus shall outvie the hazel-tree !

Thyrsis. Fairest the ash in the woodland, the pine in the garden, the poplar by the stream, and the fir on the mountain-tops ; but if thou, sweet Lycidas, come often to me, the ash in the woodland, and the pine in the gardens, shall yield to thee !—

So far I remember, and how Thyrsis strove bootlessly against defeat. From then it is Corydon—Corydon for me !

VIII

The shepherds' Muse—the Muse of Damon and Alphesiboeus, at whose strife the wondering heifer forgot to graze, at whose melody lynxes stood entranced, and rivers were changed and stayed their currents—the Muse of Damon and Alphesiboeus will I sing !

But thou, whether already thou art scaling the crags of great Timavus or skirting the shores of Illyria's sea, say, will that day ever dawn when I may tell thy deeds? Say,

will it ever be mine to spread thy songs through all the globe—thy songs, that alone are worthy of Sophoclean buskin? From thee shall my verse begin; in thy honour shall I end. Accept the lays I assayed at thy bidding, and grant that, amid the conqueror's laurels, this poor ivy may creep about thy brows!—

The cool shade of night had scarce left the heavens, what time the dew on the tender blade is sweetest to the cattle, when Damon, leaning on his smooth olive-staff, thus began:

'Wake, star of morning, forestall the bright day, and bring it in thy train, while I, betrayed by that love which my promised Nysa scorned, make my plaint, and—though their testimony availed me nothing—yet, in my last hour, call on the gods, a dying man!

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus!

Maenalus hath ever whispering copses and speaking pines; ever he lists to the shepherds' loves, and to Pan who first employed the idle reed!

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus!

Mopsus takes Nysa! Lovers, is there aught we may not hope? Griffins anon shall mate with mares, and, in the coming days, the timorous deer shall troop with the hound to drink!

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus!

Mopsus, go cut thee new torches! They are bringing a wife to thee! Scatter the nuts, fair bridegroom: to do thee grace, Hesper is leaving Oeta's height!

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus!

O wedded to a worthy lord!—the while thou scornest all men, the while thou loathest this pipe of mine, loathest my goats, loathest my shaggy eyebrows and unshorn beard, nor thinkest there is one god to care for mortality!

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus!
Within our orchard's walls I saw thee—for I was there to point the way—a little maid gathering dewy apples with my mother! Eleven years I had numbered, and the twelfth already claimed me; from the ground already I could reach the frail boughs. Ah, how I saw! How I fell! How that fatal blindness swept me away!
Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus!
Now do I know what Love is! Tmaros, or Rhodope, or farthest Garamantia, bare him from their flinty loins, a child of no mortal lineage—a child of no mortal blood!
Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus!
Merciless Love it was bade a mother dye her hands in her children's blood.—Hard too was that mother's heart!—Harder the mother's heart, or blacker that child-god's? Black-hearted he, and, mother, hard-hearted thou!
Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus!
Now let the wolf turn and flee the sheep, let shaggy oaks bear golden apples, let alders bloom with daffodils, let tamarisk stems distil rich amber, let the owl sing against the swan, let Tityrus be Orpheus—Orpheus amid the woods, Arion amid the dolphins!
Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus!
Ay, and let all become mid-ocean! Farewell, ye woods! Headlong from some skyey mountain-peak will I fling me to the waves: take this for my last dying gift!
Cease now, my flute, cease thou the songs of Maenalus!'

Thus Damon. How Alphesiboeus made reply, tell ye, Pierian sisters! All power is not to all.

Alphesiboeus. 'Bring water forth, and crown this altar with soft garlands of wool; burn rich vervain and male

frankincense, that I may assay with magic spell to turn my lover's cold mood to passion. Here naught lacks, save only song!

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town!

Song can draw down the moon from the skies; by song Circe changed Ulysses' crew; and by song the cold snake in the meadows is burst asunder!

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town!

Round thee, first, I fling these three threads, gay with three several hues, and thrice round this altar draw thy image—in uneven numbers Heaven delights!

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town!

Weave, Amaryllis, three hues in three knots; weave, I pray thee, Amaryllis, and say: 'Chains of love I am weaving!'

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town!

As this clay hardens, as this wax melts, in one and the selfsame flame, so may Daphnis beneath my love! Sprinkle meal, and kindle the crackling bays with tar. Me cruel Daphnis burns: for Daphnis burn I these bays!

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town!

Such yearning let Daphnis feel as the heifer feels, when, wearied with the quest of her mate through grove and deep forest, she sinks forlorn among the green rushes by the water-brook, nor thinks to retreat before the deepening night! Such yearning possess him!—and be mine no care to heal!

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town!

These relics, once on a day, he left with me—dear pledges of his traitorous self! Now on the threshold's floor, Earth, I commit them to thee—these pledges that make Daphnis mine!

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town!

These herbs and poisons, culled in Pontus, Moeris himself bestowed on me—in Pontus full many they grow! With

these to aid him, I have oft seen Moeris turn wolf, oft summon the dead from the deeps of the grave, and charm the standing corn into alien fields!

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town!
Bear forth the ashes, Amaryllis, cast them over thy head into a running stream, and look not back. With these arms will I assail Daphnis: he recks naught of gods and songs!

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town!
See, the very ashes, while I delay to bear them forth, have fastened self-prompted on the altars with flickering flames! May this bode good! *Something* it needs must bode—and Hylax is barking at the door! Can I believe? Or do lovers coin their own dreams?

Cease, my songs, cease ye now: Daphnis comes home from town!'

IX

Lycidas, Moeris.

Lycidas. Whither afoot, Moeris? By the road to town?

Moeris. Ah, Lycidas, we have lived to see the day, when—mischance unhoped!—an alien holds our farm, and says: 'Here I am master: ye ancient tenants begone!' So, now, beaten and sad, since Chance sways all, we send him these kids—ill-luck attend them!

Lycidas. But surely I had heard that, from where yon hills begin to bend away, then descend, in gently sloping ridge, right down to the water-edge and those time-worn beeches with their ragged summits, your Menalcas had saved every inch of ground with his songs!

Moeris. So thou didst hear, and so it was bruited. But

in the clash of arms, Lycidas, our songs avail no more than, they say, Dodona's doves avail against the eagle's onset! In sooth, had not a raven on my left forewarned me from off a hollow oak to cut short—whatever the mode—this fresh-risen dispute, thy Moeris were gone, and gone were Menalcas himself!

Lycidas. Alas, and can man be guilty of crime so black? Alas, and had a single stroke so nearly swept from us both thee and the solace of thy songs, my Menalcas? Who would hymn the Nymphs? Who would strew the turf with flowers, or dress the springs in verdure and shade? And then the notes I caught from thy lips of late—and held my peace!—the while thou didst journey to our darling Amaryllis! 'Tityrus, the way is short, feed my goats till I return; and, Tityrus, when they are fed, drive them to the water, and, driving, give heed that thou cross not the he-goat's path: he is ready with his horn!'

Moeris. Say, rather, these lines to Varus—still unfinished! 'Varus, thy name, if but Mantua be left us—Mantua, neighbour (alas!) over-nigh to ill-starred Cremona—singing swans shall bear aloft to the stars.'

Lycidas. An thou wouldst have thy swarms 'scape the yews of Corsica, an thou wouldst have thy kine clover-fed and mighty-uddered, begin if thou hast aught! Me, too, the Pierian sisters have made a singer; I, too, have songs: ay, and the shepherds dub me *poet*, but I trust them not! For as yet, methinks, my strains befit not a Varius nor a Cinna, but, goose-like, I cackle amid quiring swans!

Moeris. In truth, Lycidas, I do my best, racking my wits in silence, in hope that I may remember. And no mean song it was!

'Come thou to me, Galatea! What sport is in the waves?

Here spring is rosy ; here, by the river's brim, Earth scatters her flowerets of thousand hues ! Here the poplar hangs white above the cave, and clinging vines weave arbours of shade ! Come thou to me, and leave the wild rollers to lash the beach ! '

Lycidas. And the verses I heard thee singing alone under the cloudless night ! The music I remember, had I only the words.

' Daphnis, why look'st thou to the rising of those old-time constellations ? Behold, the star of Caesar, child of Love's empress, fares forth—the star that bids the fields laugh with corn, and deepens the blush of the grape on sunny hills ! Graft thy pear-trees, Daphnis : thy children's children shall pluck the fruit thy hands have sown ! '

Moeris. Age robs us of all—memory with the rest ! Often, I mind me, in my boyhood, I would sing the summer sun to his couch ; and now every line is forgot ! Nay, voice itself begins to forsake Moeris ! The wolves have seen him first ! Still, thou shalt hear thy songs, oft as thou wilt, from Menalcas' lips.

Lycidas. Thy pleas but prolong my desire. Now all the main lies hushed to listen, and, lo, every breath of the sighing wind is still ! From here half our journey—no more—awaits us : for Bianor's tomb is rising to view. Here the husbandmen are thinning the rank leafage—here, my Moeris, let us sing ! Set down thy kids : we shall reach the town with it all. Or, if we fear lest the night gather over soon to rain, we may still go singing on our way—song abridges every road. Sing and go, and I will ease thee of thy burden !

Moeris. Stay ; no more, friend ! Let us about our business : our songs will sound the better when *he* is home again !

X

One task, and the last, Arethusa, do thou vouchsafe me! My Gallus claims a song—few the verses, yet such as Lycoris' self may read! Who could deny a song to Gallus? An thou wouldst, when thou glidest beneath Sicilian seas, that salt Doris blend not her floods with thine, begin! Let us tell of Gallus and Love's pangs, while these flat-muzzled goats crop the tender underwood! We sing to no deaf ears; the forests echo every note.

What groves, what glades, held you, Naiad girls, when Gallus lay a-dying of unrequited love? For not Parnassus' steeps, nor any heights of Pindus, nor Aonian Aganippe bade you linger! For him even the laurels, even the tamarisks wept. For him, as he lay beneath the desert cliff, pine-crowned Maenalus wept, and the crags of cold Lycaeus. The sheep, too, stood around:—they think no shame of us, and think thou no shame of the flock, heaven-sent bard! Even fair Adonis fed his sheep by the river's brink!

The shepherds came, and the sluggish swine-herds came; and Menalcas came, dripping from the winter's mast. 'Whence,' all ask, 'this love of thine?' Apollo came, and 'Gallus,' he said, 'what madness is this? Thy love, Lycoris, hath followed another through snows and through grisly camps.' Silvanus came, with woodland bravery on his head, nodding with fennel-blossoms and great lilies. Pan came, Arcady's god, whom our own eyes saw encrimsoned with blood-red elderberries and cinnabar; and 'Shall there be no end?' he said, 'Love cares naught for this. Love is insatiate of tears, as the grass of the brook, as the bee of the clover, as the goat of the leaf!'

But sadly he: 'Yet will ye sing, Arcadians, my story to your mountains: out of Arcady there is none can sing! Ah, then how softly my dust would sleep, if, in coming days, pipe of yours should discourse my love! And would that I had been one of you, were it a watcher of your herds or vintager of the ripened grape! For, certes, whoe'er my flame, Phyllis, or Amyntas, or whom ye will—and what though Amyntas be dark? violets are dark, and hyacinths are dark!—my love would be lying by my side with the willows about us, and the creeping vine above—Phyllis gathering flowers for my brows, and Amyntas singing songs! Here are cool rills, Lycoris, here soft meads and a springing copse. Here with thee would I grow old and fade away! As it is, Love's frenzy holds me accoutred for war's alarms, amid clashing steel and fronting foes; while thou, afar from thy native soil—could I but give that thought the lie!—gazest (o heart of flint!) on the snowy Alps and the frozen Rhine, away from me, and all alone! Ah, may those frosts harm not thee! Never may the rugged ice maim thy tender feet!

I will away; and the songs I framed in Chalcidian verse I will tune anew on the pipe of Sicily's swain. My purpose stands! In the woods, amid wild-beasts' dens, it is better to endure, and carve my loves on the tender saplings! They will grow, and, my loves, ye too will grow.—Meantime I will scour Maenalus amid the intermingled Nymphs, or hunt down the savage boar. With my hounds will I circle Parthenius' glades, nor shall any rigour of winter say me nay! Even now, meseems, I sweep past crags and echoing woods: joyously I loose the Cretan shaft from my Parthian bow!—As if this could heal my frenzy! As if that god could learn mercy from mortal woe! Once more Hama-

dryads, and Music's self, have lost their charms : once more, ye very woods—fare ye well ! We may toil, but Him we shall not change—not though, when frosts are keenest, we drink the waters of Hebrus and brave the snows of Thrace's sleet-laden winter—not though, when the bark thirsts and dies on the tall elm, we tend the Aethiop's flock under Cancer's star ! Love is lord of all : yield we, too, to Love ! '

Enough these lines, ye heavenly Sisters, for your bard to have sung, the while he sits weaving his little basket of slender hibiscus ! Such as they are, ye will make them great in Gallus' sight—Gallus, for whom my love grows from hour to hour as fast as the green alder shoots up when spring is young !—Let us arise. The shade is perilous to the singer—perilous the juniper's shade, baneful the shadow even to the crops ! Get ye home, my full-fed goats, get ye home—the Evening-star draws on !

GEORGICS

I

THE cause that gladdens the cornfields, the star, Maecenas, beneath whose influence it fits to turn the soil and wed the vine to the elm, what care the oxen need, what skill must go to the breeding of the herd, and experience how great to the thrifty bee—hence shall my song begin! And, oh, ye shining lights of the firmament, that guide the smooth-sliding year through Heaven, Liber and life-giving Ceres—since by your grace Earth changed Chaonia's acorn for the full ear of wheat, and tempered the waters of Achelous with the new-found grape—and ye, oh Fauns, the countryman's ever-kindly gods (Fauns, trip it hither! trip it hither, ye Dryad girls!), your bounties I sing! And come thou, Neptune, by whose pleasure the pristine earth, at thy mighty trident's shock, sent forth the champing steed: thou, too, the Grove-dweller, for whom thrice an hundred snowy steers crop the rich glades of Ceos: yea, Pan thyself, guardian of the sheep, if thine own Maenalus be dear to thee, quit thy native woods and the dells of Lycaeus—be gracious and come, O Tegea's lord! And come, Minerva, giver of the olive: and thou, the young in years, who didst shew to man the crooked plough: and thou, Silvanus, with the tender cypress uprooted in thy hand: and ye gods and goddesses all, whose pleasure it is to guard our fields—both ye who nurse the new-born fruits, as they spring without

a seed, and ye who send down from Heaven plenteous showers on the harvests our hands have sown! And thou, before all, CAESAR, whom we know not what divine assemblage shall claim anon—whether thou wilt choose to bear watch over the cities of men and to assume the care of earth, so that the great globe receive thee to give increase to her fruits and to sway her seasons, wreathing thy brows in thy mother's myrtle—whether thou wilt come as deity of the boundless deep and the mariner shall serve thy godhead alone, while farthest Thule is thy handmaiden and Thetis buys thee for her son with the dower of all her waves—or whether thou wilt add thee, a new star, to mark the slow passage of the months, where, between the Virgin and the pursuant Claws, a place awaits thee (lo, even now the blazing Scorpion contracts his arms, and has left thee a portion of heaven greater than thy claim!)—whatever thy choice shall be—for Tartarus hopes thee not for king, and may never such fell desire of empire touch thee, though Greece extol her Elysian fields, and Proserpine reclaimed care not to follow her mother!—grant me a calm voyage, look assent on my bold emprize, and, pitying with me the errant husbandmen, enter on thy kingdom and learn even now to hearken to mortal vows!

When Spring is young, while chill streams are trickling from snow-capped hills, and the crumbling glebe relaxes beneath the Zephyr's breath, then would I see the ox already begin to groan under the deep-driven plough, and the worn share glitter from the furrow! That field alone responds to the expectant farmer's vow, which has twice felt the sun and twice the frost: that field it is whose unsummed harvests swell the granaries to bursting. But first, ere with rash share we cleave an unknown soil, be it our study to learn

the fickle moods of wind and of sky, with the old-time tillage and habitude of the ground, and the fruits each region will yield or withhold. Here the corn, there the grape, springs more bountifully : yonder are fruit-trees and grass growing green at will ! See ye not how Tmolus sends us the saffron's fragrance, India her ivory, and the mild Sabaeans their native frankincense ; while from the naked Chalybes comes steel, from Pontus the fetid castor, and from Epirus steeds that Elis crowns? These laws and eternal covenants Nature forthwith laid on each several land, what time in the beginning Deucalion cast into a tenantless earth those stones wherefrom men are sprung, hard as they.—Come, then, and, if the soil is rich, let the sturdy oxen straight upturn it, from the year's earliest months, so that dust-laden Summer may bake the exposed glebe with mellowing suns : but, should the land be unfruitful, 'twill suffice to raise it lightly with shallow furrow, hard before Arcturus rises. Thus, with the one, the tares shall work no harm to the gladsome corn : with the other, the scant moisture shall not desert the sterile sand !

In alternate seasons, too, thou wilt suffer thy shorn lands to lie fallow, and the idle plain to harden with scurf ; or, under another star, thou wilt sow the yellow corn in those fields whence thou tookest erewhile the pulse luxuriant with quivering pod, or the yield of the slender vetch, or the fragile stalks and rattling growth of bitter lupine. For crops of flax and oats parch the ground, and poppies parch it, steeped in the sleep of Lethe : but if thou plough in alternate seasons, the strain is light. Only deem it no shame to saturate the arid soil with rich dung, and to scatter grimy ashes broadcast through the exhausted fields. Thus, by

such change of crop, the land gains equal rest; nor yet, meanwhile, is the unploughed earth utterly thankless.

Often, too, it profits to fire fields that are barren and consume the light stubble in crackling flames—whether it be that earth draws therefrom some hidden force, some enriching nutriment; or whether, in the flame, all distemper is burned out, and the useless humours come sweating forth; or whether, again, the heat opens fresh paths and loosens pores we see not, by which the sap may attain the tender blades; or whether, perchance, it rather hardens the soil, tightening all gaping veins, that so neither the searching showers, nor the blazing sun's too tyrannous force, nor the North-wind's gripping cold, may enter and paralyse!

Good service, moreover, does he render to the land, who with harrow breaks up the stolid glebe, and drags over it hurdles of osier: nor is it with purposeless regard that golden Ceres views him from the Olympian heights! Good service, too, is his, who turns back his plough and again bursts slantwise through the ridges he raised when he cleft the surface, and labours the earth time and again, and bends the fields to his will.

Pray, ye husbandmen, for humid summers and cloudless winters! When there is dust in winter, the corn is gladdest, and glad is the field of corn: nor ever has Mysia equal glory in her crops, or Gargarus equal wonder for the harvests himself has borne!

Why tell of him, who, his seed flung forth, closes incontinent with the field and lays low the ridges of sterile sand; then guides to his crops the river-waters that follow where he bids; and when the parched ground is weltering in heat, and green things are dying, lo, from the brow of

a channeled slope, entices the flood? Down it falls, and, waking hoarse murmurings along the smooth stones, slakes the thirsty soil with its bubbling rill! What of him, who grazes his too rank crop while the blade is green, lest the stem droop and fall under the overweighting ears? Or of him, who, by the help of absorbent sand, draws off the water that foregathers in marshy ground—chief of all, if, in the unsettled months, some river issues in spate, and, far and wide, cloaks all in mud, till every hollow is steaming with the tepid moisture?

Nor yet—though man and ox may have toiled, and turned the glebe, and made all trial—is the plundering goose, or Strymon's crane, or the bitter-fibred succory impotent for mischief, or the shade for harm. The universal Sire himself willed that the course of husbandry should not run smooth, and He first bade art invade the fields, sharpening the wit of man on the whetstone of care, nor suffering His kingdom to lie benumbed in leaden sloth! Before Jove held sceptre, no toiler subdued the land; even to mark the plain, or apportion it by boundaries, was crime; all that men gained was gained for the common stock; and Earth, unbidden, gave the more freely of all her store, in that none asked her bounty. Jove gave the black serpent his deadly venom, bade the wolf turn robber and the ocean to swell, scattered the honey from the leaf, swept the fire away, and stayed the wine that once streamed in every brook, that experience, by taking thought, might evolve, step by step, all manner of arts—seeking the blade of corn in the furrow, and striking the hidden flame from its vein of flint. Then, nor till then, rivers felt the hollowed alder; then the mariner numbered the stars and named them, Pleiads, and Hyads, and the glittering bear, Lycaon's child;

then the mode was found to take the wild beast in the toils, to cheat the bird with lime, and to circle the vast glades with hounds: and already one lashed the broad stream with his casting-net, and, on the high-seas, another tugged at his dripping meshes! Then came the iron's rigour and the blade of the rasping saw: in the old days men cleft their facile timber with the wedge! Then art followed hard on art. Never-flinching labour proved lord of all, and the stress of need in a life of struggle!

Ceres first showed mortals how to turn the earth with iron, what time acorn and arbute began to fail the holy wood, and Dodona gave not food for the asking. Soon the very corn was burdened with its trials; and the law went forth that the baneful mildew should feed on its stem, and the idle thistle rear its spiked head in the fields. The fruits of earth began to perish, and a bristled jungle sprang in their stead—burr and caltrop, luckless darnel and barren straw, all lording it over the yellow plains. And unless thy hoe is prompt to persecute their growth, thy voice to terrify the birds, thy hook to minish the shade that broods over the darkened fields, and thy prayer to invoke the shower—alas for thee! thou shalt gaze in vain on thy neighbour's high-piled stacks, and assuage thy hunger in the forest from the shaken oak!

Sing we, moreover, the weapons which the hardy farmer wields, without aid of which the harvest could neither be sown nor reared—the share, first, and heavy wood-work of the curved plough, the slow-rolling wains of Eleusis' Queen, threshing-sledges, drags, and the all-too-ponderous harrow; nor less, Celeus' homely wicker-work, hurdles of arbute, and the mystic fan of Iacchus! All of which thou wilt provide with heedful thought, and store away long time beforehand, if the glories of the divine country are to be thine in worthy

sort.—While still in its woods, the elm is bent by sheer strength, trained to the beam's semblance, and given the form of the crooked plough. To the stock of this a pole is fitted, eight feet in length, two mould-boards, and a share-beam with double back. A light linden, moreover, is hewn down betimes for the yoke, and a tall beech for the handle, which is to guide the extreme carriage from the rear; and the searching smoke explores the timber suspended above the hearth.

Many are the precepts of an earlier age, which I might rehearse, didst thou not start, impatient of lending ear to thus trivial cares! Above all, level the threshing-floor with ponderous roller, knead it with the hand, and bind it with tenacious clay, lest grass spring up, or, failing, it break into dusty rifts, and all manner of plagues make it their mock. Under ground the tiny mouse will often pitch his abode and build his storehouses, or the sightless mole dig its sleeping-place: often the toad may be found in crevices, and all the thousand pests else which earth produces: or the weevil will ravage a vast pile of grain, or the ant, ever fearful of penurious age.

More, observe the season when the walnut-tree in the woods most bedecks itself in blossom, and bends low its scented branches: if the fruit prevails, corn will follow in like measure, and a great threshing come with a great heat; but if the leaves are luscious and lavish of shade, in vain shall thy floor thresh stalks that are rich but in chaff! Many sowers I have seen medicate their seeds, steeping them first in nitre and black olive-lees, that a richer fruit might distend the traitorous pods, and, however small the fire, still be quick to boil. I have seen those selfsame seeds, long-chosen and tested with all pains, degenerate none the less, if toiling man

failed year after year to single out the largest by hand! Thus all that is is fated to move towards the worse, to falter and be swept backward :—even as the rower, who impels his barque inch by inch against the adverse current, pauses, it may be, to rest his arm, and incontinent the eddy whirls him headlong down the rushing stream!

No whit less, moreover, must we observe the star of Arcturus, the days when the Kids are risen, and the glittering Serpent, than they, who, seeking their fatherland over a wind-swept sea, brave the Euxine and the jaws of oyster-teeming Abydus.—So soon as the Balance shall have made equal the hours of sun and sleep, and is consigning half the sphere to light and half to shadow—then, friends, to work with your oxen! sow your fields with barley right to the verge of intractable Winter's showers! This is the season, no less, to entrust thy crop of flax to the earth with Ceres' well-loved poppies, and now—if not before—to stoop over the plough, while the soil is yet dry and the clouds yet aloft. In spring the bean must be sown: in spring, too, the crumbling furrows welcome thee, plant of Media; and the millet claims its yearly care, what time the shining Bull with his gilded horns ushers in the year, and the Dog retreats before him with averted fires. But if it is for a wheaten harvest and the hardy spelt that thou wouldst labour the earth, and the full ear claims all thy thought, then let Atlas' daughters of the Morn vanish, and the Cretan star and her blazing coronal wend their way, ere thou commit the due seed to the glebe and hasten to trust a reluctant soil with the hope of the year! Many there are have begun ere Maia was set; but them the looked-for harvest has mocked in the guise of barren straws! But if thou wouldst sow the vetch and the lowly kidney-bean, nor despise the care of Egypt's lentil,

setting Boötes will give thee no uncertain token : begin, and sow on and on till the frosts have attained their height.

To this end the golden sun guides the circling year, meted out into settled portions, through the world's twelve constellations. Five zones comprise the heavens ; whereof one is ever ruddy under a fiery sun, and ever weltering in its flames. Round this, and farthest removed, stretch, on the right hand and the left, two that are bound in steely ice and glooming rains : while, between these and the central belt, celestial clemency has vouchsafed two others to weary mortality ; and a path is cut between them both, along which the order of the Signs may turn athwart. Sheer as the universe rises towards Scythia and the Rhipaean peaks, so sheer it sinks sloping towards Libya and the South. One pole ever towers above us : one night-clad Styx and the prisoned dead view beneath their feet. Here the great Serpent shoots forth, river-like, with his sinuous coils, about and between the two Bears—the Bears that fear to be merged under Ocean's floor. There, men tell, is either the unbroken silence of midnight and darkness gathering deeper under sable pall ; or the Dawn returns from us and brings back the day, and, when the orient sun has but breathed on us with his panting steeds, there the red star of evening is kindling his belated fires ! Hence we can read the coming change on the dubious sky : hence the day and the hour for sowing the harvest, when it skills to part the faithless deep with the oar, when to launch the vessels we have rigged, and when duly to fell the forest-pine.

Nor is it in vain that we watch the constellations—their settings and their risings—and the year, wherein four several seasons have equal part. If it chance that chill showers restrain the husbandman from his labours, much there is

which he may prepare betimes, that were else to do in haste under a cloudless sky. The ploughman hammers at the iron fang of his blunted share, hollows the tree into vats, marks his flocks, or numbers his piles of grain; while another sharpens stakes and double-pronged forks, or plaits the Umbrian willow into fastenings for his clinging vines. Then let the pliant basket be woven from briar-twigs; then parch your corn by the fire, then bruise it under the millstone! Even on holy days there are set tasks which may be plied without let or hindrance from man or heaven. No sacred ordinance ever forbade man to bring water to his fields, to fence his crops, to lay snares for the birds, to fire the brambles, or to plunge his bleating flocks in the health-giving stream. Often, too, one driving a slow-footed ass will burden its flanks with oil and common fruit; then, on his homeward way, bring back from the city a dented millstone or mass of black pitch in return.

The Moon herself has assigned her certain days, in certain degree, as propitious to toil. Flee thou the fifth! On that day pale Orcus and the Eumenids were born: on that day, Earth—fell motherhood!—gave life to Coeus, and Iapetus, and grim Typhoeus, with all the giant-brood that swore to break open the gate of Heaven. Thrice, in sooth, they assayed to pile Ossa on Pelion and roll leaf-crowned Olympus on Ossa; thrice, with his bolted thunder, the Father hurled apart their high-reared mountains!—But the seventeenth is fortunate, whether it be to plant the vine, to tame the new-yoked oxen, or to add the leashes to the warp. The ninth is good for the runaway; ill for the pilferer.

Much, too, there is, that is best done in the cool of night, or at the hour when the sun is young and Dawn is sprinkling the earth with dew. Night is the time to cut the light

stubble ; night is the time to mow the parched meadows : at night the soft moisture never fails ! One there is who will pass the wakeful hours pointing torches with keen blade, till the wintry sun rekindles his tardy flames : his consort, meantime, beguiling her long toil by song, sweeps the shrill comb over her web, or seethes sweet must above the fire, skimming the bubbling cauldron with leaves of the vine. But the blushing harvest is reaped in the midday heat : and in the midday heat the floor threshes the parched ears. Plough stripped, and sow stripped : winter is the farmer's holiday ! When the snows appear, the husbandmen chiefly enjoy their gains, and ply their merry feasts each with the other : for the genial winter plays host and unbinds all burdens of care —even as when some heavy-laden fleet has at length reached haven, and the light-hearted crews deck the poops in flowers. Still, then is the season to strip the acorns and laurel-berries, the olive and sanguine myrtle : the season to set snares for the crane and nets for the stag, and to pursue the long-eared hare : the season to bring down the fallow-deer and whirl the hempen thong of the Balearic sling—when the flakes are lying deep, and the rivers roll their sheets of ice.

What need to tell of Autumn—its tempests and stars—and all that demands the farmer's care, when the days grow shorter and the summer more soft? Or, when the spring descends in showers, what time the bearded harvest has already begun to bristle in the plains, and the milky corn is a-burgeon on its green haulm? Full often when the farmer was bringing the reaper into his yellow fields, himself in act to gather the frail-stalked barley, I have seen the embattled winds close in universal conflict, tear the heavy corn far and wide from its deepest roots, and fling it aloft : such the ease with which the storm and its gloomy whirlwind uses to

sweep away light stems and flying stubble! Often, again, a vast and watery array invades the heavens, and clouds marching from the deep roll up the tempest, black and hideous with rain: the sky comes falling from its heights, and a great deluge washes away the smiling corn and the labours of the oxen. The dykes fill; the rivers in their channels swell and roar; the ocean boils, and its creeks pant. The Sire himself, throned in the midnight of the clouds, speeds from his right hand the flaming bolts. At the shock, Earth quakes for all her greatness; the beasts of the field turn and flee; and the heart of man is abased in fear and lowliness throughout all the world: he with his blazing javelin smites down Athos, or Rhodope, or the Ceraunian peaks. The winds redouble their ire and the rains fall thick and fast; and now the woods, now the strands, moan under the blast.

Then, in dread of this, observe the heaven, its seasons and stars; whither Saturn's chill planet retires, and in what skyey circles the Cyllenian orb may stray. Above all, revere the gods and pay to great Ceres her annual rites, rendering sacrifice amid the smiling blades when Winter verges to his close and Spring is already fair. Then the lambs are fattest and the wine is mellowest: then sleep is sweet and the shadows are thick on the hills! And see that all the country youth worship Ceres. For her lave the honeycomb in milk and soft wine; for her let the victim that is to find grace thrice circle the young crops; and with it go all thy quire of comrades rejoicing, calling aloud on Ceres to enter their home; nor let any swain set sickle to the full ears, ere—his brows crowned with oaken wreath—he dance his untutored measures and sing his hymns to Ceres!

More, that we might have unfailing signs to disclose these

perils—sun, and rain, and winds that herald the cold—the great Father himself decreed what should be the warning of the moon, month by month ; what signal should foretell the falling gale ; and what oft-repeated sight should bid the farmer keep his herds nigh their stalls. When wind is rising, either the channels of Ocean begin to heave and swell, and a dry, crashing sound is heard from the mountain-peaks ; or else, in the distance, the beach rings with echoing confusion, and the whispering of the woods comes more frequent to the ear. Soon the wave can scarce refrain from assailing the crooked keel, when the fleet cormorant comes flying back from mid-ocean and its shriek nears the shore—when the sea-coot is sporting on dry land, and the heron quits her familiar marsh to soar above the clouds of heaven. Often, again, when rain impends, stars will be seen falling precipitate from heaven, and long wakes of flame gleaming white on the evening dusk : often light chaff and fallen leaves will flit about thee, and feathers dance as they float on the water-top.

But when it lightens from the region of the savage North and thunder peals in the home of the East and the West, then all the countryside is flooded, and all the ditches are full, and on the deep every seaman is furling the dripping sails. Never man was harmed by rain, but he was forewarned. For either, as it rises from the hollows, the cranes on high flee before it ; or the heifer looks up to heaven, snuffing the breeze with wide-opened nostrils ; or else the twittering swallow flits round her mere ; or the frog croaks his immemorial plaint in the mud. Often, moreover, the ant threads her narrow path and brings out her eggs from their inmost cells ; or a great rainbow will stoop to drink ; or an army of rooks will quit its pasturage in long array, with the beating of a cloud of wings. Again, the manifold birds of the sea, with all that

search the Asian meadows as they stand in the sweet pools of Cayster, may be seen, each rivalling other to shower the copious spray over their shoulders—now dashing head-downward under the flood, now running to front the wave, all exultant in the wanton joy of their bathing. Then the villainous raven stalks in solitary state along the dry strand, and full-throatedly invokes the rain. Not even the girls, as they card the midnight wool, are unaware of the rain, whenever they see the oil flicker in the burning lamp and a mushroom-growth gather on the wick.

Nor less, when the rain is past, mayest thou foresee the sunlit days and cloudless skies, and know them by sure signs. For then the stars' lucent edge seems unblunted, and the rising moon unbeholden to her brother's ray; nor do thin cloud-fleeces traverse the sky. No more, on the strand, the Halcyons, whom Thetis loves, spread their wings to the solar heat, and the uncleanly swine forgets to toss the dishevelled straw with his muzzle. The clouds descend from their hills and rest along the plain, and the owl, as he eyes the setting sun from his pinnacle, aimlessly repeats his evensong. Nisus appears aloft in the limpid sky, and Scylla is amerced for the purple tress. Wherever she flees, cleaving the unsubstantial air with fugitive pinion, lo! Nisus follows amain, inimical, ruthless, whirring through the breeze: and where Nisus soars on high, there she scuds with fugitive pinion cleaving the unsubstantial air!—Then, twice or thrice, the rooks will utter a clear tone from narrowed throat; and, again and again, glad with some unknown, unwonted pleasure, they will caw in their aëry home each to the other among the leaves. For joy it is, when the rain is spent, to visit their infant families and the nests they love:—not, I ween, that Heaven has endowed them with reason, or the wisdom that

is greater than Fate ; but that when the weather and the fitful humours of the sky have reversed their course, and Jove, but now clad in the showers of the South, makes dense what was erstwhile rare, and rare what was erstwhile dense, the phases of their mind change in response, and impulses, other than reigned when the wind was chasing the clouds, now fill their breasts : and hence all the symphony of the birds in the countryside, the rejoicing of the cattle, and the rooks' full-throated song of triumph.

But if thou wilt regard the rapid sun and the moons in their ordered march, the hour of dawn will not find thee cheated, nor the snares of a calm night delude thee. When the moon begins to rally her returning fires, if her horns be dim, and the air they encompass dark, a great rain is in waiting for farmer and sailor. But if her face should be tinged with a maidenly blush, wind looms near : at the wind's approach golden Phoebe blushes always. But if at her fourth rising—surest warrant of all !—she floats through the skies clear with crescent undimmed, then all that day, and all the days that follow until the month is sped, shall be rainless and windless ; and the seamen, safe home from the deep, shall pay their vows on the beach to Glaucus and Panopea, and Melicertes, Ino's child.

The sun, too, will give sure tokens, both when he rises and when he sinks beneath the ocean-floor :—surest the tokens that attend him, whether he brings them with returning morn or shows them to the peeping stars ! When his birth-hour sees him sicklied over with blemishes, cloud-cast, and half his orb withdrawn, suspect rain : for the South-wind, foe of tree and corn and herd, is driving from the deep. If either at dawn the rays break scattered through dense clouds, or Aurora rises pale from Tithonus' couch of

saffron—alas, the vine-leaf will but feebly champion its ripened clusters: so thick on the roof dance the rattling shafts of hail! And this it will serve thee yet more to remember, when, with the traversed sky behind him, he is in act to depart; for often we may see shifting hues flit across his countenance. If these are dark, rain is heralded; if red, the storm-wind: but let specks begin to mingle with his ruddy flames, and shortly thou wilt see all nature turmoiled with wind and cloud alike. On such night let none urge me to tempt the wave or pluck my cable from the land! But if his orb is bright, alike when he brings back the day and when he veils the day he brought, then the storm-cloud's menace is vain and thou wilt see the woods swaying before the bright North.

In brief, the Sun and his signs will teach thee all—what the message of the evening-shade, what the quarter whence the wind-driven clouds are rainless, what the purpose of the shower-laden South. And who dare say the Sun is false? Full often he and none other admonishes us that war and war's alarms are stealing hard upon us, and treachery and rebellion swelling unseen to the birth. He and none other showed compassion to Rome on the day that Caesar bled—when he veiled his shining face in grim darkness, and a godless age feared unending night. Yet, in that hour, Earth herself and the tracts of Ocean, with many a foul-boding hound, and many a bird, the messenger of mischief, gave token of ill. How oft we saw Aetna, every furnace burst, whirling along balls of fire and molten rocks! Germany heard the clash of arms hurtling through heaven; and the Alps quaked with unwonted tremors. A mighty voice spoke in the silent groves and was heard of many; visions of unearthly pallor were

seen at twilight ; and the beasts of the field—fell portent !—
gave tongue. Streams stood still and the earth yawned ;
in the temples the ivory sorrowed and wept, and beads of
sweat stood on the brazen images. Eridanus, king of
rivers, went forth sweeping whole forests in his mad eddies,
and in every field whirled away the cattle and the cattle's
stalls. In those days, with never a break, threatening lines
appeared in entrails that foretold but ill ; blood flowed in
the wells, and, all night through, towering cities echoed to
the wolf's howl. Never did the lightnings fall thicker from
unclouded skies ; never was the comet's fearful glare seen
so oft.—Therefore Philippi saw once more Roman lines
close, eagle against eagle, and Heaven thought it not crime
that Thessaly and the broad plains of Haemus should twice
be glutted with Roman blood. And, certes, the time shall
be, when the tiller of those lands, as he turns the soil with
crooked plough, shall find Roman javelins rust-eaten and
mouldering ; or his ponderous harrow will grate against
empty casques, and wonder will take him as he surveys the
giant bones through whose sepulture he has broken.

Gods of my country, heroes of Italian soil, Romulus, and
mother Vesta—thou who guardest Tuscan Tiber and
Rome's dearest hill—a young prince ye have left us : oh,
forbid him not to succour this ruined age ! *Caesar*, the courts
of Heaven have long grudged us thy possession, and they
murmur because thou carest for the triumphs our earth
can give : for in that earth we have made the good our
evil, and the evil our good ; there is war in all the world,
sin walks in many shapes, the glory is departed from the
plough, the fields are bare, for they that tilled them are
led away, and they beat the bent pruning-hook into the
straight sword. Here Euphrates—there, Germany—calls

to arms; city breaks covenant with sister-city, and the steel is drawn between them, while the cursed War-god stalks infuriate through every land—even as the chariots pour forth from the barriers only to gather speed along the course, and the charioteer tugs at the reins in vain, for the steeds sweep on and the car lists not the curb!

II

THUS far the tillage of the fields and the stars of heaven: thee now, Bacchus, I sing, and, with thee, the young forest-trees and the tardy olive's offspring. Hither, Lenaean Sire: here all is full of thy bounty! For thee all the countryside blossoms, teeming with the harvest of thy vine; and the vintage foams in the brimming vat. Hither, Lenaean Sire, and with me strip off the buskin and dip thy naked feet in the fresh must!

First, the generation and birth of trees is manifold. For some spring of their own accord, at no man's constraint, and far and wide invest the plains and winding rivers: such the tender osier and pliant broom, the poplar, and the willow-groves, gray with hoar leaf. But some rise out of the fallen seed; as the tall chestnut and the mast-tree—lordliest of the wood, as he wears his leaves to the honour of Jove—and as the oak which Greece deemed prophet. With others, a serried forest of suckers breeds from the root. So with the cherry-tree and the elm: so, too, the bay of Parnassus, a little plant as yet, shoots upward beneath the mighty shade of its mother.

These are the primal modes which Nature ordained: by these every forest-tree, with every shrub, every sacred grove, is decked in verdure. But others there are, which

Experience, hand in hand with Method, has discovered, herself for herself. One man tears suckers from the tender mother-frame, and plants them in furrows : another buries stocks, cross-cloven truncheons, and pointed stakes in the ground. Some trees await the deep-pressed arch of the layer, and the slips which draw life from their soil : others need no root, and the dresser fears not to take the topmost spray and restore it to its native earth. Nay, the stock may be cut, and—strange the tale !—an olive-root sprouts from the arid timber. And, time and again, we may see the branches of one pass unscathed into those of another—the pear translated bring forth apples, and the stony cornel blush on the plum-tree.

Come, then, ye husbandmen, and learn the tillage that each kind claims for its own, mellow your harsh fruits by culture, nor suffer your fields to lie idle ! There is joy in planting Ismarus with the vine, and joy in clothing great Taburnus with the olive.—And come thou, Maecenas, thou my chief, my justest title to fame ; come, and be with me in the troubled course I have assayed ; come, and spread thy winged sails to the open sea ! Not mine the thought to enfold all within my verse—not though I spoke with an iron voice from a hundred tongues and a hundred mouths ! Come, and skirt the edge of the shore : land is within our grasp ! Not here will I detain thee with tricks of rhyme in by-paths of words and long-drawn preludes.

All trees that of free will lift head into the realms of day are barren, but rise full of vigour and strength ; for Nature is with them beneath the soil. And even these, if they are grafted, or transplanted and set in well-wrought trenches, will resign their wild spirit, and, by dint of constant tilling, assume with readiness whatever character thou wilt

have them bear. So, too, will fare the unfruitful sucker which springs from the parent root, if it is taken and planted out in the uncumbered fields: for, as it now is, the mother tree overshadows it with her deep foliage and branches, and condemns its youth to barrenness, or, if it bear, exhausts it. Again, the trunk which rises from chance-scattered seeds is slow of growth: its shade is for our children's children; the apples degenerate and forget their lusciousness of old; and the vine bears sorry clusters for the fowls of the air to snatch!

So much is sure: toil must be expended on all; all must be marshalled into line and drilled by the sweat of our brows. But the olive responds more generously if reared from truncheons, the vine if raised by layers, and the myrtle of Paphos if taken from the solid stem. The tough hazel springs best from suckers, and, with it, the tall ash, the shady tree that lent its leaves to the brow of Hercules, and the acorns claimed by Dodona's Jove. Thus the palm rises sky-challenging, and the fir one day views the perils of the deep. The prickly arbute, again, is grafted with the fruit of the walnut; often the barren plane is charged with hardy apple-boughs, the beech is hoar with the chestnut's white blossom, and the ash with the pear's; and the swine crunch acorns beneath the elm.

Nor is the mode of grafting one with that of budding. For, at the point where the buds struggle through the midst of the bark, bursting their slender coating, a narrow slit is made hard by the knot. In this the gardener imprisons an eyelet from an alien tree, and trains it to grow into the sap-giving rind. Or, it may be, a knotless bole is cut open, and the wedges cleave a path deep into the quick; then slips from a fruitful branch are let in, and in a little

while a mighty tree rears his laughing boughs to the skies, and marvels at leaves he never saw and at fruits he never bore.

Again, no single family embraces the stalwart elms, nor the willow, nor the lotus, nor Ida's cypresses. No single type stamps the rich olive at birth—orchad, and radius, and bitter-berried pausian—nor yet Alcinous' apple-orchards. There is one cutting from the Crustumian pear, one from the Syrian, and one from the heavy warden. There is one vintage hangs upon our trees, and Lesbos gathers another from Methymna's tendrils. There are vines of Thasus, there are white vines of Mareotis—the one aptest for light soils, the other for rich. There is the Psithian, best for must; there is the thin Lagean, fated some day to baffle the feet and fetter the tongue. There is the Purple, and the Precian, and thou, the Rhaetic—but how shall I hymn thy praises? Yet seek not thou to rival the Falernian cellars!—There are Aminaean grapes, soundest of wines to keep, to which the Tmolian bows, and the sovereign Chian itself. There is the lesser Argite, which no other may rival, whether in its rivers of wine or in the years through which it will endure. Vine of Rhodes, and shall I pass thee with never a word, welcome as thou art to Heaven and the banquet's second course? Or thee, Bumast, and thy swelling clusters? But neither to kinds nor to names is there any term; which he who would know would seek to learn how many the sands that the West-wind stirs on the Afric plain, or how many the waves that thunder on the Ionian strand, when the furious East falls more vehement upon the ships!

Yet all lands cannot bear all fruits. The willow draws life from the river; the alder from the dense morass; the

barren ash from the rocky peaks. The beach rejoices in the myrtle, and, yet again, Bacchus loves the open hill, and the yew the gripping North. And turn thy regard to the distant places of earth, where man has tilled and overcome, to the Arab's eastern home and to the painted Gelonian: every tree has its allotted clime. No land save India bears the dusk ebony; none save the Sabaeans know the bough of frankincense. What speeds it to tell of the balsam standing in gouts on the scented bole, or the berries of the ever-blooming acanthus? What of the Ethiop groves and their soft, white vesture of wool, or how the Ser combs his delicate fleeces from the leaf? What of the woods that, fast by Ocean, India wears—India, the extreme nook of earth—where the arrow may quit the bow, yet never pass the air that breathes round the topmost trees? And yet it is a people scarce slow with quiver in hand!—Media bears the acid juice and lingering savour of the generous citron, surest and speediest of succours to drive the black venom from the limbs, should ever some cruel step-dame have poisoned the cup with mingled herbs and charms of bale. The tree itself is large, and in aspect likest the bay; and a bay it were, did it not shed abroad far other fragrance. No winds have seen its foliage fall; its blossom's hold is sure; and with it the Mede makes sweet the breath of his mouth, and heals the gaspings of age.

But neither Media's groves, land of wealth though it be, nor the fair Ganges, nor Hermus turbid with slime of gold, may rival the glories of Italy—not Bactria, not Ind, not all Panchaia, though its very dust be incense! No bulls, with nostrils breathing flame, ever ploughed these fields for the sowing of the grisly dragon's teeth. In them no harvest of men ever sprang, glancing with helms and horrent spears;

but the laden ear and the Wine-god's Massic juice have filled them, and the olive and the goodly herds possess them. Hence the war-horse steps proudly into the plain: hence the snowy flocks, Clitumnus, that thy hallowed streams have ofttimes laved, and the bull—greatest of offerings—lead the triumphs of Rome to the temples of Heaven. Here Spring reigns eternal, and Summer usurps the Winter's months. Here the kine twice give increase, and twice the tree avails to bear fruit. But the ravening tiger is far away, and all the grim lion-brood: no aconite lures the gatherer to his undoing: no scale-clad serpent drags his vast folds along the earth, or winds him into coils with the huge train he uses.—And bethink thee of all those stately cities, all those monuments of toil, all those towns that Italian hands have left nestling above the precipice, and the streams gliding beneath their immemorial walls! Shall I sing the sea that washes our shores above? the sea that washes our shores below? Shall I tell of our lordly lakes? Of thee, great Larius; of thee, Benacus, surging with the breakers and the tumult of the deep? Shall I sing our havens—how the Lucrine was given a prison-wall, and Ocean shrieks in his anger, where the Julian waters re-echo to the refluent main, and the Tuscan tide sweeps into the channels of Avernus? This land has streams of silver and mines of brass to shew in her veins, and gold flows in her rivers. This land is mother to a hardy race of men—to the Marsian, to the Samnite chivalry, to the toil-proof Ligurian, and the Volscian pikeman. This land was mother to Decius, to Marius, to great Camillus, and their peers—to the war-worn Scipios, and, greatest Caesar, to thee, who, victor already in Asia's farthest confines, now pursuest the coward Indian far from the hills of Rome.—Hail, Saturn's

land, great mother of the harvest, great mother of men! For thy sake I assay themes that claimed old-world praise and old-world art. For thy sake I dare to open the sacred founts; and I sing the song of Ascra through Roman towns!

Now place for the genius of soils—the strength of each, its hue, its natural powers of bearing! And, first, churlish ground and ungracious hills, where lean clay abounds and pebbles lie in the thorny fields, delight in the forest-growth of Minerva's long-lived olive. The oleaster may serve for proof, as it springs unchecked in the selfsame plot, its wild berries carpeting the earth. But a rich soil, well dowered with fresh moisture, a level tract of luxuriant herbage and prolific bosom—such a tract as oft we may descry in some mountain dell, whither the streams make their way from the rocks above, bringing the generous mud in their wake—if this tract rise to the South and give nurture to the fern, that foe of the crooked plough, it will some day yield thee store of strong vines and rivers of wine: it is rich in the grape, and rich in the liquor we pour to Heaven from our goblets and their gold, when the sleek Etruscan has blown his ivory horn by the altar's side, and we lay the reeking flesh of sacrifice upon it in the bellied chargers.—But if thy desire is rather to keep herds of kine, and calves, or to breed sheep, or goats that blight the tender blade, then hie thee to the woods and distant meadows of rich Tarentum, or to plains such as that which ill-starred Mantua lost, where the snowy swan finds her food by the grassy stream: there thy flocks will lack neither limpid springs nor pasturage, and all that thy herds can crop during the livelong day the cool dew will replace in one brief night!

A dark soil, rich beneath the deep-delving share, and of friable surface—for such our ploughing imitates—uses to

be best for corn; and from no ground else wilt thou see more wains moving homeward behind the slow-footed oxen. So, too, the field whose woods the indignant swain abolishes, overthrowing those groves that stood and toiled not for many a year, and uptearing from their deepest roots the birds' whilom homes:—forth they fare to the skies from their deserted nests, and the plain glistens unwonted under the driven plough! For, as to the hungry gravel of a hilly region, it will scarce supply the bees with their lowly casia and rosemary; and the sole vaunt of the rough tufa-stone and the marl, worn as it is by the fang of the dusk water-snake, is that no land else can show food so sweet to the serpent, or such store of winding coverts. But if a soil exhales wreaths of mist and melting vapours, if it drinks in moisture and discharges it at will, if it is always clad in the green vesture of its own herbage, nor corrodes the steel with scurf and salt rust, then it will dress thy elms in laughing vines, it will bear thee olives, and thou wilt prove it, as thou tillest, indulgent to the cattle and patient of the crooked share. Such the soil ploughed by wealthy Capua and the coast that is neighbour to Vesuvius' peaks, and Clanius, whose anger lorn Acerrae felt.

Now I will rehearse the modes by which thou mayest distinguish each. First, thou wilt seek to learn whether thy land is light, or of closeness greater than is wont; for one is partial to the corn, and one to the vine—the closer to Ceres, the lightest always to Lyaeus. Look, first, and choose a place; then order a pit to be sunk where the ground is solid, fling back all the earth, and trample the surface level. If it prove not enough, the soil is loose, and will be aptest for the herd or generous vine. But if it refuses to return to its place, and there is mould to spare when the trench is full,

the field is stiff : look, then, for a reluctant glebe and stubborn ridges, and let thy oxen be strong when thou wouldst break the ground ! But should a soil be salty—bitter, they style it (and niggard it is to the crops, and untameable to the plough ; where the grape forgets her lineage and the apples their glory)—it will admit this test : pull down from their smoky roof thy close-woven wicker-baskets and wine-strainers, fill them with earth from that mischievous field of thine, and with water fresh from the spring ; compress these, and thou wilt see the fluid all trickle through and great drops fall between the osiers. But the taste will surely tell a tale, and the sense of bitterness distort to grimace the mouths of all who make the trial ! Again, to be brief, we may know a rich mould by this token : shake it in the hand, and it will not crumble, but cling pitch-like to the fingers that hold it. A moist soil rears taller grass and is by nature more prolific than is meet. May it never show itself over-fruitful in field of mine, nor prove its strength when the ears are young ! A heavy earth betrays itself by its weight, without more ado : so, again, a light earth. The eye suffices to detect a black soil, and to reveal the hue of each. But to unmask the vile cold is difficult : at times, only, the pine and noxious yew, or the dusk ivy, will disclose its traces.

These precepts observed, remember first to season the ground with thoroughness, to cut up the high hills with trenching-work, and to expose the upturned glebe to the North, long ere thou plant the vine and its smiling race. Fields of friable soil are the best : and friable soil is the work of the winds, of the chill frosts, and the hardy ditcher as he turns the acres his spade has loosened. But men, whom no precaution escapes, first seek out twin plots—one, in which the tender vines may be nursed for their supporting

trees, and one, to which they may be taken anon and planted in order, that so the infant tendrils need not be strangers to their new-found mother. Nay, they mark on the stem that quarter of the heavens to which each tree has faced, that all may be restored to their old-time stations, and the same side may front the southern rays and the same back be turned to the northern pole. So great the import of habits formed in the dawn of life!

Inquire first whether it were better to plant thy vines on hill or on plain. If thou measure thy vineyard from rich and level fields, sow closely; close array impairs not the Wine-god's powers. But if thy choice is the sloping hills and a soil that rises in hillocks, give scope to the ranks: yet none the less, when the trees are planted, see that, as before, the line of every avenue thou drawest tally exactly with the rest. As oft, in some great war, the long-drawn legion deploys its companies, the columns halt on the open field, the edge of battle is ordered, and far and near every inch of ground ripples and glitters with brass; and the grim encounter is not yet joined, but the War-god hovers hesitant betwixt the hosts—so, in thy vineyard, let all be marshalled in equal and orderly lines; not barely that the view may be food for the idle fancy, but that not otherwise will the earth minister equal strength to all, or the branches have power to expatiate in the open air.

Perchance thou wouldst know to what depth the trench should slope. I should venture to entrust the vine to a shallow pit: the foster-trees are deeper fixed, full in the heart of earth—most of all the mast, who stretches his roots as far towards the nether gloom as he rears his head towards the heavenly realms; whence neither the Winter's rages, nor the winds, nor the rains uproot him, but steadfast he remains,

and, as the years roll on, sees many a younger generation—
many a cycle of man—succumb, while he endures to the end,
and, spreading abroad his sinewy arms and boughs on this
side and that, supports self-centred his mighty shades.

Neither let thy vineyards slope towards the setting sun, nor
sow the hazel among the vines. Molest not the topmost
shoots, nor sever cuttings from the crown of the trees: so
rooted is their love of the earth. Harm not their infancy
with the blunted steel, nor set truncheons of wild olive in
their midst: for time and again some heedless swain will let
fall a spark, which, issuing from its erstwhile ambush under
the unctuous rind, fastens on the solid trunk, and, mounting
to the leaves above, roars aloud to the skies; then, following
on, reigns victorious throughout the branches and towering
summits, wraps all the grove in flame, and, weltering amid
pitchy darkness, rolls its swart clouds to heaven—chief of all,
if a tempest has swept down upon the wood, and a freshening
breeze rallies the fires. When this has chanced, the vine-
stock is impotent; cutting cannot revive it, or bid it bloom
with its ancient verdure from the earth about its root: the
luckless oleaster and its bitter leaves are left supreme!

And let no counsellor, be he never so shrewd, move thee
to disturb the stiff soil while the North is blowing. At that
season, Winter with his frost locks the countryside, and,
though the seed be sown, suffers not aught that grows to
fix its ice-bound root in the earth. The vineyard is best
planted when, at the first blush of spring, the white bird
—foe to the long snake—is come once more; or, again,
while the earliest frosts of Autumn are on their way, while yet
the hot sun touches not Winter with his car, and Summer
prepares to bid adieu. It is Spring that befriends the forest
and the forest-leaves; in Spring Earth burgeons and yearns for

the vital seed. Then Heaven, the universal Sire, descends in fruitful showers to the womb of his joyful bride, and his might, mingled with the might of her great frame, gives life to every embryo within. Then the pathless glades echo to carolling birds, and the cattle seek their loves on the trysted day. The generous soil draws nigh to the birth, and the breast of the meadow softens to the quivering Zephyrs; the tender moisture avails for all, and the grass takes heart and ventures unscathed to front the nascent sun; the vine and her tendrils fear not the South-wind's rising, nor the showers that the puissant North launches from the firmament, but put forth their buds and unfurl their every leaf. I fain would think that not other were the days that dawned when the infant world began, and not other the course they held Nay, spring-time it was; the great globe was keeping spring, and the East spared his wintry gales, when the first cattle drank in the light, and the earth-born brood of men reared its head from the stony plains—when the wild beast won entry to the forest and the stars to heaven. Nor, in truth, could any tender thing support our world's harshness, did not so deep a calm reign between heat and cold, and a clement sky bless the earth again.

Once more, whatever the cuttings thou wouldst plant in thy fields, sprinkle them with rich dung, and forget not to cover them with many layers of soil. Or, again, bury with them porous stones or rough shells: for the water will creep between, the searching air will steal in, and thy plants will wax in spirit. Some, ere now, have been known that overlaid them with stones and large and weighty jars—protection, this, against driving showers, and against the season when the sultry Dog-star bursts the fields that gape with drought.

When thy young vines are planted, it remains for thee to loosen the earth at their roots again and again, and to ply the stubborn mattock, or labour the soil under the deep-driven share, and turn thy toiling oxen between the rows of thy vineyard ; then, to shape smooth wands, lances from peeled rods, ashen stakes, and stout poles, that by their strength the tendrils may be trained to climb and contemn the winds, and to run from tier to tier till they attain the summit of the elm.

Again, while their infancy is growing to youth and their leaves begin to spring, spare their tenderness, and, when the shoot is travelling exultant towards the sky, launched into the void in uncurbed career, assay not the tree herself with the edge of the pruning-knife, but pluck the leaves with bent fingers, choosing them each by each. Later, when they have shot up and their stems are strong to embrace the elm, then strip thou their foliage, then lop their branches—till now, they have shrunk before the steel !—and then, at last, enforce thy will with the strong hand, and suppress their streaming tendrils.

Hedges, too, must needs be woven, and the cattle all kept away—in especial, when the leaf is tender and witless of its coming trials. For, beyond the ruthless winter and tyrant sun, the forest-buffalo and persecuting roe make it their incessant sport, and the ewe and the insatiate heifer turn it to their prey. Nor do the snows, locked though they be in the hoar frost, or the summer brooding heavy above the thirsty crags, work it harm so dire as the flocks and the venom of their iron tooth, and the scar they imprint on the deep-gnawed stem. For this crime, and no other, the goat is slain to Bacchus on every altar, and the old-world gambols invade the stage ; for this the sons of Theseus set prizes for

the wits in their villages and streets, and with tipsy jollity danced in the soft meadows on oiled goat-skins. Nor less Ausonia's yeomen—Troy-descended race—disport them with their untutored verses and unbridled laughter, and don hideous vizards of hollowed bark, and in their jocund hymns call, Bacchus, on thee, and to thy honour hang little waving masks from the tall pine. Hence every vineyard ripens with generous increase ; there is plenty in the hollow valleys and the deep glades, and in every field towards which the god has turned his comely face. Therefore, in the songs that our fathers sang we will duly hymn the just praises Bacchus claims, and bring him his dishes and cakes : a he-goat, led by the horn, shall stand a victim by the altar, and on spits of hazel we will roast the rich flesh of sacrifice.

If thou wouldst care for thy vines, that other task still awaits thee, which, toil as thou wilt, yet claims more : for year after year it behoves thee to cleave all thy land thrice and again, without ceasing to crush the clods with hoe reversed, and to lighten all the grove of its foliage. The farmer's toil returns in revolving circle, as the year retraces its footsteps and rolls back upon itself. And now, when the vineyard has but doffed its latest leaves and the icy North has shaken the glory from the woods, the zealous husbandman already extends his care to the coming year, as he pursues the forlorn vine, shearing it with Saturn's crooked knife and lopping it to the form desired. Be first to dig the ground, first to bear away and fire the prunings, first to cart the poles under roof, but last to reap ! Twice the shade encroaches on the vines ; twice wild growths cover the vineyard with an army of briars ; each challenges unflinching labour. Give great estates their due : till none but the small ! Again, rough withies of broom must be cut in the woods, and

water-rushes by the river-side; and the care of the unkempt willow calls for work. And now the vines are bound, now the vineyard leaves the blade in its sheath, now the last dresser sings the completed file—yet there is still the earth to labour, still the soil to stir, and still the anger of heaven to fear for the mellow grape!

Far other the olive! She needs no tilling; she looks not for the crooked sickle or the stubborn mattock, when once she has gripped the soil and borne the breeze! Earth of herself—laid open by the share's crooked tooth—gives moisture galore to the plants, and teeming fruits at the bidding of the plough. Thus do thou nurture the generous olive, the friend of Peace!

Apples, again, so soon as they feel their stem is strong and are come to their full powers, travel gallantly toward the stars and require no aid from us.

Nor less, meantime, every wood grows heavy with fruit, and the birds' wild haunts blush with crimson berries. The lucerne is food for the browsing steer; the towering forest bestows its brands upon us, and our fires are fed by night, and light shines in the darkness. Why search for greater themes? Consider the willow and lowly broom: they give their leaves to the sheep and their shade to the shepherd; they yield fences for the crops and food for honey. Sweet it is to view Cytorus, all waving with the boxwood, and the pitchy groves of Narycia: passing sweet, to look on fields that owe no debt to the harrow, and none to the care of man! Even the barren woods which crown the peaks of Caucasus, ever torn and harried by the imperious eastern gales, yield their tribute, kind by kind—tribute of sound timber, pines for our barques, cedars and cypresses for our homes. Hence the husbandman turns shafts for his wheels and drums for

his wains, and hence they lay the crooked keel for the ship. The willow is lavish of osiers, and the elm of leaves ; but the myrtle and warrior cornel, of stout spears ; and the yew is bent into Ituraean bows. So, too, the smooth linden and lathe-worn box take shape and are hollowed by the trenchant steel : so the light alder, sped down the Po, swims the insurgent flood ; and so the bees hive their swarms in the hollow cork-tree and the heart of the decaying holm. What gift so memorable has the Wine-god's bounty bestowed? Ere now that Wine-god has lent him to crime! It was he who tamed in death the Centaurs himself had maddened—Rhoetus, and Pholus, and Hylaeus, in act to lift his ponderous bowl against the Lapiths.

Ah, blest beyond all bliss the husbandmen, did they but know their happiness! on whom, far from the clash of arms, the most just Earth showers from her bosom a toilless sustenance. Though no mansion, proud-portalled and stately, pour morn after morn its great sea of visitants from every hall—though their eyes be not fed on pillars gay with the fair shell of the tortoise, nor on vestments tricked with gold, nor on bronzes that once were Corinth's—though their white wool be not stained with Assyrian dyes, and the service of their clear oil be not marred with casia—yet theirs is a sleep that knows not care, a life that knows not disillusion, but is rich with treasures untold. They have Peace in their broad domains ; they have their caverns, and living lakes, and cool vales ; the lowing of their kine, and sleep that is soft beneath the boughs. Forest-glades are there, and the coverts of wild beasts : their youth toils and faints not, and requires but little : Heaven has its honours and age is reverend ; and through their midst the last steps of Justice were made, when she took her leave of earth.

For me—first above all, may the sweet Muses, whose holy symbols I bear with a mighty love at my heart, take me to themselves and show me the pathways of heaven, and the stars, all the swoonings of the sun, and all the travailings of the moon; whence the tremblings of earth, what the force that bids the deep seas swell and burst their barriers, to sink once more upon themselves; why the wintry suns so hasten to lave them in Ocean, and what the delays that impede the laggard nights! But if the sluggish blood round this heart of mine debar me from winning my way to these realms of Nature, then let the country be my pleasure, and the watering streams in their valleys—rivers and woods let me love inglorious! O, for Larissa's plain, and Spercheus, and Taygete, where Sparta's maidens wander and worship! O, for one who shall set me in the cool glens of Haemus, and shield me under the branches' giant shadows!

Happy he, who has availed to read the cause of things, and has cast beneath his feet all fear, and the ruthlessness of Fate, and the roaring of the hungry stream of Death! And happy he, who has knowledge of the woodland gods—of Pan, and old Silvanus, and the sister Nymphs! His soul is untouched by the fasces that Rome confers, by the purple of kings, and the strife that rages between brother and faithless brother—by the Dacian as he stoops from his confederate Danube, by the Roman realm and the tottering of empires—and he knows naught of the pang of compassion for poverty, and naught of the envy of riches. He plucks the fruits which his boughs have borne, which his willing fields have freely ministered; nor have his eyes beheld the iron rigours of the law, nor the madding Forum, nor the nation's archives.—

Some brave the unplumbed deeps with the oar, dash upon the sword, or win their way to the courts and portals

of kings: one hurls a city to ruin, and its hearths to misery, that he may drink from a jewelled cup and sleep on purple of Tyre: another hides his treasure, and gloats over the buried gold: yet another stands dazzled and astounded before the Rostra; and still another snatches at the bait and is swept away by the plaudits of high and low, as they roll, and roll again, along the benches! They are stained with a brother's blood, and their heart is glad; they barter their homes and pleasant thresholds for exile, and seek a country that lies beneath an alien sun.—But the husbandman turns his ground with the crooked plough: hence comes his yearly labour; hence he maintains his country and his tiny grandchildren; hence, his herds of kine and his faithful bullocks. No pause there is: either the season overflows with fruits, or with increase of the cattle, or with the sheaves of Ceres' corn, that load the furrows with plenty and fill the granaries to bursting. Let Winter be come, and Sicyon's berry is ground in the oil-mill; the swine come home well-content from the mast, and the forest is lavish of strawberries: or Autumn is doffing its many-coloured produce, and the mellow grapes are basking high on the sunny rocks. Meantime his dear children hang on his kisses; his pure home preserves its sanctity; his kine droop milk-charged udders, and his fattened kids strive, horn to horn, in the smiling fields. The goodman himself keeps holiday, and, stretched on the grass with an altar-fire in the midst and his comrades crowning the bowl, pours his wine, calling on thee, Lenaean Sire, and, with the elm as target, sets a match for the keepers of his flocks—who shall best speed the javelin—or watches them bare their hardy limbs for the rustic wrestling-bout.

Such the life the old-time Sabines lived long ago, and

Remus, and Remus' brother. Thus, I ween, Etruria waxed and was strong; and thus Rome became the fairest of earthly things, and, one in self, circled with her battlements the Seven Hills. Nay, before ever the Cretan king bare sceptre, before ever ox was butchered for the banquet of a godless race, such was the life that golden Saturn lived upon earth, while yet no man had heard the clarion blare, and no man had heard the falchion ring as it lay on the stubborn anvil!

But our course is run: we have traversed the plain for all its greatness, and the hour is come to unbind the yoke from the necks of our reeking steeds!

III

THEE, too, great Pales, will we sing, and thee, glorious shepherd of Amphrysus, and you, ye woods and streams of Lycaeus. All else, that might have charmed the idle fancy with the spell of poetry, is now published abroad. Who knows not Eurystheus, how harsh he was, or the abominations of Busiris' altar? What tongue has not told of the boy Hylas, and of Leto's Delos? Of Hippodame and Pelops, brave with ivory shoulder, reckless behind his steeds? I must assay a path, whereby I may raise me from earth and flit conqueror through the mouths of men! First of mortals—if but life be vouchsafed me—I will return to my country, bringing with me the Muses captive from their Aonian peak: first will I bring thee, Mantua, the palms of Edom, and in thy green pastures will I build a temple by the river's verge, where great Mincius wanders sinuous and slow, fringing his banks with tender rushes. In the midst I will

have Caesar stand, and possess my sanctuary. To his glory, blazing in the victor's Tyrian purple, I will drive a hundred four-horsed chariots to the river. All Greece shall quit me Alpheus and the groves of Molorchus to strive with raw gauntlet, and I—with temples decked in shorn olive-leaves—shall bring gifts! Even now I long to escort the solemn train to my shrine, and view the slaughtered oxen—how the scene vanishes with changing front, and how the inwoven Britons lift the curtains of purple! On the doors I will set the battle of the Gangarids, all in gold and solid ivory; and the arms of conquering Quirinus; and, therewith, the war-surging, proud-rolling Nile; and tall pillars clad in the armour of hostile fleets. I will add the vanquished cities of Asia, the routed Niphates, the Parthian, whose trust is in flight and backward-sped shaft, the twin trophies which that strong hand snatched from foes world-removed, and the two nations that yielded two triumphs from Ocean's either shore. There, too, Parian marbles shall stand—statues breathing with life—Assaracus' race, and the great names of the Jove-descended line, Tros our forefather, and Cynthius, sire of Troy. Accursed Envy shall quail before the Furies and the stern stream of Cocytus—before the twining snakes and huge wheel of Ixion, and the rock invincible!

Meantime, hark we to the Dryads' woods and their untrodden groves—no light behest of thine, Maecenas! Without thee, my soul begins not aught that is high: come, break with thy slow delays! Cithaeron bids us with mighty voice, and Taygete's hounds, and horse-taming Epidaurus; and the cry is echoed time and again, as the forests shout assent! Yet soon shall I gird me to sing the hard-fought fields of Caesar, and waft his name and fame through as

many years as Caesar's self is removed from the day when Tithonus saw the light.

Whether a man admire Olympia's palm and its guerdons, and breed horses; or whether he rear oxen, strong for the plough; let his chief care be spent in choosing dams of fitting frame.—The cow of perfect shape is grim-looking, ugly-headed, and thick-necked, with dewlaps hanging from chin to knee. Further, her flank is long beyond measure; all about her is large, even to the foot; and the ears beneath her curling horns must be shaggy. Nor would one mislike me, if she were dappled with white, or impatient of the yoke, and at times unruly with the horn; not unlike a bull in face, tall throughout, and, at each step, brushing the ground with pendent tail.—The age for motherhood and just wedlock ends before the tenth year, and begins after the fourth: the remnant of their days is neither apt for bearing nor strong for ploughing. Meantime, ere the vigour of youth have deserted thy herds, unloose the males: be thou first to put thy cattle to the breeding, and raise stock after stock by their marriage. It is ever the brightest day of life that is first to bid adieu to our hapless mortality: disease and gloomy eld steal upon us, and anon suffering, and the ruthless tyranny of Death, sweep us away.—Of thy kine there will always be part, whose mould thou wouldst fain exchange: so, renew them always, and, lest thou seek after thou hast lost, prevent the time, and choose a new supply for thy herd year after year.

The same choice, again, is needful with thy breed of horses. Only be vigilant to expend an especial care, even from their tenderest years, on such as it is thy purpose to rear for the hope of the line. From the first, a colt of generous blood displays a higher gait, as he paces the fields

and plants his elastic steps. He is bold to lead the way, to brave the threatening river, and to entrust him to the untried bridge; nor will he start at an idle sound. His neck is lofty, his head clear-cut, his belly short, his back thick, and his gallant chest a mass of muscle.—Bay and grey are excellent, but the worst of hues is white or dun!— Again, should he hear the clash of arms from afar, he cannot hold his place: he pricks up his ears, his limbs quiver, and snorting he rolls the gathered fire at his nostrils. His mane is thick, and, if he toss it, falls back on the right shoulder. Along his loins runs a double spine: his hoof hollows the ground, and rings deep and strong; for the horn is solid. Such was Cyllarus, whom the rein of Amyclaean Pollux subdued; such they, of whom Greece has sung—the twin steeds of Mars, and they that drew the great Achilles. Even such was Saturn's self, when, in full career, he flung the horse's mane over his shoulders, at coming of his spouse, and fled filling the heights of Pelion with shrill neighings.

Yet even him do thou banish to the stalls, when he begins to fail, worn with disease or burdened with years; and spare not his ignoble age ⟨though oft he have driven the routed foemen in flight, though he boast Epirus and valiant Mycenae for his fatherland, and trace his line to Neptune himself for founder!⟩. The aged stallion is cold; his labour is thankless and futile; and, at the pinch, his ardour is vain:—as when a great fire rages in the stubble, but there is no strength in it. Therefore thou wilt chiefly note their spirit and years; and, thereafter, their other qualities and the stock of their sires, with the grief that each manifests at defeat, or his glory in the palm. [120–122]

Mark ye not the chariots, when they pour forth from the barriers and, in headlong contest, devour the plain—

when the hope of the drivers is high, and the pulsing fear tugs at the strings of their throbbing hearts? They ply the hissing lash; they strain forward to slacken rein; and the hot axle flies fiercely on. Now they seem to sink, and again they seem to rise aloft—to race through the void air, and to shoot to the skies. No rest nor respite! Clouds of yellow sand fly upwards, and they are wet with the foam and the breath of the stallions behind. So strong their love of renown; so dear the victory!—First of mankind, Erichthonius dared to yoke four steeds to the car, and stand conqueror above the flying wheels. The Lapiths, in Pelion's woods, first of mounted men, gave us the bit and the ring, and taught the horse, beneath his accoutred rider, to gallop athwart the plain and arch his proud step. Equal was either task: and with equal vigilance the trainer seeks a steed that is young, hot-spirited, and eager in the course.

This observed, they busy themselves, as the time draws near, and use all heed, that they may fill out with firm flesh him they have chosen for leader and husband of the herd. They cut him blossoming herbs, and give him store of running water and corn, lest he prove no match for the pleasant toil, and a weakling family repeat the leanness of its sire! But the mares themselves they make spare of set purpose, and, when desire, once felt, impels them to the breeding, they refuse them their leaves, and debar them from the springs. Often, again, they urge them to the gallop, and fatigue them in the sun, when the threshing-floor is groaning deepest under the beaten corn, and the empty chaff is scattered at the Zephyrs' rising.

Soon, in contrast, care for the sire begins to wane, and care for the dams to wax. When their months are due, and they wander with young, no man would suffer them

to bear yoke in the ponderous wains, nor to overleap the road, nor to scour the meadows in full career, nor to breast the swirling stream. They browse in open glades and by the side of brimming rivers, where the moss grows and the banks are all green with grass—where there are grottoes to shelter them, and rocks to cast their shadows.—Round the groves of Silarus and Alburnus, verdant with the holm, an insect flits in myriads—in our Roman tongue, the *asilus*; though Greece, in other sort, styles it the *oestrus*. Fierce it is and shrill, and the herds scatter through the woods, panic-stricken at its coming; and the quivering air echoes madly with their lowing, and all the groves, and the marge of waterless Tanager. In this pest the fearful anger of Juno once found vent, when she devised affliction for the heifer of Inachus. This, again (for its assaults are bitterest in the heat of noontide), thou wilt ward from thy heavy cattle, and feed thy herds when the sun is but new-risen, or the stars are heralding the night.

After birth, all care passes to the calves, and the farmer, undelaying, brands them with the sign and name of their stock, and sets apart all he wishes to rear for the increase of his breed, or to keep sacred for the altar, or to cleave the soil withal, and break up the glebe as he furrows his rough plain. The rest of thy kine may be left to graze in the green pastures; but such as thou wouldst fashion to the pursuits and uses of the field—these admonish while yet calves, and enter on the course of discipline, while their youthful spirits are yielding, and their age is still docile. And, first, fasten about their shoulders loose circlets of slender osier; then, when their necks are inured to slavery after freedom, yoke them in pairs, joined by these very collars, and force them to step in unison. Early though it

be, let them oft have a tenantless car to draw over the ground, whose wheels may leave their trace upon the surface. Next, let the beechen axle creak and strain under its ponderous load, and a brazen pole sustain the twin wheels. Meantime, thou wilt not feed their raw youth on grass alone, or the lean willow-leaves, or the marshy sedge, but thy hand will pluck them standing corn. Nor will thy newly-delivered kine fill the white-foaming pails, as under our fathers' rule, but will expend all that their udders yield on their own dear offspring.

But if thy choice be rather war, and war's embattled squadrons, or to sweep on flying wheel by the side of Pisa's Alphean waters, and to drive thy winged chariot through the grove of Jupiter—then the steed's first task is to view the gallant accoutrements of battle, to endure the trumpet-call, to bear the car, though it creak to his drawing, and to hear the bits clash in his stall; then more and more to delight in the fond praises of his master, and to love the sound of caresses on his neck. And all this let him venture so soon as he is weaned from his mother's milk; and, for change, let him entrust his mouth to the pliant muzzle, while he is still but weak, still a trembler, still a stranger in life. But when three summers are sped, and the fourth is come, let him straightway begin to gallop the circle, to move with even and ringing tread, to curvet in rhythmic step, and to be as one that labours. Then let him challenge the winds to the course, wing his way through the open plains, as though quit of the bridle's tyranny, and scarce plant step on the surface of the sand.—Even so, when the North descends with his full powers from the Arctic strand, scattering Scythia's storms and the rainless clouds, forthwith the deep cornfields and the waste of waters quiver under

the gentle breezes, the tree-tops begin to rustle, and the long rollers to dash toward the beach—but the wind flies onward, sweeping in impartial flight over earth and over ocean!

Such a steed will brave the great courses of Elis' plain, and stand sweating at the goal with crimsoned foam issuing from his mouth, or—nobler task!—will bear the yoke of Belgia's chariot upon his delicate neck. Then, nor before, allow thy colts, tamed at last, to grow to their full bulk on the thick-mingled spelt: for until thou tame them, their spirits will rise too high; and if thou yoke them, they will scorn to endure the supple lash and obey the harsh curb.

But whether a man choose to deal with cattle or with horses, no diligence more avails to strengthen their powers, than to keep from them all desire and the blind excitements of passion. And thus it is that the bull is sent into exile afar, beyond the intervening hills and across the broad rivers, or is imprisoned within, fast by his full stall. For the female wastes his strength, and her sight is fuel to him; her soft enchantments suffer him not to remember his woods and pastures, and oft she drives her proud suitors to rid their quarrel with levelled horn. Is a fair heifer browsing in great Sila? Her lovers join alternate encounter with all their strength; many a wound is dealt, and their flanks are dripping fast with the black gore. Horn against horn, each dashes at his fronting enemy, and the forests and the heights of heaven re-echo to their loud bellowing. Nor will the combatants harbour together, but the vanquished departs, and dwells an exile in alien fields. With many a groan for his fall, for the blows of his haughty conqueror, and the love that he lost unvenged, he turns his gaze upon his stall

and quits the site where his fathers reigned. Therefore, he trains his strength with all heed, and, among the flinty rocks, lies through the live-long night upon unstrewn couch, with rough leaves and spiked sedge for his only food. Then he makes trial of himself: charging the forest-trunks, he instructs his horn to anger; with his blows he defies the winds, and with scattered sand marks the prelude of battle. Soon, when his power is rallied and his strength renewed, he moves to the fray and dashes precipitate upon his oblivious foe:—even so the wave, when once it has raised its white crest in mid-ocean, marches with heaving breast out of the deep from afar; and even so it rolls towards earth, thunders along the cliff, and falls mountain-huge, while the water boils eddying from below and flings the black sands aloft!

All things that people the earth—man and beast, the fishes of the sea, the cattle, and the painted birds—rush upon the frenzy and flames of desire. The same Love is sovereign over all. At no other season does the lioness forget her cubs, or rove the plains with intent more fell; never does the hideous bear spread death and destruction so rampantly in his forest. Then the boar is fiercest, and the tigress wreaks her ire; then—ah me!—it is ill to wander in the forlorn fields of Libya! Mark ye not how a trembling assails the stallion's whole frame, if his nostrils but scent the familiar odour? Then neither man and his curbs can stay his course, nor the cruel lash, nor rocks and hollow cliffs, nor opposing rivers, though they sweep their bridges away and toss them in their currents! On rushes the great Sabine boar; he whets his tusk, his foot furrows the earth before him, he grinds his flanks against the tree, and, on this side and that, he hardens his shoulders to meet the spear! And what of the youth, in whose marrow tyrant

Love fans his flames to fierceness? Though the night be dark, the hour late, and the strait a turmoil of breaking storms, still he breasts the wave. Above him thunders the great gate of Heaven, the breakers shriek as they shatter against the cliff; yet neither they that bare him can call him back, nor thought of the maid who shall die, as it is bitterest to die, on her lover's corpse! What of the Wine-god's speckled ounces, and the fierce tribe of wolves and hounds? What of the battles waged by the peaceful stag? In very truth, the frenzy of mares is wilder than the frenzy of all things else! It was Venus herself who endowed them with their passion, what time the four Potnian steeds tore the limbs of Glaucus in ravening jaws. Love leads them over Gargarus and over the roaring Ascanius: they scale mountains and they swim rivers: and, so soon as the flame kindles at their eager hearts—chiefliest in spring, for in spring the heat returns to their breasts—they stand all on some high cliff, with faces fronting the Zephyrs, and drink in the gentle breezes. And often—strange though the tale! —without any wedlock, they scatter, pregnant by the wind, and flee over rocks and scaurs and through lowly dales—not to where the East rises with the Sun, but towards the North and the North-West, and the region whence the dark-robed South springs to plunge the sky in gloom with his chilling showers. Hereon, a thick fluid issues from their flanks—*Mare's Madness* the country-folk full truly name it—which many a felon step-dame gathers and mixes with herbs and charms of bale!

Meanwhile, Time is flying—flying, never to return—while we linger lovingly round each little thing. Enough this for the herds! The second moiety of our task awaits us—the tending of the woolly flocks and the shaggy goats.

Here is toil for you! Here, ye sturdy husbandmen, is honour ye may hope to win! Nor am I witless, how great the ordeal—to rise, with but words to aid me, above the lowliness of my theme, and to invest the humble round with the state of poesy. But a sweet desire whirls me along the untrodden steeps of Parnassus; and it is joy to walk the peaks, where no highway of former bards leads with gentle slope down to Castalia's fount!

Now, all-honoured Pales, now sing we our loftiest strains! And first I decree that the sheep should crop their grass in comfortable folds, till anon the leafy Summer comes back to his own. And let the frozen ground beneath them be strewn thick with straw and armfuls of fern, lest the chill ice harm the tender flock, and bring in its train sores and foul wasting of the feet. Next, I betake me hence, and command that bounteous store of flowering arbute be given to the goats, that they drink water fresh from the stream, and that their pens look from the wind towards the wintry sun, and face the noontide, when the cold Water-bearer is in act to set, sprinkling the departing year as he goes.—Again, it behoves to tend our goats with none the less zeal,—and not less will be their profit, be the price never so great, for which the fleeces of Miletus, steeped in Tyrian purple, exchange their lords! From the goat springs a larger progeny; the goat yields generous store of milk; and the more the pail foams from the drained udder, the more bountiful those streams that shall flow at night from the importuned teats! Nor less, in the meantime, the herdsman cuts the hoary beards of his Afric charges, and abridges their shaggy coats, to be a boon to the camp and a covering to the shivering seaman. Again, they feed in the woods and on the peaks of Lycaeus, cropping unkempt briars and cliff-

loving thorns. They come home unbidden, unwarned, bringing their kids behind them, and with udders so teeming that scarce they can overstep the threshold. Therefore, the less claim they make upon human care, the more do thou with all diligence shield them from the frosts and snow-laden winds, bringing them with cheerfulness their food and provender of twigs, and closing not thy barns throughout the winter. But when Summer, smiling to the Zephyrs' call, invites either flock to their glades and pastures, then hie we to the cool fields, when the morning-star begins to peep, while the day is young, while the grass is hoar, and the dew on the tender blade is pleasantest to the cattle. Then, when the fourth hour of the day has rallied the solar heat, and the plaintive cicala thrills the forest with its song, I will bid the flocks stand by some well or deep pond and drink of the water that runs in oaken channels. But in the rays of noon I would have thee seek out a shady valley, where a mighty oak—Heaven's own tree—stands with huge branches spreading from his ancient frame; or where some grove, dark with thick-set holms, lies in holy twilight. Then give them again of the liquid stream; and feed them again till the sun goes down, and the hour is come when the cool star of eve freshens the air, and the dewy moon ministers new strength to the glades—when the beach echoes to the halcyon, and the bushes to the finch!

Why need my Muse rehearse thee the shepherds of Libya, their pastures, and the hamlets, where here and there a roof marks the abode of men? Ofttimes, night and day, from waxing moon to waning moon, their flocks feed and move onward into the far desert, with never a post to welcome them—so vast the expanse that fronts them! Their swart herdsman bears his all with him—his home, and his hearth,

and his weapons ; his Spartan dog, and his Cretan quiver—even as Rome's great-hearted soldier marches in his country's arms under the cumbrous load, and, before the foe awaits him, halts in array, and the camp is pitched !

Far otherwise, where the tribes of Scythia dwell by the waters of Maeotis, where the troubled Danube tosses his yellow sands, and Rhodope turns again and stretches full under the central pole ! There men keep their herds prisoned in the stall, and no blade is seen upon the plain, nor any leaf upon the tree ; but far and wide earth lies shapeless under mountains of snow and layers of ice, and rises seven ells high. They have Winter always with them, and always the North-west with his chilling breath. Nay, the sun never scatters the ghostly mists, whether, behind his steeds, he is scaling the pinnacles of Heaven, or whether he laves his down-rushing car in Ocean's encrimsoned flood. Crusts of ice gather incontinent upon the running streams ; and anon the water bears iron-bound wheels on its surface, and, in lieu of the ships of former days, has the broad wains for its only guests. Everywhere brass flies apart, raiment stiffens on the wearer, and they break the flowing wine with axes ; lakes are changed into one solid sheet, and jagged icicles harden on unkempt beards. Nor less, meantime, the flakes fall in every quarter of the sky : the cattle perish, the great frames of the oxen stand sheathed in frozen snow, stags cluster in bands benumbed by the new-descended mass, and the tips of their horns are scarce to be seen above it. No man hunts them with unleashed hound, nor entraps them with net, nor drives them in terror of the feather-hung line of scarlet ; but, as they struggle with unavailing breast against the ramparts of white, their enemies draw near and stab them : deaf to their piteous moans, they slay them,

and bear them home with clamorous rejoicings. There they dwell deep beneath the earth in their spade-wrought caverns, careless and at ease, rolling piles of oak and whole elms to their hearths and casting them on the flames. There they wear the night through in play, and merrily counterfeit the juice of the grape with leaven and sour sorbs.—Such the rugged race that lies under the northern Wain, buffeted by the Rhipaean East, and clad in the tawny fells of their cattle!

If the yield of wool be thy care, first banish the rough growth of burs and caltrops: eschew rich pasturage, and, at the first, choose flocks whose soft fleeces are white as the snow. But, for thy ram, however white he may be, if but the tongue be black under his moist palate—away with him, lest he sully the coats of thy new-born lambs with dark specks; and scan thy teeming plains till thou hast found another! It was thus, by the lure of a bright-hued fleece, if belief be not impiety, that Pan, Arcadia's god, charmed and deceived thee, Queen of Night, when he called thee into the depths of the forest, and thou scornedst not his call!

But let him, who wishes for milk, bring with his own hand lucerne and lotus galore and salt herbs to the cribs of his goats. Thereby their love for the stream grows deeper, their udders swell, and their milk faintly recalls the savour of salt. Many exile the new-born kids from their dams and restrain their infant mouths in iron-bound muzzle The milk they have drained at sunrise, or during the hours of day, they press into cheese at night: that they have drained at night or sunset, they send forth in baskets, and some swain hies him to town; or they salt it with frugal hand, and store it for the winter.

Nor let the care of thy dogs be last and least; but feed the fleet Spartan, in company with the bold Molossian, on fattening whey. With these to guard, thou needst not fear the night-thief for thy folds, nor any onslaught of wolves, nor the outlawed Spaniard in thy rear. Often again, thou wilt course the timid onager, and hunt the hare and the stag with thy hounds. Often thou wilt rouse the boar from his forest-lair, and drive him with the baying pack at his heels: or over the high hills thou wilt raise the hunting-cry, and urge a stag of ten to the toils.

More, learn to light in thy stalls scented cedar-wood, and with the fumes of Syrian gum to unlodge the pestilent snake. Time and again a viper will flee terrified from the light and lurk under the untouched crib, with death for his disturber. Or that serpent—truceless foe of the oxen!—whose wont it is to steal under a shading roof and shower his venom upon the cattle, will be found squatting on earth. Then, swain, take stone or take club in thy hand, and smite him down, while he lifts his head in menace and distends his hissing neck! Lo, on the instant he plunges his daunted head into ambush, while his central knots and the extreme coils of his tail relax, and the last fold retires its tardy circles! There is yet that venomous tenant of the Calabrian glades, rolling its scaly back, uplifting its breast, and showing its long belly, flaked with great blotches. So long as any streams issue from their founts, and earth is moist with the softness of spring and the southern showers, this creature haunts the pools, and, housed within the banks, fills its black and insatiate maw with fish and clamorous frogs. But, when the marshes are parched and the soil gaping with heat, it leaps forth upon dry land, glares with flame-lit eyes, and rages through the fields, exasperate from thirst and maddened by

the drought. May never desire take me to cull the sweets of slumber beneath the open sky, or to fling me down in the grass on some wooded ridge, when the serpent is rolling onward in the splendour of youth regained, slough cast off, his unhatched young at home, head to the sun, and three-forked tongue flickering from his jaws!

I will teach thee, further, the causes and tokens of disease. Foul sores attack the sheep, whenever the chilling rain, or Winter in his white-frosted mail, pierces deep into the quick; or when the sweat clings unwashed on the shorn flock, and shaggy briars tear the flesh. Therefore the shepherds bathe all their charges in running waters; the ram is plunged in the pool with fleece all dripping, and cast loose to float down the stream. Or, again, they salve the bare body with bitter olive-lees, compounding litharge and native sulphur with pitch from Ida, rich oiled wax, squill, and strong helle-bore, and black bitumen. Yet the chance that governs suffering is never so kindly as when the knife can lay open the canker's head: for, if the distemper be hid, it lives and flourishes, while the swain, in fear to lay a healing hand on the wound, sits praying Heaven to amend all. Again, when the maddening pain has wormed its way into the inmost marrow of the bleating victim, and the hot fever is preying on the limbs, it is well to turn the course of the raging flames and to lance the throbbing vein in the midst of the hoof, as the Bisaltae use, and the fierce Gelonian, when he flees to Rhodope and Getan deserts, and drains his draughts of milk curdled with the blood of horses.—If thou descry a ewe, that often withdraws afar into the soft shade, or but listlessly touches the top of the grass, and follows last of the flock, sinking, as she browses, in mid-field, and retiring before the night late and forlorn, let the

knife at once abolish the plague-spot, ere the foul contagion invade the unwary multitudes! Not so thick the storms the whirlwind chases headlong over the deep, as the infinite pests of cattle! Nor does the distemper seize its victims one by one; but in a moment it lays waste the whole summer bivouac—the flock, with the hope of the flock, and all the race from first to last. Be witness he, who now beholds —even after so many days—the aery Alps, the castles on the Noric hills, and the fields of Illyrian Timavus, with their pastoral domains deserted, and the glades untenanted throughout their length and their breadth.

Once on this land there dawned a season of woe; for the air was sickly and glowed again with all the sultriness of Autumn. It slew every breed of cattle, every beast of the field: it tainted the lakes, and poisoned the pastures with corruption. Death travelled by no single course; but when the fires of fever had run riot in every vein and shrivelled the doomed limbs, suddenly a watery flux appeared, and, little by little, drew to itself all the disease-rotted bones. Oft as the victim stood by the altar, the holy rite half-rendered, in act to receive the woollen fillet and its snowy bands, it fell in the throes of death amid the tardy ministrants; or, had the priestly knife found its goal, yet the altars blazed not with the entrails, and the seer was dumb to his questioner; the steel beneath the throat was scarce tinged with blood, and the surface of the sand scarce sullied by the meagre gore. Thus the young cattle fell fast in the smiling meadows, or yielded up the sweet breath of life by their full stalls. Thus madness assailed the fawning hound; the swine struggled and gasped, as the cough racked their worn frames and clutched at their swollen throats. The steed, victor once, began to sink: failure waited on all his

efforts; he forgot the grass, turned from the spring, and time and again his hoof pawed the ground; his ears drooped, a fitful sweat—cold on the approach of death—broke out upon him; his skin was dry and hard to the touch, resisting the hand that stroked it.—Such the signs that the sufferers gave in the early days, ere the end was begun; but when the malady began to gather fierceness in its course, then their eyes glittered, their every breath came deep-heaved— at times, laden with a moan—their flanks were racked with long-drawn sobbings, black blood gushed from their nostrils, and the tongue was rough as it clove to the jaws all canker-beset. Some service it was, from inserted horn, to pour in the juice of the grape—sole salvation, it seemed, to the dying. But soon even this led to destruction: for their new strength turned to the fire of madness, and, sick to death, they rent and mangled their own limbs with bared teeth.—Heaven send a better fate to the pious, and such fury to its foes!

But, lo, the ox, smoking from the stubborn plough, falls; blood-stained foam streams from his lips, and he sobs his life away. Sadly the ploughman goes, unyokes the bullock, that mourns for his brother's death, and leaves the share in the furrow, and the work half-done. No shadow of deep groves, no soft meadows, can touch him now—not the stream purer than amber, tumbling over the crags as it races to the plain—but all the strength of his flanks is relaxed, vacancy creeps into his glazing eye, and his neck droops, overweighted, to the ground. What avails all his toil, all the good he wrought? What that stubborn earth which he turned so often? And yet the Massic grape, which the Wine-god gave, and the laden board, have harmed not him and his brethren! The leaves and the simple herbs are all

their fare: their drink is the crystalline stream, and the river that freshens as it runs, and no care breaks their healthful slumbers!

Then, and never else, fame tells, kine were sought in vain through those regions for the rites of Juno, and chariots were drawn to towering fanes by ill-paired buffaloes. Therefore men painfully turned the earth with the harrow, buried the seed with their own fingers, and with straining neck drew the creaking wagons over the hill-tops. The wolf assayed not his wiles about the sheepfold, and circled not the herds by night; for a sharper care had tamed him. The timid buck and the fugitive stag now strayed among the hounds and about the houses. At length, even the denizens of the great deep, and all things that swim, were washed forth by the waves and left on the limit of the shore, like to corpses from a wreck; and the seals fled unwonted to the rivers. The very viper perished behind the vain defence of her winding lair, and the dazed water-snake with his horrent scales. The air turned against its own, and the birds fell headlong; for life had left them under the clouds on high. Further, it no more availed to exchange the pasturage; the healing art was invoked but to harm; and the master-craftsmen gave up the fight—Chiron, Phillyra's child, and Melampus, Amythaon's son. Pale Tisiphone cried havoc, and, sweeping unchained from the darkness of hell to the light, drove Disease and Fear before her; and day by day she towered and raised her covetous head the higher. The rivers, and their thirsty banks, and the sloping hills echoed to the bleating of flocks and to incessant lowings: for now the Fury was slaying her thousands, and piling the foul-rotting bodies in the very stalls, till men learned to cover them in earth and to hide them

in pits. For the fells were useless, and none could cleanse the entrails with water nor purge them with fire. The fleeces could not be shorn, for they were eaten with sickness and filth; and the rotten web could not be touched. Nay, if any made trial of that loathly raiment, fever-spots and noisome sweatings assailed his fetid limbs, and his time was not long to wait ere the accursed fire was feeding on his plague-stricken frame.

IV

NEXT will I rehearse Heaven's gift of the sky-born honey. Deign thou, Maecenas, to regard yet this portion of my theme! Thou shalt hear of wondrous sights in small things, of great-hearted captains, and, in succession, of a whole nation's character—its pursuits, its peoples, and its battles. Slight the subject of my toil; but not slight the glory, if an adverse Heaven give leave and an Apollo answer prayer!

Seek first a settled abode for thy bees, whither no wind may find ingress to debar them from bringing home their food—where no ewes or petulant kids may trample the flowers, nor the straying heifer scatter the dewdrops and crush the springing grass. Let the lizard and his painted scales be an exile from the rich homestead, and the bee-eater with all its kind, and Procne, with breast crimsoned from her dripping hands. For they lay all waste, far and near, and bear the winged toilers away in their beaks, a dainty for their cruel nestlings. But look that clear founts be at hand, and moss-green pools, and a slender brook stealing through the lawn: and let a palm or tall olive shade the portal, that so, when the new-crowned kings lead forth the early swarms in the spring they love, and their youthful

subjects are revelling in freedom from the comb, the neighbouring bank may invite them to quit the heat, and the fronting tree detain them in its leafy hostelry. But whether the water stands in indolence, or whether it babbles onward, fling athwart willow branches into the midst, and great stones, that thy charges may have store of bridges, on which to halt and spread their wings to the summer sun, if it chance that the gusty East besprinkle them, as they linger abroad, or plunge them in the deep. Round their home let the casia blossom, and the wild thyme with its far-flung sweetness, and a wealth of heavy-scented savory.

But for the hive itself, whether it be sewn from hollow bark, or woven from pliant osier, let its entry be narrow: for the cold of winter congeals the honey, and the heat thaws and melts it. The rigour of each is alike to be feared for the bees; nor is it with idle zeal that they spread wax over the tiny crevices of their abode, fill the gaps with flowery pollen, and, for this very service, gather and keep a store of glue, more binding than lime or pitch of Phrygian Ida. Often, too, if fame speaks truth, they dig them hiding-places and cherish a home beneath the soil; and men have found them deep in some hollow rock, or the heart of a decaying tree. Yet with fostering hand do thou anoint the circuit of their fissured chambers with smooth clay, and cast thereon sparse leaves. And suffer no yew too nigh their dwelling; roast not the red crab on thy hearth; and put no faith in a deep marsh, nor in any place where the stench of mud is strong, or where vaulted rocks ring to the impact of each sound, and the echoed voice springs resilient from the shock.

For the rest, when the golden Sun has driven routed Winter under earth and laid bare the heavens in the light

of Summer, forthwith the bees scour the glades and forests, cull gay flowers, and on poised wing sip the surface of the stream. Hence it comes that, glad with some strange joy, they foster their callow young; hence, that their artistry moulds the fresh wax and fashions the clinging honey. Hence, when thou shalt look up and see their hosts, newly freed from the hive, floating through the cloudless summer, and shalt marvel at the dark cloud that sails down the wind, then mark them well; they are seeking always sweet waters and leafy bowers. On these sprinkle the savours I bid thee —bruised balm and the wax-flower's lowly blade: wake the jangling bells, and all around clash the cymbals of the Mother of Heaven. Unbidden they will settle on the charmed branches, and unbidden they will hide them, as they wont, deep within their cradling cells.

But perchance their flight is to battle. For often discord enters with all her turmoil into the souls of two monarchs. And straight thou mayest presage from afar the spirit of the commonalty, and how their hearts throb with the lust of war: for that martial note, as of the blatant clarion, fires the laggards, and a sound is heard that counterfeits the fitful trumpet-call. Then, all eagerness, they close; wings flash, beaks are whetted, and thews are prepared for the fray. Round the king and by his very pavilions they gather in clouds, and thunder defiance to the enemy. Therefore, when they have gained a clear spring day and open lists, they sally forth from the gates. The mellay is joined, and the din of battle heard in the blue; mingled they roll into one huge globe, and headlong they fall. Not thicker the hail from the sky, not so dense the rain of acorns from the shaken oak! Soaring on resplendent wing through the midmost battalions, the chieftains strain their mighty hearts

under those tiny breasts: so resolute they are never to yield till the harsh victor have constrained either this host or that to turn and flee. Yet all this tumult of soul and all this savagery of conflict may be quelled and laid to rest by the scattering of a little dust!

But when thou hast recalled the rival captains from the stricken field, consign to death him who has been shown for the worse, lest the prodigal prove a burden; and let the better reign in undisputed palace. The one will be refulgent in rugged mail of gold. For there are two sorts: the first, and better, of noble port and ablaze in flashing scales; the second, all sloth-bedraggled, and trailing inglorious a great breadth of paunch. And as the aspect of the kings is twofold, so are the bodies of the commons. For some are uncouth and unsightly, as the parched wayfarer when he comes from out a tall column of dust and spits the earth from dry lips. Others gleam, and glance, their glittering frames studded with orderly beads of gold. And this is the choicer stock. From this, at the set season of the year, thou shalt strain sweet honey—nor yet so sweet as clear and apt to temper the harsh flavour of wine.

But when the swarms flit aimlessly, and disport themselves in the sky, and contemn the comb, and leave their hearth cold, be wise, and restrain their fickle spirit from the vanity of play. Nor is the task arduous: pluck the wings from the monarchs, and, when they linger, below none will venture to assay the aery journey, or to tear the standards from their encampment. Let there be gardens redolent of saffron flowers to invite them, and let the warder of thieves and birds, guardian Priapus, the Lampsacene, protect them with his willow hook. Let him, to whom such charge falls, himself bear pine-trees and thyme from the hill-tops and plant

them everywhere round their home; let him harden his hand with unflagging toil, and, unaided, plant fruitful herbs and sprinkle kindly showers above them. And, in sooth, were I not even now hard by the bourne of my labours, in act to furl my sails and to turn my prow to the strand, perchance I might sing what care of tillage ennobles the teeming orchards—sing the twice-flowering rosaries of Paestum; how the endive rejoices in the stream it sips, and the green banks in the parsley; how the cucumber winds along the ground, and how it swells in girth. Nor then would I have passed in silence the late-blossoming narcissus, nor the bending acanthus and its pliant stem, nor the pallid ivy, nor the shore-loving myrtle. For I mind me that once beneath the stately towers of Oebalia, where dark Galaesus waters his yellow fields, I saw a hoary Corycian swain, lord of a few acres of unclaimed soil, a domain too barren for the plough, unfitted for the flock, and ungracious to the vine. And yet, as he planted his pot-herbs here and there among the bushes, with white lilies, and vervain, and fine-grained poppies about them, he matched in contentment the riches of kings, and, plodding homeward in the shades of evening, piled his board with unbought dainties. He was first to pluck the roses in spring and the apples in autumn; and when winter's rigour was still bursting rocks with the cold and bridling running waters with ice, already he was cutting the soft hyacinth's bloom, with many chidings for the lazy summer and laggard zephyrs. Therefore he was still the first to have store of teeming bees and swarms in abundance, and to press frothing honey from the hard-squeezed comb. His lime-trees and pines were ever luxuriant, and all the fruits that his generous tree donned in its early blossoming, it kept in the ripeness of autumn. So, too, the elms were

old and the pear hard, the thorn already hung with its sloes, and the plane already ministering his shade to the wine-bibber, ere he planted them in array. But I, cabined in these narrow limits, must pass this theme and leave it to be sung by them that shall follow me.

Come now and I will expound the genius of the bee, gift of Jove himself—that boon for which they followed the ringing music and clashing bronzes of the Curetes, and fed the King of Heaven under a cave of Crete. Of all creatures they alone possess their children in common, dwell in a city where each house is the house of all, and live their days under the majesty of law: alone they acknowledge a country, and an abiding home, and in summer, mindful of the winter to come, have recourse to toil and store their gains for the common good. For some oversee the provender, and, under settled covenant, labour in the fields; part, within the confines of their dwelling, lay the first foundation of their comb—tears from the narcissus, viscous gum from the bark—and anon hang the roof with binding wax; others march forth the young manhood, hope of the nation to be, and yet others press honey most pure, and fill full the cells of clear nectar. On some the lot has fallen to be warders at the gate, and these observe, each in his turn, the showers of heaven and the clouds, or take up the burdens of such as enter, or form in array and cast out the drones and their idle bands from the homestead. The work grows fervent, and the scented honey is redolent of thyme. And even as when the Cyclops make speed to fashion their thunderbolts from the ductile ore, some with ox-hide bellows draw in and expel the blasts, others plunge the hissing bars in the lake, and Aetna groans under the anvils heaped upon her; while the smiths, one by one, raise their mighty arms in rhythm, and turn the

iron with gripping tongs—so, if it be meet to compare small with great, an inborn love of possession spurs on the Attic bees, each after its office. The aged have charge of the towns, to fortify the comb and to design the strange-wrought houses, but the younger generation betake them home, late and weary, with thighs all laden with thyme. They feed on the arbute at large and the pale willow and the casia, on the blushing crocus, the rich lime, and the dusk hyacinth. There is one season for all to rest from toil, and one season to labour. At dawn they swarm from the gates, tarrying unknown ; and again when the evening-star has warned them that the hour is come to depart from the meadows and their pasturings, then, nor earlier, they seek their hive and refresh their frames : and a great murmuring arises as they hum round the gates and crevices. Soon, when they have laid them to rest in their chambers, silence reigns for the night, and the weary limbs surrender to their beloved sleep. Nor yet, if rain impend, do they stray far from their shelter, or put faith in the heavens when eastern gales are abroad, but, safe under the shadow of their city-walls, visit the surrounding waters and venture on brief excursions ; and often they raise little pebbles, as the rocking barques take up ballast when the waves are heaving, and with the aid of these balance themselves through the unsubstantial clouds.

Thou wilt marvel that this law should hold among the bees—that they neither yield themselves to love nor experience the languors of passion, nor travail to the birth, but of themselves gather their children in their mouths from leaves and sweet herbs, of themselves replenish the royal line and the little burghers of their Rome, and renew their palaces and waxen empire. Often, moreover, they

bruise their wings, as they wander among the rough stones, and of free will render up their lives under the load—so deep their love of the flowers and their glory in the creation of honey. Therefore, though narrow their own span and speedy the end that awaits them—for after the seventh summer they see no more!—yet the race abides immortal, the star of their house sets not through many years, and grandsire's grandsire is numbered in the roll. More, neither Egypt and great Lydia, nor the tribes of Parthia and Median Hydaspes, so reverence their king. While the king is secure, his people have but one mind. When the king is lost, his lieges break faith, their own hands tear down the columns of honey they reared, and they break the latticed comb. He is the guardian of their toils; he is the theme of their wonderings; round him they all gather in cheering crowds, and circle him with serried guards. And often they raise him on their shoulders, and for his sake commit their bodies to the chances of war, and court a glorious death through the showering wounds.

Guided by these tokens and these instances, some have taught that the bees have share in the divine soul and breathe the ether of heaven: for they hold it truth that God pervades all things, earth and the ocean wastes and the skyey deep: that from Him the cattle in their herds, with man and every tribe of the wilds, draw, each at birth, the fleeting spirit of life; that to Him in due course all is restored and, unmade, returns to the Maker; nor is there any place for death, but every life takes wing to be numbered as a star, and ascends the empyreal heights.

If ever thou wilt break through their straitened abode and the hoarded honey in their treasure houses, first besprinkle thy mouth, rinse it with a draught of water, and

stretch forth in thy hand the persecuting smoke. Twice men gather the teeming produce: two are the seasons of harvest; either so soon as Taygete the Pleiad has shown her fair face to the earth, and spurned beneath her foot the despised streams of Ocean, or when she flees before the sign of the watery Fish, and descends from heaven—a sadder maid—into the wintry waves.

Their ire knows no bounds: outraged, they breathe poison into every bite, fix upon the veins, leave their stings behind, and lay down a life for every wound. But if thou fear the harshness of winter and take thought for the future, and compassionate their bruised spirits and shattered fortunes,— yet who would doubt to smoke them with thyme and to cut away the untenanted wax? For often the newt, undetected, preys upon the comb, or their chambers are thronged by the beetle—that foe to the light—and the unlabouring drone seats him at another's board. Often the savage hornet battles through their ill-matched arms, or the moths enter—pestilent race!—and the spider, abhorred of Minerva, drapes the portals in her loose toils. But greater the waste, and more fiery the zeal wherewith they will strain, one and all, to build anew the ruins of their fallen people, filling full the tiers of cells, and weaving their granaries from the heart of flowers.

But, since, even with the bee, life has for dower the ills of humanity, should their limbs languish in the grip of disease—and this thou shalt be able to learn at once by tokens undoubted; for the sick straight change hue, an ill-favoured leanness mars their aspect, and soon they are bearing forth from the homestead the bodies of their departed brethren and leading the sad procession—if, then, sickness is with them, either they hang clustered in the gateway, foot linked

to foot, or they close their house and linger within, all listless through hunger and benumbed by the coldness that has come upon them. Then a note, deeper than uses, may be heard, and long-drawn murmurings—such a sound as when the chill South is sighing in the woods, the troubled sea shrieking with its baffled waves, or the fierce flames chafing in their pent-house. Then I would urge thee to kindle fragrant gum and to convey them honey in channels of reed, encouraging them withal, and inviting the weary to their familiar food. It will be well, moreover, to admingle bruised savours of gall, and withered roses, must thickened on a great fire, or dried clusters from the Psithian vine, with thyme from the fields of Cecrops and pungent centaury. Further, there grows a flower in the meadows, which the countryman styles *amellus*. An easy herb it is for the searcher to find: for from a single sod it lifts a veritable wood of foliage—golden itself, though, in the petals, that wanton numberless around it, purple gleams under the violet's dusk. Often its woven garlands deck the altars of heaven; its flavour is bitter in the mouth; and the shepherds pluck it in close-cropped valleys, or by the winding streams of Mella. Then take its roots, seethe them in scented wine, and set them in full baskets by the doorway for their food.

But if suddenly the whole brood fails its owner, and he has not whence to derive the seed of a new generation, then the time is come to reveal the famed device of the Arcadian master, and the mode whereby, time and again, the rotting blood of slaughtered oxen has engendered bees.—I will unfold the tale in its fullness and from its earliest fount. For where the happy peoples of Pellaean Canopus dwell by the still waters of the flooded Nile, and

sail in painted barges about their fields—where the confines of quivered Persia draw nigh, and the stream, that has travelled unbroken from the swart Aethiop, rushes onward to issue in seven diverse mouths and to gladden the verdant plains of Egypt with its dark sands, there all the countryside rests sure hope of deliverance upon this device. First a place is chosen—small in itself, and straitened for its especial service. This they cover with a little roof of tiles, and with close-set walls, and add four windows looking to the four winds, so that the light breaks through aslant. Then a bullock is sought, on whose forehead the horns of his second summer are beginning to curl: struggle as he will, either nostril is sewn up, and the breath of his mouth imprisoned; last, they beat him till he dies, and crush his bruised flesh through the still unbroken skin. Thus they leave him laid in the pent-house, strewing beneath his flanks broken boughs, thyme, and fresh casia. All this they do when the Zephyrs begin to urge the waves—before ever the meadows blush in their novel hues, and before the chattering swallow hangs her nest from the rafters. Meantime the moisture warms in the softened bones and begins to seethe: strange creatures of marvellous sort, footless at the first, soon with humming wings as well, arise in swarms, and venture further and further upon the light air, till they burst forth, like rain breaking from the summer clouds, or shafts sped from the string when the fleet Parthian enters on the prelude of battle!

Say, ye Muses, say what god wrought this device for us! Whence took this new-found knowledge of man its rise? Shepherd Aristaeus, as he fled from Tempe and the vales of Peneus, with all his bees (fame tells) reft by sickness and hunger, stayed his sorrowful steps by the hallowed fount

at the river's head, and, with many a plaint, called thus upon her that bare him: 'Mother mine, mother Cyrene, thou that dwellest in the depths of this flood, say, why didst thou give me birth from the glorious line of Heaven—if, in sooth, my sire be that Thymbraean Apollo whom thou vauntest—only to be the mock of fate? Whither is banished thy love for me? Why didst thou bid me hope for Heaven? Lo, even this glory of my mortality, which the watchful care of harvest and herd scarce won for me, though I made all trial, I must needs renounce, spite of thy motherhood! Nay, come, and if such weariness of my honour be upon thee, uproot my fruitful woods with thine own hand; bear the hostile flame against my stalls, destroy my crops, burn the fruits I sowed, and wield the strong axe against my vines!'

But his mother was aware of the cry, as she sat in that chamber of the unplumbed river. About her were the Nymphs, spinning fleeces of Miletus, deep-dyed in the hue of glass—Drymo and Xantho, Ligeia, and Phyllodoce, with bright locks streaming over snowy shoulders; Cydippe and fair-haired Lycorias (virgin the one, fresh from her travail the other); Clio and Beroe, her sister, daughters of Ocean both, both arrayed in gold, and both in painted skins; Ephyre and Opis, and Asian Deiopea, and fleet Arethusa, her arrows laid aside at last. Among them Clymene told of Vulcan's unavailing care, of the War-god's wiles, and the sweets of his stolen joys, while, from Chaos onward, she rehearsed the infinite loves of Heaven. But while, witched by the song, they rolled the soft wool from their spindles, again the wail of Aristaeus smote upon his mother's ear, and all were aghast on their crystalline thrones. Yet, first of the sisterhood, Arethusa lifted her fair head above the brim of

the flood, and cried from far: 'O sister Cyrene, not vain was thy terror at the loud lament! Thine own son Aristaeus, the beloved of thy heart, stands weeping in sorrow by the wave of Father Peneus, and calls out on thee by name for thy cruelty.' To her the mother, her soul smitten by sudden fear: 'Bring him, go bring him to us; he is worthy to touch the threshold of a god!' And, with the word, she bade the deep streams betake them afar, that so the youth might find a path to lead his feet to her presence: and straight the waves, arched to the semblance of a mountain, received him in their great gulf and guided him beneath the river. And now, marvelling at his mother's home and her watery empire, at the lakes prisoned in caverns and the echoing forests, he went his way, and, dazed by the mighty flow of waters, viewed in their several stations all those rivers that glide under the broad earth—Phasis and Lycus, the spring whence deep Enipeus first breaks forth, the fount of father Tiber, of Anio's currents, of Hypanus roaring over the rocks, of Mysian Caicus, and of him of the gilded horns and bull's head—Eridanus, fiercest of all the streams that flow through the generous plains down to the purple sea. Soon, when he reached the chamber with its pumice-hung roof, and Cyrene knew the tale of her son's idle tears, the sisters duly offered him of their clear springs, to lave his hands withal, and brought him towels of close-shorn nap. Part piled the board with the feast, and ministered brimming goblets: the altars flared with Panchaean fires, and his mother cried: 'Lift the beakers of Lydian wine! Pour we an offering to Ocean!' And she prayed withal to Ocean's universal fatherhood and the sister Nymphs, who guard a hundred forests and a hundred streams. Thrice with clear nectar she sprinkled the glowing altar: thrice the flame

leapt forth to the summit of the roof, and shone again. Then, with this omen to fortify her spirit, she began :—

'In Neptune's Carpathian flood dwells a seer, azure Proteus, who traverses the great deep in fish-drawn chariot behind a team of twy-footed steeds. At this hour he revisits the havens of Thessaly and his native Pallene. Him we Nymphs revere, and aged Nereus himself: for the seer has knowledge of all things—what is, what has been, and what draws nigh and shall be here anon—for so it seemed good to Neptune, whose uncouth herds and foul seals he pastures beneath the wave. Him, my son, take thou first in chains, that he may unfold to thee all the cause of the sickness, and prosper its issue. For, save by force, he will vouchsafe no precept; and thou shalt not bend him by prayer. Force and chains be the warders of thy captive! On these his guile will shatter in vain.—Myself I will guide thee—when the sun has kindled his noontide fires, and the grass is athirst, and the shade is pleasantest to the cattle—to the greybeard's retreat, whither he hies him weary from the waves, that so thou mayest assail him with ease as he lies in slumber. But when thou shalt hold him in the grip of hand and chain, straight manifold shapes will mock thee, and figures as of wild beasts. For suddenly he will change to a bristled boar, to a deadly tiger, a scaly serpent, or tawny-necked lioness: or, perchance, he will burst into the fierce roaring of fire, and thus glide through thy toils, or melt into fleeting water and vanish from sight. But the more he shall change himself into every form, the faster, my son, do thou draw the fetters, till he shall transmute his body, and be such as thou beheldest when he closed his eyes to the coming sleep!'

She spoke, and shed abroad the liquid fragrance of

ambrosia, and anointed all the frame of her son therewith : and straightway a sweet effluence breathed from his ordered locks, and a supple vigour entered his limbs.—There is a vast cavern in the side of a sea-worn mountain (at times a haven most sure to the tempest-driven mariner), whither many a wave is urged by the wind, then parts, and threads the winding inlets. Within, Proteus shields him behind the rampart of an enormous rock. Here the Nymph set her son in ambush, away from the light, and herself stood afar in a veil of clouds. And now the fierce Dog-star, parching the thirsty Indian, was blazing in Heaven, and the flaming Sun had accomplished half his circle ; the herbs were withering, and the rays were scorching and baking the channeled rivers in their waterless gorges down to the very slime, when Proteus came marching from Ocean, in quest of his familiar grot. Around him the watery denizens of the great deep leapt and flung abroad the bitter spray. His seals laid them down to sleep, scattered over the shore : he—like the warder of some sheep-fold on the hill, when Vesper guides his steers from pasture to stall, and the cry of his bleating lambs whets the hunger of the wolf—sate him down on a rock in the midst, and told their numbers. But, now that Aristaeus could work his will, he scarce suffered the aged god to compose his limbs, ere he dashed shouting upon him, and bound him in fetters where he lay. On his part, the seer forgot not his wizardry, but changed him into all portentous forms that are—into flame, into a hideous beast, and into a flowing river. Yet, when all his craft availed not to compass flight, vanquished he returned to himself, and at last spoke with the voice of man : 'Say,' he cried, 'boldest of youths, who bade thee invade our home ? Or what seekest thou hence ?' But he : 'Proteus, thou knowest ; of thyself thou knowest, nor

can aught escape thee. But resign thy will to deceive! We followed the counsel of Heaven, when we came hither to seek from thee an oracle to restore our weary fortunes.' Thus far he said. On this the seer, with fierce vehemence, at length rolled on him eyes that blazed with a steely light, and, heavily gnashing his teeth, thus opened his lips to the words of Fate :—

'It is none other than a god whose wrath assails thee : great is the crime thou atonest! Orpheus, the guiltless, the hapless, arouses the sleeping vengeance against thee—save Destiny stay his hand—and hotly he rages for his reft bride. She, in sooth, the death-doomed maid, while she thought to 'scape thee along the stream, saw not the serpent at her feet, as he lay in the tall grass, keeping ward above the river-brim. But her sister-band of Dryads filled the mountain-tops with their cries. The towering crags of Rhodope wept, and the Pangaean summits, and Rhesus' land, the War-god's home. And the Getae wept, and the Hebrus, and Actian Orithyia. But he, striving the while to soothe his love-sick heart with music from the hollow shell, sang, sweet wife, of thee. Of thee he sang, alone with the desert shore ; of thee when the day drew nigh, and of thee when the day went down. He entered the jaws of Taenarus itself, entered the lofty portals of Dis, the grove that is dim with a horror of darkness, and took his way to the land of the dead, to the king of terrors, and to those hearts that know not pity for human prayer. But, stirred by the strains, up from the lowest depths of Erebus thronged the unsubstantial shades and the ghosts of them that sit in darkness. In their thousands they came—many as the birds that hide under the leaves, when evening-star or winter-shower drives them from their hills. Mothers and men were there, and

great-hearted heroes who had done with life; boys and maids unwed; and youths that were laid on the pyre before their parents' eyes. But now round them all the black slime and hideous reeds of Cocytus, and the unlovely pools with their sluggish waters, draw their chains; and Styx with nine-fold stream winds between, and makes their keep sure.

'And amazement filled even the halls of death; it filled the abysms of Hell, and the Furies with livid serpents twined in their locks. Cerberus stood agape, and his triple jaws forgot to bark. The wind grew still, and the whirling of Ixion's wheel was stayed.

'And now, on his homeward path, he had left all perils behind him, and Eurydice regained was nearing the upper air, as she followed in his steps—for so had Proserpine ordained—when a sudden madness seized the lover's unguarded heart, madness that had merited forgiveness did Hell know how to forgive! For he stayed his foot, and, on the very verge of the light, heedless, alas, and fordone in soul, looked back on his Eurydice. And forthwith was all his toil spilt as water! Broken was the relentless tyrant's pact, and thrice they heard the thunder rolling on the pools of Avernus. And she: "What is it, Orpheus? What," she cried, "this folly so dire that has ruined my ill-starred self and thee? Hark, once more the cruel fates call me back, and sleep veils my swimming eyes! And now farewell! I am swept away in the covering of a great gloom, stretching my strengthless hands to thee—thine, alas, no more!" She said; and as a wreath of smoke fades into air, instant she vanished from his sight and saw him not again—how he clutched in vain at the shadows, and left many a half-framed word unsaid—and never more did Hell's ferryman suffer him to

pass the waters that rolled between. What could he do? Whither could he go, now that his wife was reft again? What tears of his could move the dead? Or what prayers the nether gods? Already Eurydice was cold, and floating in the Stygian barque!

'Seven livelong months, men tell, he sat beneath a star-pointing cliff, and wept to himself by the solitary Strymon's wave, told his tale to the icy stars, charmed the tiger, and drew the oak to follow his song: even as the nightingale, sorrowing beneath the poplar's shade, wails her ravished brood that some churlish ploughman has espied, then torn the callow fledglings from their nest; but she weeps all night through, and, perched on some spray, tunes her melancholy note, filling the countryside with her anguished lament.

'No light-of-love, no marriage-song, bent his mind. Through the frozen North, along the icy Tanais, and the fields ever wedded to Rhipaean snows, he paced alone, mourning his lost Eurydice and the bootless gifts of Dis; till at last the Ciconian matrons whom he scorned for this tribute's sake, in the midst of their sacred rites and the midnight orgies of Bacchus, tore the youth limb from limb, and flung him over the far-spread plains. And even when Oeagrian Hebrus was tossing in his midmost current that head plucked from its marble shoulders, the disembodied voice and the tongue, now cold for ever, called with departing breath on Eurydice—ah, hapless Eurydice! And, all along the stream, the banks called back *Eurydice*.'

Thus Proteus; and at a bound plunged into the deep, and, where he plunged, lashed the waves into foam from beneath the eddy. But not so Cyrene; for straight she spoke to her trembling son: 'Child, thou mayest unburden thy soul of the care that troubles it. This is the sole cause

of the sickness; and hence it is that the Nymphs, with whom she tripped it in the deep groves, have sent this pitiful scourge on thy bees. Offer thou a suppliant's gifts, sue for peace, and do homage to the mild forest-maids: for they will vouchsafe pardon to thy prayers, and remit their wrath. But first I will show thee in order what shall be the manner of thy worship. Choose four goodly bulls of surpassing form, that now amid thy herds browse on the heights of green Lycaeus, and as many heifers of unyoked neck. For these set up four altars by the stately shrines of the goddesses, and drain the sacrificial blood from their throats: but, for their bodies—leave them in the shady grove! And soon, when the ninth Dawn shall have displayed her beams, make thou offering of Lethaean poppies to the shades of Orpheus, slay a black ewe, and revisit the grove, and thou shalt find Eurydice appeased and honour her with the blood of a steer.'

He tarried not, but straightway did his mother's bidding—came to the shrine, raised the altars she commanded, thither led the four goodly bulls of surpassing form and as many heifers of unyoked neck—and soon, when the ninth Dawn ushered in her beams, he made offering to the shades of Orpheus and revisited the grove. But there a sudden portent, strange beyond words, met the gaze—bees humming in the heart of the womb and through the molten entrails of the oxen, breaking from the bruised flanks, and swarming in great clouds, to float anon to the topmost tree, and hang like the clustered grape from its bending boughs.

Thus have I striven to sing of the care of fields, of kine, and of trees, while great Caesar fulmines by the deeps of Euphrates, assigning, in victorious march, laws to the willing nations, and assaying on earth the path to Heaven! In those

days, one Virgil rested on the bosom of sweet Parthenope
lapt in the arts of ignoble peace—even I who toyed with
565 shepherds' songs, and, with youth's boldness, sang, Tityrus,
of thee and the canopy of thy spreading beech!

AENEID

I

ARMS I sing, and the man, who first from the shores of Troy came, Fate-exiled, to Italy and her Lavinian strand—much buffeted he on flood and field by constraint of Heaven and fell Juno's unslumbering ire; much suffering in war, withal, ere he could found him a city and bring his gods to Latium;—author of the Latin race, and the sires of Alba, and the walls of lofty Rome!

Sing, Muse, the cause! Wherein was her godhead affronted, what anger was at her heart, that the Queen of Heaven drave a hero—the soul of piety—to wade through such manifold disaster and encounter such manifold toil? Can heavenly spirits cherish resentment so dire?

There stood a city of old time—settlers from Tyre its habitants, Carthage its name—fronting Italy and Tiber's mouth from afar, rich in all wealth, and fiercest of the fierce in the pursuits of battle. This single town, they tell, Juno favoured over all lands else—not Samos itself so dear. Here were her arms, here her chariot, and that here (did the Fates allow) should arise an empire of the world, was even then her celestial goal and the purpose of her heart. Yet had she heard that a line was springing from Trojan blood, which, in days to be, should overthrow her Tyrian towers, and that from those loins should issue a nation broad-realmed, war-renowned, to the destruction of Libya: for

such the cycle the Sisters ordained! This the child of Saturn feared, and still was mindful of the old war she waged aforetime under Troy-town for her beloved Argos; nor yet had the causes of her wrath, nor her hot resentment, faded from her soul. Deep-written in her heart the judgement of Paris remained, and the outrage to her slighted beauty, and that hated stock, and the glories of ravished Ganymede. Therefore, with this fuel for her flames, she drove the Trojans—poor relics of Grecian conquest and a stern Achilles!—storm-tossed over all the main; and far from Latium she held them, while for many a year they wandered, Fate-driven, about every sea. So vast was the struggle to found the Roman state!

Scarce out of view of Sicilian soil, glad-hearted they were spreading sail to the deep, their brazen prows lashing the brine into foam, when Juno, cherishing the eternal canker at her heart, thus communed with herself: 'And am I vanquished? Must I flinch from my settled purpose, and fail to turn this Teucrian king from Italy? The Fates, forsooth, forbid me! And Pallas could fire the Argive fleet, and drown its crews fathom-deep, all for the sin of one and the frenzy of Oïlean Ajax! With her own hands she hurled Jove's rushing bolt from the clouds, flung their vessels abroad, and upheaved the ocean-floor with her gales—seized the wretch in her whirlwind, as he yet gasped the flames from his pierced breast, and impaled him on a jagged rock! But I who move through Heaven, its empress, sister and wife of Jove, year after year wage war with a single people! And is there one left to adore the deity of Juno? or, henceforth, will any pay the suppliant's homage upon her altars?'

With these thoughts surging the while in her fevered heart, the goddess came to Aeolia, home of the storm-

cloud—a region whose womb is rife with the wild southern blasts. Here, in his dreary cavern, king Aeolus lords it over rebellious winds and piping storms, and curbs them with chain and dungeon. Indignant they rave round their prison-walls, while the mountain murmurs in loud response: in his citadel aloft sits Aeolus, sceptre in hand, chastening their spirit and taming their ire—else would they whirl, in their fleeting course, earth and sea and the cope of heaven, and sweep them through the void! But, in dread thereof, the Father omnipotent hid them in sunless caves and whelmed them under mountains massy and tall. And a king he gave them, who should know, under settled covenant, to tighten their reins or loosen them at his bidding. To whom Juno then addressed her suit: 'Aeolus—for to thee the Sire of gods and King of men has granted power by thy winds to lay the waves and raise them—a nation that I loathe sails the Tuscan sea, bearing Ilium and its vanquished gods to Italy. Breathe fury into thy blasts; sink and overwhelm their ships; or drive them abroad and strew the deep with their bodies! Twice seven Nymphs I have of radiant beauty, and the loveliest of all is Deiopea. Her I will join to thee in stable wedlock, and make her thine own for ever, that, for thy faithful service, she may live out her years at thy side and her fair children call thee father!'

Then Aeolus: 'Thine is the task, O queen, to explore thy will: for me it is meet that I do thy behest! Thou hast won me my little kingship, my sceptre, and a gracious Jove: thou hast given me to sit at the feasts of Heaven, and hast made me lord over storm-cloud and storm.'

So said, he turned his spear against the hollow mountain, and smote on its side. Like legions of war, the gales poured through the opening gate, and swept their whirl-

winds across the earth. They fell upon the main, and all from its uttermost deeps they heaved it—East banded with South, and South with the storm-fraught West—chasing the league-long waves to the strand. Straight rose a shouting of men, and a creaking of cables. Incontinent the clouds blotted sun and sky from the Teucrians' view, and midnight brooded over the sea. Thunder sounded from pole to pole, the heavens glittered to the fast-flashing levin, and all things that are menaced the heroes with instant doom. At once Aeneas' limbs were loosened in the chill of fear; groaning he uplifted either palm to Heaven, and thus spoke: 'O happy, thrice and again, they whose lot it was to bleed under the towers of Troy before their father's eyes! O Tydeus' son, bravest thou of the children of Greece, why might I not fall on the Ilian plains, and resign this spirit beneath thy right hand, there where mastered by the Aeacian spear fierce Hector lies low, with great Sarpedon at his side, and Simois whirls under his rolling flood so many a shield and helm of the brave, so many a stout, heroic frame?'

As wildly he bewailed him, a squall howling from the North struck full on the sail, and tossed the surge to the stars. The oars shivered, the prow swung round, the side lay bare to the billows, and down there bore, all in a mass, a mountain of water precipitous. Here the seamen hung on the crested wave, there the yawning flood shewed them earth betwixt the watery walls, and everywhere brine and sand raged commingled. Three vessels the South snatched and hurled on a lurking reef—that mid-ocean reef which Italy styles *The Altars*, a vast ridge scarce overtopping the foam;—three the East drove from the deep, a sight for tears, to the shallows and quicksands, dashed them on the

shoals, and left them begirt with a rampart of sand. One, that convoyed the Lycians and trusty Orontes, a great sea, crashing from aloft, smote on the poop full before the chieftain's eyes. The helmsman was flung forth; headlong he rolled into the main; and three circles his barque made in the self-same place, amid the swirling billows, then plunged beneath the dizzy eddy. Here and there in the wastes of ocean a swimmer was seen—weapons of war, planks of ships and treasure of Troy all broadcast over the flood!—And now the tempest had mastered the stout vessels of Ilioneus and valiant Achates, with that wherein Abas sailed, and that which held the old Aletes: the bolts of their timbers were riven, and all, cracked and agape, were fast drinking in the fatal tide.

Neptune, meanwhile, grew ware that the deep was turmoiled with sullen roar, the tempest abroad, and the still waters seething up from their nether pools. With quickening anger he heard, lifted his majestic brow above the brimming flood, and looked forth upon the main. He saw the fleet of Aeneas scattered over ocean, the Trojans whelmed under the billows and wrack of heaven, and the guile and wrath of Juno were plain to a brother's eye. East and West he summoned to himself, then opened his lips: 'And rest ye such trust on your race? Is the hour come, when, sans my godhead, the winds dare embroil earth and heaven, and raise these watery mountains? Whom I—but better to calm the insurgent waves! In time to come ye shall atone me your transgressions with other penalty. Flee and tarry not, and bear this word to your king: not on him did the lot confer the lordship of ocean and the dread trident, but on me! His empire is bounded by those dreary rocks—the home, Eurus, of thee and thine. In that palace let Aeolus vaunt

him, and there let him reign, but see that his dungeons be shut!'

He spoke, and—sooner than said—lulled the swollen waters, scattered the embattled clouds, and recalled the sun. Cymothoe, withal, and straining Triton tugged the galleys from the jagged rock; their master raised them with his trident, he opened the vast quicksands, he soothed the sea, and on light wheel skimmed the summit of the tide.—And as oft in some great concourse, when Sedition lifts her head and the nameless vulgar kindles to rage,—when brands and stones are already flying, and fury ministers arms,—if they chance to behold a man of reverend goodness and worth, on the instant all are mute; and about him they stand with listening ear, while he sways their spirit by his word and allays their passion:—even so sank all that tumult of ocean, when Father Neptune looked forth on the waves, and, floating under a cloudless heaven, guided his steeds and flew onward, giving rein to his speeding car.

But Aeneas' weary comrades made all effort to run to such strand as was nighest, and turned toward the Libyan coast. There, in a deep bay, is a roadstead, which an island forms by its jutting sides. On those sides every wave from the deep breaks, then parts into the winding hollows: on this hand and that are vast rocks, and twin cliffs frowning to heaven; and beneath their peaks, far and wide, the peaceful seas are silent. From the height hangs a background of waving forests, and a grove of dim and tangled shadows. Under the fronting crags is a rock-hung cave—haunted by the Nymphs—and, within it, sweet water and seats from the living rock. Here no chains fetter the wearied ships, and no anchor with crooked fang restrains them.—Hither Aeneas came, with but seven ships mustered out of the full

tale. Yearning for their mother-earth, the Trojans landed: the long-hoped beach was theirs at last, and they laid their brine-drenched limbs on the sand. And first Achates struck a spark from the flint, nursed the fire in leaves, set dry fuel around, and quickened the flame in tinder. Anon, weary and worn, they brought out their wheaten store, all marred by the billows, with the armoury of the mill, and set themselves to parch the rescued grain and bruise it under the stone.

Meanwhile Aeneas ascended the cliff and searched the whole wide watery prospect, if perchance he might mark a storm-tossed Antheus with his Phrygian galley, or a Capys, or Caicus' arms on the stately poop. Not a ship met his view; only three stags, that strayed on the beach while all the herd followed in their rear—a long array browsing through the vales. He halted, snatched his bow and winged shafts (loyal Achates bore the weapons), and first laid low the chieftains, high-headed with branching antlers, next the commonalty, and through the leafy woods drove the whole rout in confusion before his arrows. Nor stayed he his victorious hand, till he had stretched on earth seven huge bodies, and the number tallied with his ships. Then, repairing to the haven, he apportioned them to his comrades. Next he allotted the wines, wherewith good Acestes had laden his casks on the Sicilian strand (the hero's parting gift), and thus spoke comfort to their sorrowing hearts: 'Friends—for 'tis long since we made acquaintance with grief—friends, that have endured yet heavier blows, God will grant an ending even to this! Ye have looked on the rage of Scylla, and her hollow crags reverberant: ye have braved the Cyclops' cliffs. Recall that spirit of yore; a truce to your doubts and fears! The day may dawn when

this plight shall be sweet to remember. Through manifold chances, through untold hazards, our way lies to Latium, where Fate promises a home of peace. There Heaven wills that our Trojan realm should rise again! Then endure for a while, and live for a happier day!'

So he spoke, sick at soul under his weight of care, feigned hope on his brow, and stifled grief in his heart of hearts! His men girt themselves to the quarry and the banquet to be, stripped the hides from the ribs, and bared the carcasses. Part carved the still quivering flesh, or pierced it with spits: part set cauldrons on the beach and supplied them with flames. Then all fell to and renewed their strength, couched on the sward and sating themselves with old wine and rich venison. But when hunger had yielded to their feasting and the boards were removed, long-discoursing they yearned for their lost companions, hovering betwixt hope and fear—should they deem them to live, or to have suffered the last pang and to hear not the voice of the caller. But, more than all, good Aeneas bemoaned his fallen friends—now bold Orontes, now Amycus, and now the cruel doom of Lycus, with Gyas the stout, and Cloanthus the brave.

And now all was ended, when Jove looked down from his ethereal height on the sail-set sea and its shores, on the lowly lands and their broad peoples, and, looking, halted on the peaks of Heaven, and fixed his gaze on the kingdoms of Libya. And him, while such care exercised his soul, Venus bespoke, sadder than her wont, her starry eyes tear-dimmed: 'O thou who governest, under sceptre eternal, the world of men and of gods, and affrightest them with the thunderbolt, what sin so heinous could my Aeneas—could my Trojans—sin against thee? Yet, though so many a man hath bled, all the globe is shut against them for Italy's sake! But surely

thy word went forth, that hence, as the years rolled onward, *Rome* should arise, and that from Teucer's renascent line should spring captains of war, to hold the sea and all lands under their sway! What counsel, sire, hath changed thee? In this hope I found solace for fallen Troy and those tearful ruins; and ever I balanced fate against opposing fate: but now the same fortune hounds my heroes through infinite ill. What term, great king, dost thou set to their toils? Antenor, escaped from the Argives' midst, availed to thread the Illyrian gulfs, and to win unscathed past Liburnia's inmost realms and the fount of Timavus, where, to the hill's echoing roar, the sea bursts forth through nine mouths and whelms the fields under its resonant flood. Here, spite of all, he set his Patavian town and his Teucrian home, and now, amid peace and calm, he rests and is still; while we thy children, we to whom thy nod has promised the citadel of Heaven—oh the shame and sorrow!—our ships all lost, are betrayed for the anger of one, and sundered afar from the shores of Italy! And thus is piety honoured? Thus dost thou restore us to our kingship?'

With a smile on that countenance wherewith he calms sky and storm, the Sire of gods and men printed a father's kiss on her lips, then spoke: 'Spare thy fears, Cytherea: the fate of thy heroes remains thee unmoved. Thou shalt see thy city and the promised walls of Lavinium. Thou shalt bear aloft thy great-hearted Aeneas to the stars, nor hath any counsel changed me! He—for, if this care gnaws at thy heart, I will speak and unroll the latest pages of Destiny with their mysteries—he shall wage a great war in Italy, and he shall bruise her fierce peoples: he shall give laws to the nations, and he shall build walls to their cities, till the third summer shall have seen him king in Latium,

and the third winter shall have viewed his camp since the Rutulians fell. But the child Ascanius, now named by another name *Iulus* (Ilus he was while the Ilian state stood and was a kingdom), shall fulfil in sovereignty thirty full circles of the sun, as the months roll onward; he shall unseat his rule from Lavinium, and in might he shall strengthen Alba the Long. There for thrice an hundred years the crown shall be worn by Hector's people, till Ilia—priestess and queen—shall bear, to the loins of Mars, twin children. Then Romulus, exultant in tawny hide of the fostering wolf, shall receive the nation, found the War-god's walls, and call his lieges by his own name—the *Romans*. For them, I set no bounds to their fortunes, nor any term of years: I have given them empire without ending. Nay, Juno, that now wearies earth and sea and sky with her fears, for all her bitterness, shall change her counsels for the better, and, with me, cherish the Romans—lords of the world, people of the gown! Such is my pleasure. And the time shall come, as the lustres glide past, when the house of Assaracus shall hold in bondage Phthia and famed Mycenae, and be lord over conquered Argos. A prince shall be born of the fair stock of Troy, that shall bound his empire by ocean, his fame by the stars—Caesar of the Julian line, name inherited from great Iulus! Him, in days to be, secure thou shalt receive in Heaven, all burdened with the spoils of the East; and men shall call on him also in their prayers. Then war shall be laid aside, and the harsh world soften to peace: white-headed Faith, and Vesta, and Quirinus, with brother Remus at his side, shall be lawgivers: the accursed gates of Battle shall be shut with iron bar and clenching bolt; and godless Frenzy shall sit within upon the weapons of savagery—behind her either hand chained in a hundred

brazen bonds, shrieks issuing from those ghastly, bloody lips!'

So said, he sent down Maia's son from above, that the lands and towers of nascent Carthage might open in welcome to the Teucrians, nor Dido drive them from her realm, unwitting of Fate. Through the ocean of air he sped upon beating wing, and alighted incontinent on the Libyan strand. Quickly he did his errand, and the rugged Tyrian hearts softened at the will of Heaven; and foremost their queen received a gentle spirit and gracious thoughts for Troy.

But good Aeneas pondered much through the night, and, so soon as the kindly day was come, his resolve was made: he would go forth, explore the strange land, learn to what shores the wind had brought him, who their habitants—man or beast; for waste was all he beheld!—then bring back sure intelligence to his comrades. His fleet he hid under a hollow rock amid overarching woods, encircled by trees and tangled shadows, and himself walked abroad, Achates his sole companion, brandishing two steel-shod spears of broad point. In the heart of the forest his mother confronted him, wearing a maiden's aspect and garb, and a maiden's arms: Spartan she might have been, or Thracian Harpalyce, when she outwearies her steeds and outstrips the fleet Hebrus in her course. For a huntress she seemed, and huntress-wise she had slung a light bow from her shoulder and given her locks for the winds to scatter: her knee was bare, and the waving folds of her kirtle were gathered in a knot. And, first, 'Ho, warriors,' she cried, 'if perchance ye have seen sister of mine roving here, girt with quiver and the fell of some spotted ounce, or calling her hounds hard on the heels of a foaming boar, show her to me!'

Thus Venus, and thus in answer the son of Venus began: 'No sister of thine have I seen or heard, maiden—but how

shall I style thee? For thine is no earthly face, and thy voice rings not of mortality! O goddess manifest!—sister of Phoebus? Nymph by line?—show thou grace to us, lighten our toil, whosoever thou art, and teach us under what sky, in what regions of earth our stormy lot is cast! We are wanderers, witless of place and people, hither driven by the wind and dreary wave. Say, and many a victim shall fall before thy altars under our right hand.'

Then Venus: 'For me, I claim not such honour. We maidens of Tyre use to carry the quiver, and high on our ankles we bind the buskin of purple. Thou seest the realms of Carthage—Tyrian the people, Agenor's the city. But the country is Libya, a nation stubborn in war. Here Dido holds sway, fled from Tyre to escape her brother. The tale of injury is long, long its windings, but for thee I will skim its summits. She had a spouse, Sychaeus, whose domains were broadest in all Phoenicia. Him she loved with a great and disastrous love: for on him her father bestowed his virgin daughter, and wedded her to him in those rites that she then first knew. But her brother Pygmalion swayed the sceptre of Tyre, a monster the blackest of mankind, and a frenzy came between the two kinsmen. For with traitorous steel, blinded by the lust for gold, godlessly he did the unwitting Sychaeus to death before the altar, with never a thought for his sister's love. And for long he hid the deed, and, by many a wile, mocked the heart-sick, yearning wife with the shadow of hope. But the spectre of the tombless dead came itself in her dreams, uplifting her husband's countenance ghastly-pale, bared the altars of cruelty and the sword-pierced breast, unveiled all the secret villany of the house, then bade her tarry not, but flee and go forth from her country, and drew out from

earth his old-time treasures—an untold weight of silver and gold—to speed her on the way. Dido, aghast, prepared for flight and rallied her friends. All foregathered who loathed the tyrant either in savagery of hate or bitterness of fear. They seized upon a fleet that chanced to stand ready, and bore the wealth of covetous Pygmalion over the main,—a woman the head of their emprize. To these regions they came where now thou seest arise the giant ramparts and citadels of nascent Carthage, and bought of the soil—Byrsa they called it in token thereof—so much as they could encircle in a bull-hide.—But, tell me, who are ye? From what shores are ye come? Or whither bend ye?'

She asked; and thus with a sigh he answered, summoning each word from the depths of his breast: 'O goddess, should I trace the tale from beginning to ending, and thou have leisure to hearken our annals of disaster, too soon would the star of eve close Olympus and lay the day to rest! From ancient Troy—if Troy's name hath been borne to thine ears—we sailed over distant seas, till the random tempest drove us upon the shores of Libya. I am the good Aeneas whose fame overtops the stars. On board I bear my gods, rescued from the sword, and I seek my native Italy, and my forefathers, the begotten of Jove. With twice ten ships I gat me on the Phrygian main: my goddess-mother showed the path, and I followed the oracles of Fate. Scarce seven, shattered by wind and wave are left to me! Myself, unknown, unfriended, exiled of Europe and of Asia, I tread the Afric deserts.'

No farther Venus endured his wail, but, in his mid-tide of grief, broke in on him: 'Whosoever thou art, methinks, not unloved of Heaven thou drawest the breath of life, since thou art come to this Tyrian city. Only go thy way,

and betake thee hence to the threshold of the queen. For, save my parents were false, and vain the augury they taught me, I tell thee of comrades returned and a recovered fleet swept into safety by veering gales. Look on those twelve swans and their joyful train: but now the bird of Jove, stooping from the regions of air, chased them in rout across the open firmament; now, thou seest, in long array, either they choose their ground, or—the choice already made—gaze down upon it. Even as they return glad-hearted, and, flocking, circle the sky and sing, so thy barques and the company of thy friends are either safe in port or entering its mouth with bellied sail. Do thou but go thy way, and turn thy steps where the path shall lead thee!'

She said, and, as she turned away, flashed on him with roseate neck. From her head her ambrosial tresses breathed a fragrance celestial, her raiment fell waving to her feet, and the goddess indubitable was revealed in her step. He, when he knew her for his mother, followed her vanishing form with pursuant voice: 'Why, cruel with the rest, mockest thou thy son these many times with counterfeited semblance? Why may we never clasp hand in hand, and hear and speak the words of truth?'—He made his plaint, and bent his way to the ramparts. But Venus shrouded them, as they went, in a mist of darkness, and, with celestial power, shed round them a great mantle of cloud, that none might see them, none lay hand upon them, nor any man question the cause of their coming and beget delay. Herself she fled on high to Paphus, and, glad in heart, reviewed the home of her love, where her temple stands and a hundred altars glow with Sabaean frankincense and breathe the perfume of fresh-twined garlands.

Meantime, with the path for guide, they hastened on

their way. And now they were scaling the hill, that lowers giant-like over the city, and gazes from its pinnacle on the fronting towers below. Aeneas marvelled at the vast structures,—huts erewhile,—marvelled at the gates, at the din, and at the paved highways. Hotly the Tyrians were pressing their toil: part raised walls, laboured at the citadel, and, by force of hand, rolled up rocks to the summit; part chose the ground for their dwellings, and enclosed it by a furrow. Here were workers hollowing out a roadstead; there others, laying the theatre's deep foundation, and hewing from the cliff great columns—stately ornaments of the stage to be! Such the tasks that employ the bees in the flower-spangled meadows when summer is new, when they march forth the young manhood of the race, or press the liquid honey, and fill the distended cells with nectarous sweets; or receive the burdens of them that enter, or, in battled array, cast out the drones and their idle bands from the homestead, while all is fervent with toil and the fragrant honey is redolent of thyme. 'O happy they, whose walls are already rising!' cried Aeneas, and lifted his eyes to the city-towers. Cloud-veiled he entered—wondrous to tell!—into their midst, and mingled with the throng, yet was seen by none.

In the heart of the town there stood a grove of luxuriant shade, marking that site where the wave-worn, storm-tossed Tyrians first dug forth the sign that imperial Juno foreshowed—the head of a gallant steed, in token that so should their people be valiant in battle, and their life unstinted throughout the ages! Here Sidonian Dido was rearing a vast temple to Juno, dowered with abundant offerings and the especial presence of her deity. The steps led upward to a threshold of brass; brass-bound were the posts, and the hinges creaked under brazen doors. In this grove

a vision was first vouchsafed to charm fear away: here Aeneas first dared to hope salvation, and rest a surer trust on his darkened star! For while he swept his gaze round all in the ample shrine, till the queen should come,—while, with inward wonder, he mused on the gracious destiny of the city, on the bands of craftsmen, and their toil-fraught works, he descried the battles of Ilion ranged scene upon scene, and all the wars that Fame, even in that day, had blazoned through the ends of earth,—Atreus' sons, and Priam, and Achilles, the feared of both. He stayed his foot, and, 'Achates,' he cried, 'is there any place, is there any land of all the lands, that is not yet rife with our tale of sorrow? Lo, here is Priam! Even here, virtue hath her rewards, and mortality her tears: even here, the woes of man touch the heart of man! Dispel thy fears; this fame of ours is herald to some salvation.' He said, and sated his soul with the barren portraiture; and oft he sighed, and his cheeks were wet with the welling floods. For here he saw the Greeks, that warred round Pergamus, driven in rout, with Troy's warrior-youth hard upon them: and there Phrygia fled, and plumed Achilles followed fast in his car. Nor far away, weeping he saw the pavilions of Rhesus, and their snowy canvas, betrayed by the first hour of sleep, and Tydeus' son, red from a great carnage, laying them waste and driving the fiery steeds to his camp, ere they could taste the grass of Troy and drink of Xanthus. Elsewhere Troilus fled—ill-starred boy, that fronted Achilles with unequal arm!—His weapons were lost; his coursers whirled him on, as he clung, face upturned, behind the chariot, yet still clutched at the reins, while his neck and hair trailed along the plain, and the dust was scored by his inverted spear! Meantime the daughters of Ilion were moving to the shrine

of an unpropitious Pallas. Suppliant and sad, with tresses dishevelled and hands beating on breasts, they bore the Robe: but the goddess was turned from them, and her eyes were fixed on earth.—Thrice round the ramparts of Troy had Achilles whirled Hector, and was bartering his breathless clay for gold. Then deep, in truth, was the sigh that arose from the hero's heart of hearts, when he saw the spoils, saw the chariot, saw the very corpse of his friend, and Priam outstretching his weaponless hands to the slayer! Himself, too, he knew, mingled in the mellay amid the Achaean van; and he knew the embattled East, and the arms of swarthy Memnon. Last, wild Penthesilea led her Amazon hosts with their crescent-shields. In the midmost thousands she raged, one naked breast bound with circlet of gold,—a queen and warrior, a maiden that braved the battle against men.

While Dardan Aeneas looked and wondered, while spell-bound he stood, rooted motionless in one set gaze, queen Dido moved in radiant loveliness to the fane, a great throng of banded youths encircling her. Such as Diana is, when, on Eurotas' banks or along the peaks of Cynthus, she leads the dance, and a thousand attendant Oreads muster on either hand; but she, the quiver on her shoulder, towers, at every step, over the goddesses all, while Latona's mute heart is thrilled with joy:—even such was Dido, and so she gaily moved through the throng, intent on her labours and the empire to be. Then, in the sacred portals, under the temple's central dome, she took her seat, fenced with steel and enthroned on high. Thence she meted justice and laws to her lieges, adjusted their burdens of toil in due proportion, or assigned it by the lot, when, lo, in the heart of a great concourse, Aeneas saw approaching Antheus, and Sergestus, and stout Cloanthus, with other of his Teucrians,

whom the black whirlwind had scattered over ocean and swept far away to diverse shores. In amazement he stood—and in amazement Achates stood—under the shock of joy and fear. Eagerly they burned to clasp hand in hand; but the mystery unread perturbed their souls. Therefore they dissembled, and, draped in the sheltering cloud, looked forth to learn what fortune was with their friends, on what strand they had left their fleet, and wherefore they came: for, the chosen of every vessel, they advanced to sue for grace, and amid clamour repaired to the shrine.

So soon as they had gained entrance, and audience was granted before the throne, Ilioneus, their eldest, began with unruffled breast: 'O queen, whom Jove hath willed to found a new city and to bridle the proud peoples with law, we—ill-starred sons of Troy, whom the winds have borne over every sea,—prefer our prayer: ward the dreadful flames from our ships! We are come not to waste with the sword the homes of Libya, nor to drive the prey we have reft to the strand. Such fierceness fits not our hearts, nor such insolence the vanquished! There is a country that Greece styles Hesperia, an immemorial land, strong in battle and rich of soil. Oenotrians were they that held it: now, Fame tells, a new generation has named the country with the name of their leader—*Italy*. Thither we voyaged, when stormy Orion rose with a sudden swell and swept us upon the ambushed shoals. And afar he scattered us, over billows and trackless rocks, with his boisterous gales and the tyrannous seas, till hither we drifted—a poor remnant—to thy shores. What race of men is this? What home of savagery smiles on these dealings? They deny us the bare welcome of the sand: they unsheathe the sword, and forbid us to plant foot on the verge of their soil! But if ye contemn the

children of men and the arms of mortality, yet bethink you of the gods—that they will forget neither the good nor the evil! We had a king, Aeneas, peerless in justice and goodness, as in the weapons of war. If him the Fates have preserved, if he breathes the air of heaven, and lies not yet in the unpitying ghostly realm, then we fear not: nor shall it rue thee that thou wert foremost in the strife of courtesy. In the fields of Sicily, also, there are cities and swords, and a prince of Trojan line—Acestes the glorious! Grant us to beach our wind-buffeted barques, to shape us planks in thy forests, and to strip boughs for our oars, that so, if it shall be ours to sail for Italy with king and comrades recovered, to Italy and Latium we may fare, glad of heart; but, if our salvation be cut off, and thou—oh noble soul, father of Teucer's people!—if the Libyan main possess thee, and the hope of Iulus be no more, then we may seek at least the Sicilian seas, whence we bore hitherward, and the mansions prepared for us, and king Acestes!'

Thus Ilioneus, and all the Dardans, with one voice, cried assent.

Then Dido made response, briefly and with eyes downcast: 'Men of Troy, unburden your hearts of fear; lay aside your cares! Harsh necessity and the infancy of my realm constrain me to use such caution, and to set watch and ward through the breadth of my boundaries. Who could be stranger to the fame of Aeneas' people, to Troy town, her heroes and their deeds, and the flames of that great war? Our Tyrian breasts are not so sluggish, and the Day yokes not his steeds so far from our Tyrian city! Whether broad Hesperia and the fields of Latium shall be your choice, or whether the region of Eryx, and king Acestes, I will send you forth safe under my guard, and I will aid

you of my wealth. Or will ye settle, peers with me, in this kingdom of mine? The city I build me is yours! Beach your ships: Trojan or Tyrian—all shall be one in my sight. And would that your king had been driven with you by one and the self-same gale, and Aeneas were here! Yet will I send faithful messengers through my coasts, and bid them scour the ends of Libya, if it chance that he wanders an outcast in forest or town.'

With spirit exalted by her words, brave Achates and father Aeneas long had burned to break forth from their cloud; and first Achates addressed Aeneas: 'Goddess-born, what counsel now stirs in thy soul? Thou seest that all is safe,—thy fleet and thy comrades restored! But one is wanting; and him our own eyes saw engulfed: all else tallies with thy mother's word.' Scarce had he spoken, when suddenly the investing cloud disparted and was purged into the open sky, and in its place stood Aeneas, glittering in the lucent day, godlike in aspect and frame: for the mother had breathed on her son, and his locks were beautiful; he was clad in the rosy light of youth, and his eyes were lustrous and glad:—as when the artist-hand lends loveliness to the ivory, or when silver, or Parian stone, is enchased in the yellow gold. Straight he turned to the queen, and, unforeseen by all, spoke on the instant: 'He that ye seek is in your midst,—Trojan Aeneas, snatched from the Libyan wave. O thou, who alone hast pitied the unutterable travails of Troy, who wouldst fain take this remnant, that Greece hath spared,—outworn by every disaster of land and of sea, bereft of all—and make it one with thee in city and home—Dido, no power of ours, no power of all the children of Dardanus, wheresoever they stray, scattered through the wide world,

can pay thee the thanks thou hast merited! But if piety still have regard in Heaven, if justice and a mind conscious of the right yet be aught on earth, may God give thee due reward! What happy age saw thy birth? What glorious parents gave being to such a child? While the rivers shall run to ocean, while the shadows shall move in the mountain valleys, while the sky shall feed the stars, always shall thy honour, and thy name, and thy glory abide, whatever the lands that beckon me!'—He said, and grasped his friend Ilioneus with his right hand, Serestus with his left, and the others in their turn,—with them, brave Gyas and brave Cloanthus.

Sidonian Dido sat in amaze, first at sight of the hero, soon at thought of disaster so deep, and thus she opened her lips: 'What fortune, goddess-born, hounds thee through such infinite peril? What violence has thrown thee on our barbarous shores? Art thou that Aeneas whom gracious Venus bore to Dardan Anchises by the wave of Phrygian Simoïs? And, in truth, I remember how Teucer came to Sidon, an exile from his native fields, to win a new realm by Belus' aid—Belus, my sire, who then was ravaging Cyprus and its wealth, and held it by his conquering sword. From that early day have I known the fall of Troy town, and thy name, and the Pelasgian kings. Foeman though he was, yet he extolled the Teucrians with signal praise, and fain would vaunt him sprung from the ancient Teucrian line. Come then, ye warriors, and enter my doors. I, too, have been storm-tossed through seas of trouble by a fortune such as yours, that only in this land has willed that I should find peace. Not unschooled in woe do I learn to succour unhappiness!' She spoke, and with the word led Aeneas into her queenly halls, and commanded a solemn sacrifice in the

temples of Heaven. Nor less, meantime, she sent to his comrades on the strand twenty bulls, a hundred great swine with bristled backs, and a hundred fatted lambs with their ewes, to be her gift and their joy on that festal day.

But the inner palace they decked in the splendour of royal state, and prepared the banquet in the midmost halls. The coverlets of princely purple were embroidered by master-hands, massive silver stood on the boards, and on gold were chased the high exploits of their sires—a long historic line, traced through many a hero from the old-world origin of their race.

Aeneas—for a father's love suffered not his heart to rest—sent Achates hot-footed to the ships, to bear the tidings to Ascanius and escort him to the town—Ascanius, in whom was centred all his dear parent's care. Gifts, moreover, he bade him bring, rescued from the ruins of Ilium; a pall, stiff-rustling with figured gold, and a veil with woven border of yellow acanthus—adornment, once, of Argos' Helen, that she brought from Mycenae, a wondrous guerdon from her mother Leda, what time she sailed to Troy-towers and her unblest bridal;—the sceptre, too, which Ilione had swayed in other days, eldest-born of Priam's daughters, and a pearl-strung collar for the neck, and a double diadem of gems and gold.—Such commands to speed, Achates was bending his way to the fleet.

But Cythera's queen revolved new wiles, new purposes, in her breast—how Cupid, changed in form and lineaments, might come in lieu of sweet Ascanius, kindle the royal dame to frenzy by his gifts, and flood her veins with fire. For she feared that house of unfaith, and the double tongue of Tyre; Juno's cruelty was flaming torment, and her dread returned with returning night. She spoke, then, to her winged Love, and said: 'My son, my sole strength, my effectual might—my son, who scornest the Titan bolts of our sovereign Father

—to thee I come for succour, and, suppliant, implore thy deity! How thy brother Aeneas is driven over the main round every shore by Juno's relentless malice, thou knowest full well, and often hast thou sorrowed with our sorrow. Now Phoenician Dido holds him in her keeping, and enchains with soft words; and I fear me whither this welcome of Juno shall tend—for she will prove no laggard when the wheel of Fortune is thus on the turn! Therefore my purpose stands to strike the first blow, to take the queen in my toils, and encompass her with a wall of flame, that she change not under any constraint, but be bound to me in the strong bond of Aeneas' love. Hear now my thought, how thou mayest achieve this end! The princely boy, my dearest care, makes ready to go to Sidon's city at summons of his loved sire, in his hand such gifts as have survived the waves and a burning Troy. Him I will lull in sleep and hide in my hallowed dwelling above Cythera's peaks or in Idalium, that he may neither learn our wiles nor intervene to thwart them. For a single night—and no more—do thou simulate his form, and, boy thyself, assume a boy's familiar traits, that so when Dido, in the fullness of her joy, shall take thee to her lap, amid the kingly feast and the flowing wine, and shall throw her arms about thee and imprint sweet kisses, thou mayest inspire the lurking flame and betray her with thy poison.' Love yielded to his dear mother's prayer, put off his wings, and tripped gaily with Iulus' step. But Venus shed the quiet dews of sleep over Ascanius' limbs, and bore him on her warm celestial breast to the towering groves of Idalia, where the soft amaracus cradled him in flowers and the breathing fragrance of its sweet shade.

And now Cupid, obedient to the word, was on his way, bearing the royal gifts to the men of Tyre, and blithe under

Achates' guidance. When he came, the queen already had laid her down on her golden couch, beneath the proud awnings, and assumed her place in the midst. Now came father Aeneas, now the warriors of Troy, and all reclined on the outspread purple. Servants proffered water for the hands, ministered bread from baskets, and brought cloths of shorn nap. Within were fifty maids, their task to replenish in ordered course the great stores of cheer and to keep the hearth ablaze; and, with them, a hundred more, and pages as many of equal years, to pile the boards with viands and range the goblets. Nor less the Tyrians came thronging through the festal halls: for they, too, had their appointed seats on the embroidered couches. Admiring they surveyed the gifts of Aeneas, admiring surveyed Iulus, and the god's glowing cheeks, and his counterfeited words, and the pall, and the veil with border of yellow acanthus. But, above them all, Phoenicia's ill-starred queen, doomed to the destruction to be, could not sate her soul, but looked and burned, spell-bound alike by the child and by his gifts! He, for a little space, nestled in Aeneas' arms and hung on his neck, filling the hungry heart of his feigned sire, then took his way to the queen. With soul and eye she clung to him, and ever and again fondled him on her breast. Hapless Dido, little did she know how great a god she clasped to her aching heart! But he, mindful of his Acidalian mother, began line by line to efface the image of Sychaeus, and did his all to surprise by a living love that mind so long unstirred, that breast so long untenanted.

So soon as the feasting had pause and the boards were cleared, they set the huge bowls in their places and crowned the wine. The palace grew loud with din, and voices rolled through the ample halls; kindled lamps hung from the gold-

fretted roof, and night fled before the flaming torches. Then the queen called for a cup, ponderous with gems and gold—that cup which Belus used, and all the kings from Belus onward—then filled it with unmixed wine, and, silence imposed throughout the hall: 'Jove, for they say thou givest laws to host and to guest, may it be thy will that this shall be a day of gladness for Tyrian and Trojan exile, and that our children's children may tell of it! May Bacchus, the giver of joy, and kindly Juno be in our midst; and ye, my Tyrians, be gracious and honour our gathering!' She said, and poured forth the liquid offering upon the board, and, libation made, first touched the cup with her lips, then passed it with jesting challenge to Bitias. Valiantly he drained the foaming bowl, and drenched him from the brimming gold: then, after him, his peers. Long-locked Iopas, whom mightiest Atlas taught, made music on his gilded lyre. He sang of the wandering moon and the travailing sun, of the birth of man and beast, of rain and of fire, of Arcturus and the rainy Hyads, and of the twin Bears: why the wintry suns so hasten to lave them in ocean, and what the delays that impede the laggard nights. The Tyrians pealed applause, and the Trojans followed. Nor less the unhappy Dido lingered out the night in interchanging converse, and drank deep draughts of love. Much she asked of Priam, much of Hector; and now would know what the arms wherein came the son of Dawn; now, how seemed the steeds of Diomede; now, how great was Achilles. 'Nay,' she cried, 'come, our guest, and tell us, from their first beginnings, of Grecian treachery, the fall of thy people, and the wanderings of thyself. For already the seventh summer bears thee a pilgrim over every land and sea!'

II

EVERY tongue was still, every face turned rapt upon him, when thus from his couch aloft father Aeneas began :

'Too deep for words, O queen, lies the sorrow thou bidst me renew, to tell how Greece overthrew the power of Troy and her tearful realm,—all the deeds of woe mine eyes have beheld, and those whereof I was no small part! What Myrmidon or Dolopian, what swordsman of the stern Ulysses, could tell that tale and refrain from tears? And now dewy Night falls precipitate from heaven, and the setting stars counsel sleep! Yet, if such thy yearning to learn our disasters and to hear in brief the last agony of Troy, though my spirit shudders at remembrance and hath started backward at the pang, I will take the word.

'War-shattered, fate-repulsed, the Danaan chieftains, now that so many years were fled and fleeing, built them, with Pallas' celestial skill to aid, a horse, mountain-huge, and inwove its flanks with hewn pines—an offering, they feigned, for their safe return : and so the bruit went forth. In those dark sides they prisoned by stealth the flower of their chosen heroes and their great frames, and filled the vast and cavernous womb with weaponed soldiery.

'In sight of Troy lies an island, far-famed in story, Tenedos by name—rich in all wealth while Priam's kingship endured, now but a bay and a traitorous roadstead. Thither they sailed, and hid them on the solitary strand, while we deemed they had flown and were running before the wind to Mycenae. Therefore all Teucer's land melted from her long sorrow into

joy. The gates stood wide, and pleasant it was to go view the Doric camp, and the empty places and forlorn shore. Here, we mused, were the Dolopian bands, there cruel Achilles pitched his tent: here stood their fleets, there they fought in battled line! Part stood amazed before the death-fraught-offering to maid Minerva, and marvelled at the steed's huge bulk: and first Thymoetes urged that it be drawn within our walls and set in the citadel —whether his was the voice of treachery, or whether the fates of Troy already wrought to this end. But Capys, and they of sager counsel, bade hurl to ocean these Danaan wiles, these sinister gifts, burn them with subject flame, or pierce and explore the hollow ambuscade of the womb: the fickle multitude swayed betwixt the opposing causes.

'Then, foremost of all, with heart aflame, Laocoon came running from the summit of the citadel, a great troop of men hard on his steps, and thus cried from afar: 'My ill-starred countrymen, what height of madness is this? Trust ye the foe is departed? or think ye that any Grecian gifts may be guileless? Is it thus ye have proved Ulysses? In the hiding of this wood there are Achaeans imprisoned; or it is an engine of war, devised against our walls, that shall overlook our homes from above; or some deceit lurks therein. Men of Troy, trust not the horse! Be it what it may, I fear the Danaans, though their hands proffer gifts!" So said, he hurled his mighty spear with strong arm full against the monster's flank, and into the curved and jointed belly. And then, had not the will of Heaven, had not our own minds fought against us, he had moved us to hack the Argive coverts with our steel, and Troy would still be standing, and ye lofty towers of Priam—ye still would rise!

'But, lo, in the meantime, came a band of Dardan

shepherds, dragging to their king, amid clamorous outcry, a youth whose hands were bound behind him. A stranger, he had thrown himself of free will in their path, that he might compass this very end and leave Troy naked before Achaea—unappalled in soul, and nerved to either event, whether to spin his toils, or to fall under death inevitable! From this hand and that our Trojan youth came streaming round, and mocked the captive with rivalry of insult.

'Now hearken to Danaan guile, and from a single crime know the nation! For, as he stood in full view, unweaponed, confused, and swept his gaze round the Phrygian lines, "Alas!" he cried, "what land, what sea, now shall give me haven? or what remains at this hour to my misery? I have no place amid the Greeks, and the very Trojans, no less, prove foes and cry for the penalty of blood!" At his moan our mood was changed and all violence quelled, and we bade him say of what lineage he sprang, and what his message, and declare the trust of his captivity.

'"For me," he began, "O king, I will confess thee all in truth, be the issue as it may. Neither will I deny me of Argive race—this first—nor, though Fortune have fashioned Sinon to misery, shall all her malice fashion him to knavery or deceit! If it chance that speech has brought to thine ear some echo of Palamedes from Belus' line, his name and his storied fame—Palamedes, whom under monstrous impeachment, because he forbade the war, Greece delivered to death on the lying charge of treason, and mourns him now that he sees not the light—as his comrade and his kinsman my needy sire sent me hither to battle in my early years. While he stood secure in his kingship and was strong in the counsels of the princes, we, too, bore some name and rèpute. But when, by the jealousy of false-hearted Ulysses

(no obscure tale!), he was banished from the realms of day, prostrate I dragged out my life in darkness and sorrow, and my soul was hot within me for the fate of my guiltless friend. And—fool that I was!—I unlocked my lips, and vowed that, if ever Fortune should bring it to pass, and I return conqueror to my native Argos, I would arise his avenger: and my speech roused his bitter hatred. Thence for me the first plague-spot of disaster: thence Ulysses ever held me in terror by slander upon slander, scattered words of double import among the vulgar, and sought his weapons with guilty fear. For he rested not, till, with Calchas for tool,— but why unroll these unwelcome pages to no avail? or why linger? If ye account all the Greeks of one likeness, and the name, but heard, suffices you,—then exact your tardy vengeance! This would the Ithacan pray, and the sons of Atreus purchase at a great price!"

'Then, in truth, we burned to inquire and explore the cause: for we knew not that blackness of crime, nor the arts of Greece. In fear and trembling he took up the tale, and spoke from his lying heart:

'"Time and again the Danaans longed to compass their return, to abandon Troy and flee from the weariness of that long strife—and oh that they had so done! Time and again the fierce, storm-swept sea debarred them, and the southern blasts affrighted them as they set forth. And most, when this horse already stood with its texture of maple-beams, the storm-clouds thundered through all the firmament. Bewildered, we sent Eurypylus to question the oracles of Phoebus, and from the shrine he brought us this woeful response: *With blood and a maiden slain ye appeased the winds, when first, Danaans, ye came to the shores of Ilium. With blood shall ye buy your return, and grace shall be found*

by an Argive life. When that utterance reached the vulgar ear, all were stricken in soul, and a chill horror pierced them to the very bone—whom would the Fates doom? whom would Apollo call? Then he of Ithaca, with loud clamour, dragged Calchas the seer forth into the host; and hotly he questioned him, what meant that revelation of the celestial will. And even then many there were foretold me the pitiless crime of that master-craftsman, and in silence viewed the event. For twice five days the prophet was mute, and wore his mask: his tongue should betray no man, nor deliver him to death! Hardly, in the end, overborne by the Ithacan's clamour, he broke into the words of their pact, and destined me to the altar. All cried assent; and the fate, that each feared for himself, they brooked full lightly when it turned to blast one poor wretch!

'"And now the accursed day was come: the holy rites were almost ready, and the salted meal, and the garlands for my brow, when—hear my avowal!—I fled from the slayer, burst my bonds, and, screened by the sedge, lay all night in a miry swamp, till they should have sailed, if sail they would! And now I hope not to see my old-time country, nor the children of my love, nor the father of my yearning. Nay, it may be, Greece will exact the penalty of our flight at their hands, and atone my guilt by their hapless lives. Therefore, by the heaven above us, by the powers that have cognizance of truth, by unstained faith, if any there be yet lingering in any land among men—pity, I implore thee, calamity so deep, pity a soul that suffers where it has not sinned!"

'To his tears we accorded life, and, with life, compassion. Priam himself was first to command that his manacles and drawn fetters be undone, and thus spoke in tones of amity: "Whosoever thou art (for henceforward think not of the

Greece thou hast lost!), ours thou shalt be; and answer truth to this my question: to what end have they raised the fabric of this huge horse? Who was father to the thought? or what seek they? for what service of Heaven, or what engine of war was it devised?" He said; the captive, with treachery and Pelasgian guile at his call, raised his unchained hands to the stars: "Ye eternal fires," he cried, "and your inviolate godhead, ye altars and cursed knives that I fled, ye sacred garlands that I wore for the sacrifice—I call you to witness: I sin not that I annul the fealty I swore to Greece, I sin not that I hate her sons, and bring to light all things soever that they hold secret; and no laws of country bind me! Do thou, Troy, but abide by thy word, and, preserved, preserve thy faith, if I shall speak truth, if I shall recompense thee in full!

'"All the hope of the Danaans, all their trust in the war begun, stood always in the aid of Pallas. But, from the day when Tydeus' impious son and Ulysses, the author of crime, ventured to ravish her fateful Palladium from the hallowed sanctuary, slew the warders of the citadel-height, bore the sacred image away, and dared to lay ensanguined hands on the virgin fillets of the goddess—from that day the Danaans' hope began to ebb, to slip, and to recede: their strength was broken and the heavenly heart was turned from them! And Triton's maid gave sign thereof by no dubious portents. Scarce was the effigy lodged in the camp, when glittering flames flashed from her uplifted eyes, a salt sweat stood on her limbs, and thrice—tale of wonder!—she sprang of herself from earth, bearing her buckler and quivering lance. Straight Calchas raised his prophetic voice: the main must be traversed in flight; for never should Troy-towers be razed by the Argive steel, till they sought them auspices once more

from Argos, and brought again the favour of Heaven, that they bore across the seas in their crooked keels! And now, that they have run to their native Mycenae before the wind —it is but to muster arms and attendant gods, and, the wave recrossed, they will be here unforeseen. So Calchas expounds the omens. This image they have reared at his warning in place of the Palladium, to atone for deity affronted and expiate the guilt of sacrilege. But Calchas bade them raise it to this vast bulk with oaken texture, that so it might not find entry through the gates, nor be drawn within the walls, nor shelter its people under their ancient worship. For if hand of yours had profaned Minerva's offering, then, said the seer, a dire destruction—Heaven send that the omen light first on himself!—should fall upon the kingdom of Priam and upon the Phrygians. But if it ascended by your hands into your city, then Asia should turn again, and fare to the walls of Pelops with wide-wasting sword; and such the fate that awaited our children's children!"

'These wiles, and the arts of forsworn Sinon, won credence for his tale, and fraud and forced tears took captive them whom neither the son of Tydeus, nor Larissa's Achilles, nor ten years of battle, nor a thousand ships could subdue!

'But now another portent, greater and far more terrible, met our woeful gaze, and turmoiled our unprophetic spirit. Laocoon, whom the lot had drawn to be priest of Neptune, stood by the wonted altars in act to slay a great bull: but, lo, over the peaceful deep from Tenedos—I shudder at the word!—twin serpents lay along the main with immeasurable coils, and side by side they moved to the strand. Their breasts were reared amid the waves, and their sanguine manes overtopped the billows: the rest of them swept the sea behind, wreathing the huge rolling length of spine; and the

foaming waters roared beneath. And now they had gained the plain, and, with burning eyes blood-shot and fire-shot, were licking their sibilant jaws with flickering tongues! Bloodless and pale at the sight, we scattered: they, with unfaltering march, sought Laocoon. And, first, either serpent, encircling the tiny frames of his two sons, bound them fast, and, with gnawing fang, preyed on their hapless limbs. Next they seized the sire, as, weapon in hand, he ran to the rescue: in their vast folds they chained him; and now they had twice encompassed his waist, twice had flung their scaly bodies about his throat, and were towering above him with head and uplifted neck. His fillets bedewed with gore and black venom, at one and the same time he strove to sunder their knots by the strong hand, and raised fearful cries to the stars—like the bellowings of some wounded bull, when he has fled the altar and dashed the frustrate axe from his neck! But the two dragons fled sliding to the temple on the height, and sought the tower of Triton's pitiless maid, there to find refuge under her celestial feet and the orb of her buckler.

'Then, in truth, a strange dread thrilled every trembling breast, and the word passed how Laocoon had but paid the merited penalty of his crime, in that he had profaned the holy wood with his spear, and hurled his sinful javelin against the flank. With one voice men cried that the image be drawn to its sanctuary, and prayers preferred to the goddess and her deity.

'We cleft the walls, and laid open the town within. All bent to the work, set beneath the feet wheels whereon to glide, and stretched hempen bonds about the neck. Fraught with battle, that fateful engine scaled the ramparts. Around it boys and unwed girls chanted sacred hymns, and joyed to

lay hand upon the rope. Upward it moved, and rolled with menacing front into the heart of our city.—O my country, O Ilium, home of the gods, and ye war-famed battlements of Dardanus' sons! four times on the very threshold of the gate it halted, and four times arms clashed in its womb! Yet, heedless and frenzy-blinded, we pressed on, and set the accursed thing in the holy citadel. Then Cassandra, too, opened her lips to the coming doom,—lips, that, by behest of Heaven, Troy never credited! We, the unblest, we, for whom that day was to be the last, in every street hung the sanctuaries of the gods in festal boughs.

'Meantime the skyey sphere turned, and Night rushed down over Ocean, involving in deep shadow earth, and heaven, and Myrmidon guile. Throughout the city the Teucrians lay and were still, and sleep embraced their weary limbs. And now the Argive array was moving, with marshalled vessels, from Tenedos, through the friendly silence of the mute moon, in quest of the familiar strand, when the royal galley flashed the signal, and Sinon—screened under the partial doom of Heaven—stealthily unbarred the pine-built prison, and enlarged the Danaans pent in its womb. Wide-opened, the steed restored its freight to the air, and, from the hollow timbers, exultant there issued Thessander and Sthenelus in the forefront and cursed Ulysses, sliding down the pendent rope, Acamas and Thoas, and Neoptolemus of Peleus' line, Machaon, with the first, and Epeus himself, who wrought the treason. They rushed upon the city, as it lay buried in slumber and wine, slew the sentinels, welcomed all their comrades through the wide-flung gates, and united their confederate hosts!

'It was the hour when the first sleep of suffering mortality begins, and, by the grace of Heaven, steals on its sweetest

errand of mercy: and, lo, as I slept, methought Hector stood in great sorrow before my eyes, and wept with a rain of tears. Such he was as erst when rapt by the car, black with blood and dust, and with swollen feet pierced by thongs. Ay me, what a sight was there! How was he changed from that Hector, who wended homeward, clad in the spoils of Achilles, or fresh from hurling the fires of Phrygia upon the ships of Greece! His beard was foul, his locks matted with gore, and he bare those wounds innumerable that he gat round his native walls. And it seemed I also wept, and prevented him, and spoke with sorrowing utterance: "O light of Dardania, O hope most constant of Troy, what delay so great hath held thee? From what shores, Hector, comest thou, the long-awaited? How these weary eyes behold thee—after the fall of many a friend, after woes untold of citizens and city! What unworthy cause hath marred the calm of thy countenance? or why view we these wounds?" He answered not, nor regarded my vain questionings; but, drawing a heavy sigh from his heart of hearts: "Ah, flee," he said, "goddess-born, and snatch thee from out these flames! The foe holds the ramparts: Troy crashes from her pinnacles! Thou hast paid in full to thy country and Priam: if those towers could be saved by mortal hand, they had been saved even by this! Troy bequeathes to thy keeping her holy things and the gods of her homes: these take, that they may share thy destiny: for these seek those stately walls that thou shalt establish in the end, when all the seas are traversed!" He said; and, in his hands, brought forth from the inner sanctuary the image of dread Vesta, her fillets, and the immortal fire.

'Meanwhile the town was convulsed with woe crying on every side; and, though the palace of Anchises my sire

stood apart, sequestered under embowering trees, yet louder and louder the din waxed, and the alarm of battle drew nigher. I started from sleep, mounted the sloping roof, and stood with intent ear :—even so, when the flames fall upon the standing corn while the South is raging, or a rapid torrent with mountain-spate whelms the fields, whelms the smiling crops and the labours of the oxen, and sweeps the forests headlong before it, the unwitting swain stands in amazement, listening to the roar from a craggy eminence ! Then, in truth, was proof manifest, and the Danaan wiles were plain to read. Already the palace of Deiphobus had fallen in spacious ruin before the overmastering element, already neighbour Ucalegon burned, and the broad waters of Sigeum were glittering to the flames. There rose a shouting of men and a braying of trumpets. Madly I snatched at my arms—nor snatched with enough of reason, but my spirit blazed to rally a troop for battle and charge to the citadel with my comrades ! Frenzy and anger urged me precipitate to the resolve, and meseemed it was good to die in arms !

'But, lo, Panthus, escaped from the Argive spears—Panthus, the son of Othrys, priest of the citadel and Phoebus,—came dragging with his own hand his holy vessels, his vanquished gods, and his tiny grandson ; and distraught he raced to my door. "Where stand our fortunes, Panthus? What fortalice do we seize?" Scarce had I spoken, when groaning he answered : "The last day, the inevitable hour, is come for the Dardan land ! Trojans we are no more, Ilium is no more, and the great glory of the Teucrians is departed ! Tyrant Jove has borne all to Argos, and Greece is mistress in the town she has fired. The Horse, towering and erect in the city's midst, disgorges warriors in harness,

and conqueror Sinon scatters flame and insult. There are men by the swinging gates—all the thousands that ever came from great Mycenae—there are men besetting the narrow ways with fronting spears: the edge of the sword stands drawn, and the point glitters athirst for the slaying! Scarce the first sentinels at the gate assay the battle, and resist in aimless mellay." Thus the son of Othrys; and his words and the will of Heaven swept me to the fire and the steel, whither the fell Fury, whither the din and sky-challenging clamour called me. Comrades joined me,—Rhipeus and Epytus, great in war, whom the moon revealed, Hypanis and Dymas—all rallied to my side, with young Coroebus, Mygdon's son. In those days, it fell, he had come to Troy, fired by wild yearning for Cassandra, and bore a son's aid to Priam and his Phrygians—hapless he, that he listed not the bidding of his frenzied maid! When I saw them banded and nerved to the fray, thereon I began: "Warriors, hearts stout in vain, if your desire to brave the uttermost be fixed to follow me, ye see the plight of our fortunes! One and all, the gods by whom this realm stood are departed, and forlorn are shrine and altar. The city ye would succour burns. Let us choose death, and plunge in the heart of battle! There is but one safety to the vanquished—to hope not safety!" At this, their young valour was spurred to madness, and anon, like ravening wolves in a black mist, when hunger's lawless rage has driven them blindly forth and their deserted cubs await them with parching throats, we went through spears and spearmen to death indubitable, and held our way to the heart of the city, while sable Night hovered above us with overshadowing pinions.—What tongue shall unfold that night's havoc, that night's slaughter? what eye match our disasters with tears? An ancient city was falling, a queenly

city for many years, and helpless frames lay without number, scattered in streets and homes and the hallowed precincts of Heaven. Nor was Troy alone amerced in blood: times there were when valour returned to the hearts of the vanquished also, and the victorious Danaans fell. Cruel woe was everywhere, everywhere terror, and death in infinite shapes!

'First Androgeos, amid a great troop of attendant Greeks, crossed our path—for he deemed in his ignorance that we were allied bands!—and hailed us with friendly voice: 'Haste ye, warriors! What sluggishness hath held you thus late? Others harry and sack a flaming Troy; and come ye but now from the tall ships?" He said, and, on the instant (for, in truth, we made no assuring answer), he was ware that he had fallen into the enemy's midst. Aghast he checked word and foot: and as one, who toils through a thorny brake, tramples, unthinking, a serpent upon the ground, and with sudden start shrinks before its rising ire and puffed azure neck—even so Androgeos trembled at our view and recoiled. Onward we rushed, amid the thick-volleyed spears, and on all hands we cut them down; for they knew not the place, and fear had seized them! Thus Fortune smiled on our first assay.

'And here Coroebus, flushed with gallantry and success: "O my friends," he cried, "where Fortune first points the way to salvation, and proves her gracious, there follow we! Let us change our shields and assume the badges of Greece. Fraud or valour, who shall ask, when his aim is the foe? Themselves they shall give us arms!"

'He said, and, with the word, donned the waving helm of Androgeos and the fair cognizance of his shield, and girt an Argive blade to his side. Thus did Rhipeus, thus Dymas

also, and thus joyously did all our company, each accoutring himself in the new-won spoils. Mingled with the Danaans we went, under the favours of an alien Heaven, and many a battle we joined as we charged in the blackness of night, and many a Greek we sent below. Part scattered for the ships, and raced towards their faithful strand: part, in craven fear, scaled the giant horse again, and hid them in the familiar womb.

'Alas, it boots not to trust in the gods, when the gods will not be trusted! Behold Priam's daughter, maiden Cassandra, dragged by her streaming tresses from the holies of Minerva's fane, lifting her flaming eyes to the regardless heavens—her eyes, for manacles pinioned those tender hands! Coroebus, with soul infuriate, brooked not the sight; but into their midmost array he flung him to his death. We followed to a man, and closed with serried battle. Here first we were whelmed under the javelins of our countrymen from the temple's tall pinnacle, and a piteous carnage arose through the aspect of our harness and error engendered by our Grecian crests. Then, groaning and raging that the maiden should be reft them, the Danaans rallied from this hand and that, and made their onslaught—Ajax, fiercest far, Atreus' either son, and all the Dolopian host: as oft, when a hurricane bursts its bonds, the adverse winds give battle, West, and South, and East, exultant on the steeds of the Morn, and the forests shriek, while foaming Nereus rages, trident in hand, and wakes the waters from their nethermost deeps! All, furthermore, whom, in the dimness and darkness of night, we had routed by our guile and driven through the breadth of the city, appeared; and at once they knew our bucklers and lying arms, and marked the alien tones on our lips! Instant their numbers overbore us: and first

Coroebus fell by the altars of the Queen of Battle under Peneleus' hand; with him Rhipeus bled—just above all in Troy, and most zealous for the right, but Heaven's thought was otherwise! Hypanis and Dymas died pierced by friendly spears: nor could all thy piety, Panthus, nor Apollo's garland, shield thee!—Ye ashes of Ilium, thou death-fire of my people, bear witness: when your star set, I shunned neither sword nor any peril, and, had Fate willed me to fall by a Grecian hand, I had merited to fall! We were plucked from the scene, Iphitus and Pelias with me—Iphitus already burdened with years, Pelias halting, withal, from Ulysses' brand. For the shouting urged us farther to Priam's palace.

'There, in truth, we saw a great slaughter, as though all the battles else nowhere had being and no man was dying in all the city: so grim the fray we beheld—Danaans streaming to the roof, and the threshold beset by the driven mantlet! Ladders were clinging to the walls, and by the very doorways men clambered up the rungs: with their left they opposed the protecting buckler to the missiles, with their right they grasped the battlements. The Dardans, on their part, tore up turrets and all the palace-roof. Thus armed—for they saw the end!—they prepared to defend themselves even in the extremity of death, and rolled down the gilded rafters, the stately ornaments of their father's old-world days! Others had beset the doorways below with naked steel, and held ward in serried array. Our spirits were quickened to save the dwelling of our king, to relieve the warriors by our succour, and to furnish force to the fainting.

'There was an entrance, a secret portal, a thoroughfare travelling Priam's halls, a postern-gate forlorn in the rear, by which the hapless Andromache, while the kingdom endured, would ofttimes take her way, companionless, to

the parents of her spouse, and lead child Astyanax to his grandsire. I mounted to the roof's sloping summit, whence the doomed Teucrians were flinging their unavailing missiles. There a tower stood on a sheer descent, with its topmost coping built to the stars, whence erstwhile we could view all Troy, and the Danaan fleet, and the tents of Achaea. With iron we assailed its circumference, where the highest storey tottered at the joining, wrenched it from its aery eminence, and heaved it below. With sudden downfall, it crashed in thunderous ruin, and lit on the Grecian hosts far and wide. But others filled their place; nor, meanwhile, ceased the hail of stones and of weapons in every shape.

'Hard before the portal, on the threshold's verge, Pyrrhus raged exultant, flashing in arms and lucent bronze: as a serpent fed on poisonous herbage, whom the icy winter held swelling under earth, at last lifts his breast and rolls his smooth frame to the light, in the splendour of youth regained, slough cast off, head to the sun, and three-forked tongue flickering from his jaws! With him giant Periphas and armour-bearer Automedon, who drove the steeds of Achilles,—with him all the flower of Scyros pressed to the palace, and flung brands to the roof. Himself in their van, he snatched a twy-bill, and set him to shatter the stubborn doors and to unhinge the brass-bound posts: and anon he had cut through the planking, hewn out the solid oak, and broken a huge gaping breach. The inner palace stood plain, and the long halls opened on the view: the inner chambers of Priam and the kings of old stood plain, and they saw armed men on the threshold's verge!

'But, farther within, the house was a turmoil of moaning and woeful tumult, the vaulted rooms wailed with the lament of women, and the cry struck upon the golden stars. Fearful

matrons were straying through the vast halls, clasping the doors in their embrace, and printing kisses upon them. With his father's fury Pyrrhus pressed on: not the bars, not the very guards, could abide the brunt: the gate reeled under the recurrent ram; and, wrenched from their hinges, the posts fell flat. Force found its way! The entrant Danaans hacked a passage, slew the foremost, and their soldiery thronged the spacious places:—more gentle the foaming river, when, barriers burst, it goes forth, overbears the opposing mounds in its tide, and rushes with infuriate mass on the fields, sweeping the cattle and the stalls of the cattle over every plain! These eyes saw Neoptolemus drunken from blood, and the twin sons of Atreus upon the threshold! Hecuba they saw, and her hundred daughters, and Priam amid the altars, befouling with his gore those fires himself had hallowed! Those fifty bridal-chambers,—fair hope of children's children,—regal with barbaric gold and the spoils of battle, were fallen to earth, and Greece was mistress where the flames spared!

'Perchance thou wouldst ask what was Priam's end.—When he saw the fall of his taken city, saw the doors of his palace shattered, and the foe midmost in his chambers, with aged hands bootlessly he set the harness, so long disused, about his time-palsied shoulders, girt him with useless blade, and rushed to his death amid the horded foemen! In the central palace, under the naked cope of heaven, stood a massive altar, and at its side an ancient bay-tree, drooping over the altar and enfolding the Home-gods in its shade. Here, like doves driven headlong down by some gloomy tempest, Hecuba and her daughters sat vainly about the stones of sacrifice. But when she saw Priam's self arrayed in the armour of his youth, "My poor husband," she cried, "what

unblest resolve has driven thee to assume these arms? or whither wilt thou rush? The hour calls not for such succour, nor such defenders: nay, not were my own Hector now with us! Come hither, late though it be: this altar will shield us all; or, dying, thou wilt die with us!" She said, and received the white-haired king to herself, and lodged him in the consecrated place.

'But, lo, escaped from the sword of Pyrrhus, came Polites, one of Priam's sons, fleeing through javelins and foes along the spacious colonnades; and bleeding he traversed the forlorn courts. In his rear, with imminent steel, followed the fiery Pyrrhus, and ever and anon his hand seemed to clutch him, and his spear was hard upon him. At length he issued before the eyes and visage of his parents, and fell with life streaming forth in torrents of blood. At this, Priam, though even then he sat in the midst of death, yet refrained him not, and curbed neither voice nor anger: "Nay," he cried, "if there be any righteousness in Heaven to regard such deeds, may the gods pay thee worthy thanks, and render thee due requital for this thy crime and the sin thou hast dared, who hast made me to see my son bleed before my face, and hast polluted a father's eyes with the sight of murder! But not he, of whom thou feignest thee begotten,—Achilles was not as thou when he dealt with Priam for foe: but he reverenced the suppliant's right and trust, he rendered Hector's bloodless clay to the sepulchre, and he sent me back to my kingdom!" Thus spoke the old king, and cast his warless spear, and wounded not: for the clanging bronze flung it back incontinent, and idly it hung from the buckler's unpierced boss. To him Pyrrhus: "Then shalt thou bear thy tale and go messenger to Peleus' son, my sire! And forget not to rehearse my bloody deeds and his degene-

rate Neoptolemus: now die!" Thus saying, he dragged him to the very altar-stones, trembling and slipping in the blood that gushed from his son, wreathed his left in his hair, with his right drew out the glittering sword, and plunged it to the hilt in his side.—Such the close of Priam's fortunes, such the allotted ending that took him off, seeing, as he went, Troy in flames and Troy-towers fallen,—who once ruled over Asia, proud in the kingship of so many a people and land. A great trunk he lay on the shore, a head torn from its shoulders, a body without a name!

'For me, then, as never before, a grim horror beset me. I stood aghast, and there rose before me the semblance of my dear sire, as I saw a king, old as he, gasping out his life under the pitiless stroke: Creüsa forlorn rose before me, my home despoiled, and my little Iulus left to fate! I turned and looked what force was about me. All had quitted me outworn, and cast themselves precipitate to earth, or delivered their weary limbs to the flames.

'And now I alone was left, when I descried Tyndareus' daughter, sheltered in the house of Vesta and crouching mute in the secret fane: for the glowing fires gave me light, as I wandered and swept my gaze on this hand and that over all. She—for her fears foreshewed Troy embittered for her fallen towers, the vengeance of Greece, and the wrath of the consort she fled—had hidden herself (common Fury of her motherland and ours!) and sate abominable by the altars. Fire blazed out in my soul, and passion came upon me, to avenge my falling country and exact the penalty of sin: "Shall this woman, forsooth, look unscathed on Sparta and her native Mycenae? and shall she go a queen in the triumph she has won, and behold her spouse and her father's house and her children, with a throng of Ilian matrons and

Phrygian handmaidens in her train? And shall Priam have fallen by the sword? Shall Troy have burned with fire? Shall the Dardan strand so many a time have sweated blood? Not so! For though there be no memorable renown in a woman punished, and the victory yield not praise, yet shall I be lauded that I cut off villany and took retribution whence it was due: and joy it will be to have filled my soul with avenging fire and slaked the ashes of my people!"

'Thus I raved, and was swept onward with infuriate heart, when my gracious mother, never erst so bright to my eyes, offered herself to view, and in pure radiance flashed through the night—goddess confessed, in beauty and stature such as she uses to seem in Heaven. And she took me by the hand and checked me, and thus pursued from roseate lips: "My son, what fierce resentment rouses this ungoverned anger? Why thy frenzy? Or whither is fled thy care for us? Wilt thou not rather look where thou hast left Anchises thy father under his burden of years—look whether Creüsa thy wife remain to thee, and Ascanius thy son? Round them all, on this hand and that, range the battalions of Greece, and, did not my care stand ward, the flames already had reft them, and the enemy's sword devoured them! Not the loathed beauty of Spartan Helen, nor Paris, though all men blame him, but Heaven and Heaven's inclemency overthrow this wealth of power and lay Troy low from her pinnacles! Behold, for I will purge from thee all the cloud that is now drawn before thine eyes, blunting thy mortal vision and spreading dank and dim about thee—and fear not thou any behest of thy mother, nor be loth to do her command!—behold, where thou seest sundered masses, boulders torn from boulders, and smoke eddying amid columns of dust, there is Neptune, shaking the ramparts that his mighty trident hath

loosened, and upheaving all the city from her base! Here Juno, sternest far, stands foremost by the Scaean Gate, and, steel-girt, calls in fury her confederate bands from the fleet. Even now Tritonian Pallas (turn but and see!) is stationed on the topmost towers, effulgent in frontlet and dread Gorgon. The great Sire himself bestows on Greece spirit and strength for victory: himself he rouses Heaven against the Dardanian battle! My son, secure thy flight, and set the seal to thy struggles: I will quit thee nowhere, and I will set thee in safety on thy father's threshold!" She said, and vanished in the dense shadows of night. Dire faces rose to view, and the high gods warring against Troy!

'Then, in truth, it seemed to me all Ilium was sinking into flames, and Neptune's town tottering from her foundations—even as when the straining husbandmen toil to uproot on the mountain-summits some ancient ash, hewn about with steel and many a stroke of their axes, and ever it threatens descent, and, all tremulous, nods the tresses on its shaking crown, till little by little the wounds overmaster it, and it groans its last, and, uptorn from the crag, comes down in ruin. I descended, and, Heaven my guide, passed through flames and foes: spears gave me place, and flames receded!

'And now, when I had reached the threshold of my father's house and our ancestral home, my sire—he for whom was my first longing, that I might take and bear him to the mountain-heights—he for whom was my first quest—refused to linger out his days or to endure in exile when Troy was cut down. "Ye," he said, "whose blood is young as your years, whose strength stands confirmed in its native power—compass ye your flight! For me, if those above had willed that I should live on, they had preserved me this abiding-place. Enough, and more, that I have

once looked on destruction, and once lived through a taken city! Say farewell to this clay, laid as it is—as it is, I beseech you—and wend your way! My own hand shall find me death: the foe, in his mercy, will covet my spoils, and lightly can I lack a tomb! For long I have clogged the years, heaven-hated and useless, since that day when the Sire of gods and King of men breathed upon me with the wind of his thunderbolt and scathed me with his flame."

'Thus, persistent, he spoke, and stood by his resolve. We, in other sort, melted in tears—Creüsa, my wife, Ascanius, and all the household—that he, our father, would not ruin all with himself, nor lend his weight to the crushing burden of doom. But *nay* was all his word, and he was rooted to purpose and home! Again I rushed to battle, and in my misery made death my choice: for—counsel or chance—what now was left us? "Father, and didst thou deem I could desert thee and go forth? and did word so monstrous fall from my sire's lips? If it is the will of Heaven that nothing be left from so great a city—if this resolve is fixed in thy soul, and thy pleasure is to add thee and thine to the hecatomb of Troy—the door stands wide for the death thou cravest, and Pyrrhus will be here anon, fresh from the streaming gore of Priam—Pyrrhus, who slays the son before the face of the father, the father before the altar-stones! For this, gracious mother, didst thou bear me through sword and fire, that I might behold the foe in the heart of my home, and Ascanius, and my father, and Creüsa at their side, slaughtered each in the other's blood? Arms, my men—bring ye arms! Their last hour is calling the vanquished. Suffer me to revisit and restore the battle: never on this day shall we all bleed unavenged!" . . .

'Straight I girded on my sword again, and was fitting

my left into the buckler's clasp, in act to rush without; but, lo, on the threshold, my wife embraced my feet, and clung to me, holding little Iulus up to his father: "If thou departest to death, take us also with thee to whatever shall betide! But if, from trial made, thou restest somewhat of hope on the unsheathed blade, then first guard this house! To whom is little Iulus, to whom is thy sire—to whom am I, that was once called thy wife—abandoned?"

'Thus she cried, filling all the palace with lamentation, when a sudden portent arose, strange beyond speech. For, betwixt the hands and before the countenance of his woeful parents, behold, on the crown of Iulus' head a light crest of fire streamed and shone, its lambent flame flickering hurtless round his waving tresses and straying about his brows. Trembling with awe and fear, we strove to shake free his locks from the burning, and to quench the holy fire with water. But my father Anchises raised joy-lit eyes to the stars, and uplifted hand and voice to Heaven: "Jove omnipotent, if thou bowest to any prayer, look upon us (we ask no more!), and, if our piety hath merited, then grant us a presage, and confirm these signs!" Scarce had the old man spoken, when thunder pealed with sudden crash on the left, and a falling star shot with gleaming trail through the night amid a flood of radiance. We watched it gliding high over the palace-roof, and gilding its path through heaven, till it sank resplendent in the forests of Ida: the furrowed wake glittered through all its long line, and the region around reeked with sulphur. On this, in truth, my father was overcome, and, lifting himself towards the sky, addressed the gods and adored the hallowed star: "No longer, no longer, will I delay! Gods of my country, I follow, and, where ye lead, there am I! Preserve my

home, preserve my grandson: yours is this omen, and on your godhead Troy rests! For me, I yield and refuse not, my son, to accompany thy flight."

'He ceased, and now the fire through the city was louder in our ears, and the flame rolled a nigher tide. "Then come, dear my father, place thyself on my neck! These shoulders shall hold thee up, nor will such burden oppress me. Let Fortune fall as she will, our peril shall be one and common, our salvation one for both! Little Iulus shall walk at my side, and my wife shall follow our steps at distance. And ye, my henchmen, lend ear to my words. As men go forth from the city, there is a mound and temple of old time to forlorn Ceres, and at its side stands an ancient cypress-tree, that the piety of our fathers hath guarded through many years. To this one station we shall come by diverse paths. Do thou, my sire, take the holy vessels in thy hand, and the Home-gods of our country. For me, who have come from battle so grim and am new from the shedding of blood, it were sin to touch them, till I have laved me in the living stream."

'Thus saying, I spread my broad shoulders and subject neck with the covering of a tawny lion's hide, and stooped beneath my burden. Little Iulus clung to my right, and followed his father with unmatched step, while my spouse came on behind. We travelled through the shadowy places, and I—whom erewhile no volleyed spears, nor Greece massed in fronting battle, could move—now trembled at every breeze, and started at every sound, unnerved and timorous alike for my companion and my burden!

'And now I was nearing the gates, and meseemed I had traversed all my journey, when suddenly a trampling of feet, as we deemed, broke upon our ears, and, peering through

the dark, my sire cried: "My son, my son, flee! They draw nigh: I see the glitter of shields and the gleam of bronze." On this, in my bewilderment, some unfriendly power confounded and snatched away my judgement. For while I threaded the untrodden paths and departed from the highway's familiar line, alas, to crown my sorrow, Creüsa my wife was lost to me—whether, torn away by Fate, she halted, or wandered from the road, or sate her down in weariness, I know not—nor ever after was she restored to these eyes. And I looked not back to her who was gone, nor turned my thought to her, ere we had come to the mound of ancient Ceres and to her sacred dwelling: there, at length, when all were mustered, she alone was lacking and failed comrades, and son, and lord. Whom did my wild censure spare, whether of earth or heaven? What calamity more poignant did I behold in the fallen town? To the care of my friends I committed Ascanius, Anchises my father, and the gods of our Teucrian hearths, and hid them in a winding glade. Myself I sought the city once more and girt me in flashing steel. My resolve stood fast: I would brave all perils anew, return through all Troy-town, and again set my life on the hazard.

'First I took my way to the battlements, and the dim portal of that gate through which I bent my departing steps, and with watchful eye scanned my footprints, as I traced them back through the gloom. Everywhere horror thrilled my soul, and the very silence was fraught with terror. Thence I repaired to my house:—perchance, perchance, she had turned her foot thitherward! The Danaans had streamed within, and were thronging the halls from end to end. Incontinent the devouring fire rolled wind-fanned up to the topmost pinnacles: victory was with the flames, and

the blazing tide raved to the skies. Onward I went, and once more sought Priam's home and the citadel.—And now, in the forlorn colonnades of Juno's sanctuary, chosen warders—Phoenix and curst Ulysses—stood guard over the prey. Thither from all hands they brought and upheaped the treasures of Troy, ravished from burning fanes—hallowed boards, bowls massive with gold, and captive vestments. About them, in long-drawn lines, stood boys and trembling matrons!

'Nay, I dared to send abroad my voice through the night and filled the streets with my cries; and, again and again, from the agony of my heart I called upon Creüsa, and echoed her name in vain.

'As I sought, and, in frenzy, ranged incessant amid the houses of Troy, a tearful vision—the shade of very Creüsa—appeared before my gaze, in semblance greater than I had known. I stood aghast; my hair rose, and my voice clove to my throat. Then so she began to speak, and with these words to assuage my sorrow: "What avails it, my dear lord, to yield indulgence thus great to thy madness of grief? This issue comes not save by the decree of Heaven: it were sin for thee to bear Creüsa hence at thy side, nor does he who reigns in Olympus above assent thereto. Thou shalt sail to long years of exile, thou shalt plough the vast floor of ocean, till thou come to the Western land, where, through the rich fields of a warrior-race, Lydian Tiber flows with his gentle stream. There happiness, and kingship, and a queenly bride, are prepared for thee. Bid thy tears for loved Creüsa be dry! I shall view not the proud seats of Myrmidon or Dolopian: I shall go not as handmaiden to any matron of Greece—I a daughter of Dardanus, I who was wedded to the seed of Venus!—but the great Mother

of Heaven holds me with her in these climes. And now farewell, and cherish thy love for thy son and mine!"

'This said, she left me to my tears and the many words I would fain have spoken, and vanished into thin air. Thrice, then, I strove to throw my arms round her neck: thrice the form, that I clasped in vain, fled through my hands, light as the winds and fleet as the pinions of sleep.—Thus it was that, with night outworn, I beheld my friends again.

'And there, admiring, I found that a vast company of new comrades had streamed to join us—matrons and men, a band mustered for exile, a melancholy folk! From all hands they were come, ready with heart and wealth to seek any land soever, whereto I would lead them over the main. And now the Morning-star was rising over the heights on Ida's crown and ushering in the day, and the Grecian leaguer held the entry of every gate, nor was any hope of succour vouchsafed us. I yielded the struggle, took up my sire, and journeyed to the mountains.

III

'AFTER Heaven's decree had brought low the fortunes of Asia and Priam's guiltless people, after the pride of Ilium was fallen and all Neptune's Troy smouldered in the dust, we were driven by celestial warning in quest of distant exile and untenanted realms: we built our fleet fast beneath Antandros and the hills of Phrygian Ida, knowing not whither Fate was tending, nor where haven should be granted us; and there we gathered our company. Scarce had the first blush of Summer come, and father Anchises was urging me to spread my sails to destiny, when tearfully

I quitted the shores and harbours of my country, and those plains where Troy was once a city. An outcast I fared forth to the deep, with my comrades and my son, my Home-gods and divinities of power.

'Far away lies the War-god's land, and the peoples of its limitless plains (Thracians they who till them), where of yore fierce Lycurgus reigned—bound to Troy by age-long kindness and federate worship, before our star was set. Thither I bore and founded my earliest town on the winding strand, Destiny frowning on my emprize, and named its people by my name—the *Aeneadae*.

'I was paying the holy rites to my mother, Dione's child, and the rest of Heaven, that they might watch over the work begun, and was standing on the beach in act to slay a shining bull to the high King of gods. A mound, it chanced, stood nigh, on whose summit rose cornel-shoots and a myrtle horrent with serried shafts. I approached, and assayed to uproot the verdant growth from its soil, that the leafy boughs might veil my altars, when a sight of fear, passing speech, met my view. For, from the first tree I uptore from its broken roots, trickled gouts of black blood staining the earth with gore. A chill palsy shook my limbs, and my frozen blood curdled with horror. Again I set myself to sunder a second reluctant bough and to probe the lurking mystery; and again from a second bark followed the crimson stream. With many a thought surging through my brain, I paid worship to the rural Nymphs and the sovereign Lord of Battle, warden of the Getic fields, that duly they would prosper this portent and lighten the heavy omen. But when, with greater effort, I assailed the third sapling, with knee pressed against the resisting sand—shall I speak or hold my peace?—a moan laden with tears reached me from the nethermost

mound, and a speaking voice was borne to my ear : " Aeneas, why rendest thou this unhappy frame? Spare the sepultured at last : spare to pollute those dutiful hands ! Troy bore me not an alien to thee, and not alien is the blood that flows from this stem ! Alas, flee this land of cruelty ; flee this shore of covetousness : for I am Polydorus ! Here I lie transfixed, and a forest of steel has encased me and shot forth into trenchant javelins."

' Then, in truth, I stood aghast, my hesitant soul laden with dread : my hair rose, and my voice clove to my throat. This was the Polydorus, whom, in other days, unhappy Priam had secretly sent, with a vast weight of gold, to be nurtured by the Thracian king, what time he began to distrust the Dardan battle, and saw his city beleaguered. He, so soon as Troy's might was shattered and her fortune departed, followed the star of Agamemnon and his victorious powers, severed all sacred ties, slew Polydorus, and laid violent hand on the treasure. O cursed lust of gold, to what canst thou not compel the heart of man !

' When the terror had quitted my breast, I revealed the celestial portent to the chosen princes of the people, and to my sire before all, and besought their counsel. In all there was but one mind : that we should depart from this sin-stained land, abandon this slaughter-house of guests, and admit the breeze to our sails. Therefore we paid new obsequies to Polydorus, heaped earth upon his mound, and raised altars to his ghost, all mournful in dark fillets and gloomy cypresses ; while about them stood the daughters of Ilium, their tresses unloosed, as ritual ordains. We brought to him bowls that foamed with warm milk, and cups of sacrificial blood, laid his spirit in its sepulchre, and called him with the last loud cry.

'Then, so soon as there was faith in the deep, and the winds had lulled the waters, and the gently rustling South called us to the main, my comrades launched our vessels and thronged the strand. Forth from the harbour we voyaged, and lands and cities grew dim.

'There is a sacred country lies in mid-ocean, beloved by the Nereids' mother and Neptune the Aegean's lord, which the dutiful Archer-god, as it strayed round coasts and shores, chained from high Myconos and Gyarus, and granted that it should be a habitation unmoved and should contemn the gales. Thither I bore; and in all peace the island welcomed our weariness in sure haven. Landing, we paid our homage to the city of Apollo. King Anius—king alike over men, and priest of Phoebus—his brows bound with fillet and hallowed laurel, moved to greet us, and in Anchises owned an old-time friend. Host and guest, we clasped hand in hand, and entered his abode.

'In act of worship, I stood before the temple and its venerable stone: "God of Thymbra," I cried, "grant us a home that shall endure, grant the weary their walls, a nation, and an abiding city! Preserve these nascent towers of Troy —these relics of a conquering Greece and a stern Achilles! Who shall be our guide? Whither wilt thou that we go? Where wilt thou that we fix our seat? O father, vouchsafe a sign, and let thy presence fill our souls!"

'Scarce had the words left my lips, when on the instant all things seemed to quiver, the portals and the laurels of the god, and all the hill about shook, and the tripod moaned from the opened shrine. Prone we sank to earth, and a voice was borne to our ears: "Ye stout sons of Dardanus, the land that first bore you from the stock of your sires—that land shall receive your returning feet on its fruitful soil.

Seek ye your mother of old. There the house of Aeneas shall be lord over all climes, and his children's children, and they that shall be born of them!"

'Thus Phoebus, and a wild and tumultuous joy sprang up in our hearts: and all men asked, where was the promised city, whither Apollo called the wanderers and bade them return! Then my father, pondering the legends of old-world men: "Hear," he cried, "ye princes, and know your hopes! In the mid-seas lies an island, Crete, the home of great Jove, where mount Ida stands, and the cradle of our race. There men dwell in a hundred proud cities—a realm most fruitful—and thence Teucer, our first sire, if I recall the tale aright, sailed in the beginning to the Rhoetean shores and chose a place for his kingdom. For not yet had Ilium and the towers of Pergamus arisen, but they dwelt in the lowly valleys. Thence came the Mother, who tenants Cybele, and the Corybants with their cymbals, and the grove of Ida: thence the mysteries' faithful silence, and the yoked lions stooping under the chariot of their Queen. Then come, and, where the behest of Heaven leads, there let us follow. Let us appease the winds, and seek the kingdoms of Gnosus! They are distant no long course: let but Jove be with us, and the third dawn shall see our fleet on the Cretan strand!" He said, and offered due sacrifice on the altars—a bull to Neptune, a bull to thee, fair Apollo; a black lamb to the Storm, a white lamb to the favouring Zephyrs.

'A bruit went forth, that Prince Idomeneus had fled an exile from the realm of his fathers, that the shores of Crete were forsaken, its dwellings void of foes, and an abode standing tenantless to our hand. We left the havens of Ortygia, and flew over the main,—left Naxos and its

bacchante-haunted peaks, green Donysa, Olearos, glittering Paros, and the Cyclades strewn along the deep, and threaded those seas, gemmed with so many an isle. The cry of the sailors rang clear, as they strove in their changing tasks, and my comrades' burden was ever: *Onward to Crete and our forefathers!* A breeze, freshening from the stern, followed us as we went, and at last we rode by the Curetes' immemorial shores.

'Eagerly, then, I built the walls of my chosen city, called it Pergamea, and bade my people, who joyed in their title, love their hearths and rear the high-coped towers. And now the work was almost done: the fleet was beached on the dry strand, wedlock and their new-won domains claimed the care of our youth, and I was assigning laws and dwellings, when suddenly the expanse of heaven was tainted and a wasting malady lighted on the limbs of men, a piteous blight on tree and crop, and a season of death. Part resigned the sweet breath of life, part still wearily dragged their plague-stricken frames: soon the Dog-star was burning the fruitless fields, the grass was athirst, and the sickening corn denied its sustenance. Back to Ortygia's shrine over the remeasured main, was my father's counsel, there to implore grace from Phoebus, and seek what bourne he designed to our languid fortunes, what succour he would bid us assay to our suffering,—whither he would have us bend our course!

'It was night, and sleep possessed all creatures that breathe upon earth, when the holy images and the gods of our Phrygian homes, whom I had borne forth with me from Troy, out of the heart of the flaming town, seemed, as I lay in slumber, to rise before my vision—radiant in the flooding light, where the full-orbed moon streamed through the

inset windows. Then thus they began to speak, and with this utterance to assuage my sorrow: "What Apollo shall tell thee when thou hast voyaged to Delos, he revealeth here; and, lo, he hath sent us unsought to thy threshold! We who have followed thee and thy arms, since our Dardan realm sank in flame, we who under thy ward have gone down to the swelling deep in ships—we shall exalt to the stars thy children hereafter, and we shall bestow empire upon their city. Do thou but build great walls for the great, and abandon not thy long labour of exile! Change thine abode: not these the shores of Delian Apollo's counsel: not Crete the land where he bade thee rest! There is a region that Greece styles Hesperia—a country of old time, strong in battle and of fruitful breast. Oenotrians were they that held it: now, fame tells, a new generation has named the people with the name of their leader—*Italy*. There is our abiding-place: thence sprang Dardanus and father Iasius, from whom our race descends. Tarry not, but rise, and in gladness of heart rehearse this our message indubitable to thy grey-headed sire: that he seek Cortona and the Ausonian soil. Jove denies thee the fields of Crete!"

'Amazed at such vision, amazed at the celestial voice—for it was no sleep, but meseemed I knew their countenance before my countenance, their locks fillet-crowned, and their visage in very presence, and a cold sweat streamed over all my frame—I leapt from my couch, raised voice and hand to heaven, and poured on the hearth my pure libation. This sacrifice rendered, gladly I bore my message to Anchises, and expounded the tale in order. He avouched our doubtful descent and our twofold ancestry, and owned that those ancient lands had enmeshed him in novel error! Then he spoke: "My son, who hast wrestled so long with Troy's

destiny, Cassandra, and none else, foretold me this fortune. For now I remember, she shewed this fate in store for our race; and oft she called on Hesperia, and oft on the kingdoms of Italy. But who should believe that Teucer's people would visit the Hesperian strand? or whom, in those days, could Cassandra among the prophets move? Come, yield we to Phoebus, and follow, at his warning, a wiser course!"

'He said; and rejoicing we all obeyed his word. Once more we resigned our home, and, leaving a remnant, set sail and sped over the great deep in our hollow barques.

'Our fleet had made the high seas, and no land more met the view, but everywhere the sky, and everywhere the main, when a gloomy cloud halted overhead, fraught with night and tempest, and ocean was ruffled by the dark. Straight the winds rolled up the flood, the great waves arose, and we were scattered and flung over the waste of waters. Clouds invested the day, the drenched night blotted out the heavens, and the recurrent levin leapt from its bursting womb. Driven from our course, we staggered through the viewless waters. Palinurus' self avowed that he knew neither day nor night in the firmament, nor could read his path in the mid brine. Three full days, that we knew not from night in the blinding mist, we wandered over the foam, and as many nights with never a star. Only with the fourth dawn we saw land rise at last, revealing hills in the distance and sending up wreaths of smoke. Our sails dropped down; we rose to the oars, and, unlingering, the seamen bent to their toil, scattering the spray and sweeping the blue.

'Delivered from the wave, I found my first welcome on the shores of the Strophads—Strophads they are named by Greece, islands standing in the broad Ionian sea, wherein dwells dire Celaeno with her sisterhood of Harpies, since

the day when the house of Phineus was shut against them, and they fled afraid from their wonted boards. Fellest of abominations, no fiercer plague, minister of Heaven's vengeance, ever lifted head from the Stygian stream. Birds they are, virginal of countenance, foul-bellied, claw-handed, pinched always by the pallor of hunger.

'Thither borne, we entered the harbour; and, lo, we beheld fair herds of kine studding the plains, and bearded flocks warderless along the green. Steel in hand, we assailed them, and called the gods, with Jove himself, to part and lot in the spoil; then, on the winding beach, piled couches, and feasted on the bountiful fare. But, with sudden swoop and horrible, the Harpies were upon us from the hills, their beating wings clanging loud: they plundered our banquet, befouled all with unclean touch, and their ghastly screech was heard amid the noisome stench. Once more, in a long recess under a hollow cliff, we decked our boards and restored the flame to the altars: once more, from a quarter diverse of heaven, the noisy rout issued from ambush,—their talons hovering above the prey, their lips defiling the feast. Then I called to my comrades to take arms, and war on the accursed tribe. As I said, so they did:—laid their swords in the covering grass, and hid their shields from the view. Thus, when the foe descended, shrieking along the sinuous shore, Misenus, observant from a tall cliff, sounded the alarm on brazen horn. On rushed our band, and assayed the strange fray—to mar with the steel those obscene fowls of ocean. But their plumes foiled our strength, their frames our wounds, and incontinent they soared in flight to the skies, leaving their part-devoured prey and revolting trail. Alone Celaeno, prophetess of evil, lit on a skyey crag, and thus the words broke from her soul: "War, even for slain oxen and butchered

steers,—war prepare ye to wage (true seed of Laomedon!) and to banish the guiltless Harpies from their native kingdom? Then hear this my saying, and let it sink into your souls: What the Father omnipotent foretold to Phoebus, and Phoebus Apollo to me, that do I, eldest of the Furies, reveal to you. That ye may reach Italy ye sail the seas and ye invoke the winds. To Italy ye shall go, and ye shall enter her havens: but never shall ye wall the promised city, till the curse of hunger and the sin of your onslaught on us shall constrain you to grind with your teeth your half-eaten boards!" She said, and on fugitive pinion soared again to the woods. For my comrades, their blood froze with the chill of sudden terror; their spirits fell, and they urged me no more to seek peace at point of sword, but by vows and prayers. And father Anchises, his palms outstretched from the shore, called upon sovereign Heaven, and enjoined meet sacrifice: "Ye gods, thwart their menace; avert such disaster, and of your grace preserve the pious!" He ceased, and bade sunder the rope from the strand and shake loose the sheets. The South swelled our sails, and we sped over the foaming waves, whither wind and steersman called our course. And now, in the midmost flood, tree-crowned Zacynthus rose to view, and Dulichium, and Samê, and Neritus, craggy and tall. We fled the rocks of Ithaca, where Laertes reigned, and cursed the region that fostered pitiless Ulysses. Soon the cloud-capped peaks of Mount Leucata opened on our sight, and their Apollo, the mariner's dread; to whose shrine we sailed outworn, and came to a little city. Anchor was flung from prow, and our barques stood ranged on the beach.

'Thus, our feet at length on unhoped soil, we purified ourselves in honour of Jove, lit the altars with votive fires,

and made merry the Actian strand with our Ilian games. Stripped and sleek with oil, my men plied their country's wrestling: and there was joy in the thought that scatheless we had passed so many a city of Greece, and had won our way through the heart of the foe.

'Meanwhile the sun circled the great year, and icy Winter began to ruffle the waves under his northern blasts. A buckler of hollow bronze, borne once by giant Abas, I nailed to the fronting doors, with a verse to note my deed—*These arms Aeneas from victorious Greece*—then bade my comrades quit the haven and seat themselves on the thwarts. Zealously they smote the main, and swept the watery level: and anon the towering Phaeacian hills were vanished, and we skirted the shores of Epirus, entered the Chaonian harbour, and drew to Buthrotum's high city.

'There a tale, surpassing credence, assailed our ears:—how Helenus, Priam's son, reigned over Grecian towns, lord of Aeacian Pyrrhus' bride and sceptre, and Andromache had passed again to a compatriot spouse! I was lost in amaze, and my heart burned with strange yearning to win speech of my friend and knowledge of this mysterious chance. Leaving fleet and shore behind, I went forth from the haven, at the hour, as it fell, when, in a great grove before the town, by the wave of a counterfeit Simoïs, Andromache was offering the wonted feast and her libation of sorrow to dust and ashes, calling on the dead by Hector's grave,—a tenantless mound of green turf that she had consecrated to him with two altars, to her a well-spring of tears. When she descried my coming, and, distraught, saw Trojan steel about her, fear-stricken at the marvellous vision, she froze in mid gaze, and the warmth forsook her limbs. Swooning she sank, and hardly, at long last, spoke: "A veritable form—a veritable messenger—

dost thou come to me, goddess-born ? Livest thou ? Or, if the kindly light hath left thee, where is Hector? " She said, and melted in tears, and her wailing filled all the place around. To her frenzy of sorrow scarce I made brief response, and, confused, unlocked my lips in broken accents : " I live indeed, and draw out my life through all extremity of evil. Forbear to doubt : thy vision belies thee not ! Alas, what estate receives thee, fallen from such a spouse? or what fortune, meet for her, smiles once more on Hector's Andromache? Bride of Pyrrhus endurest thou yet? " She cast down her eyes, and answered with faint voice : " O happy, sole above all, Priam's virgin daughter, whom they doomed to die by her foeman's grave under the towers of Troy,—who bare not the lot's arbitrament, nor, captive, knew the couch of a tyrant conqueror ! We sailed over distant seas from the ashes of our country : in servitude and motherhood, we bowed to the insolence of youth and the pride of Achilles' seed ; till, suitor for a Spartan bridal, he turned to Leda's Hermione, and passed me to Helenus,—slave mated with slave. But him Orestes, aflame for his stolen bride and goaded by the Furies of his guilt, ambushed and slew by his father's altar. Pyrrhus dead, part of his realm duly fell to Helenus, who named these plains *Chaonian*, and *Chaonia* all the land, from Chaon of Troy ; and Pergamus is this Ilian tower that he has set upon the cliff. But thou—what winds, what fates, have wafted thy course? or what god has driven thee unknowing to our shores? What of child Ascanius, whom to thee erstwhile at Troy . . . .? Lives he yet? Breathes he yet the upper air? Aeneas and Hector—sire and uncle—do their names spur him to the valour of his line and the spirit of manhood? " Thus her words flowed and her tears fell ; and ever and again she broke into long agonies of weeping,

when, lo, from the city-walls came hero Helenus, Priam's son, amid a great retinue, and knew us for his countrymen, and gladly led us to the palace, with eyes streaming at every word.

'On I went, and saw a little Troy, a Pergamus mimicking the great, and a waterless brook styled Xanthus, and embraced the portals of a Scaean gate. Nor meanwhile had my Teucrians less joy of their sister city. The king gave them welcome in his ample colonnades: goblet in hand, they made libation of wine in the central hall, and the feast was set on gold.

'And now a day, and a second day were sped; the breezes wooed our sails, and our canvass was big with the swelling South, when thus questioning I bespoke the seer: "Thou son of Troy, interpreter of god to man, who art cognizant of Phoebus' power, of the tripods and the bays of Claros' lord, who readest the stars, and the speech of birds, and the message of their presaging wing, speak, I prithee,—for fair was every voice of Heaven that declared my course, and every god gave celestial counsel, that I seek Italy and assay her distant shores; alone the Harpy Celaeno forebodes a strange portent unutterable, and denounces the terrors of vengeance and the horrors of famine,—speak and say: What perils first shall I shun? or what guidance shall avail me to cope with labours thus arduous?" Then Helenus first implored the peace of Heaven with ritual sacrifice of steers, loosed the fillets of his consecrated brows, and himself led me by the hand, thrilled with the presence of deity, to those portals, Phoebus, of thine: then, from his priestly lips, spoke inspired:

'"Goddess-born, clear is the warrant that under auspices most high thou sailest the flood: for thus it is that the King of gods allots the fates and ordains their succession, and thus

the cycle revolves. Few things, therefore, out of many, my word shall reveal to thee, that so with the greater safety thou mayest traverse the stranger seas and find rest in Ausonia's haven. What remains the Sisters forbid Helenus to know, and Saturnian Juno seals his lips. And, first, that Italy, which even now in ignorance thou deemest at hand, thinking to enter a neighbouring port, a far path and pathless estranges from these our far realms. Your oars shall be bent in the Sicilian wave, your barques shall traverse the floor of the Ausonian main, and view the ghostly lake and the isle of Aeaean Circe, ere it be thine to build a sure city in a safe land. I will give thee tokens, and hold thou them treasured in thy mind: When, in an hour of trouble, thou shalt find by the waters of a sequestered stream a huge sow recumbent under the holms by the river's brim, with a litter of thirty heads,—white as she reclines on earth, and white the young at her teats,—there shall be the site of thy town, there shall thy travailings surely cease. And fear not the boards whereat ye shall gnaw: the Fates will find a way, and Apollo come to your call But these lands, and the strip of Italian shore laved by the tides of our sea, shun thou: not a city but is habited by our enemies of Greece! There the Locrians of Naryx have built their ramparts, and Lyctian Idomeneus beset the Sallentine plains with spearmen: there is the seat of Philoctetes, Meliboea's prince,—little Petelia leaning on her wall. More, when thy fleet shall have made its passage across the waters and come to station, and, altars raised, thou payest thy vows on the strand, veil thy locks in covering of a purple cloak, that no hostile form may break upon the holy fires, in the worship of Heaven, and trouble the omens. This mode of sacrifice observe both thou and thy comrades, and by this rite let thy children's children devoutly

abide. But when, on departure, the gales shall waft thee to the shore of Sicily, and the straits of narrow Pelorus broaden on the view, then seek—long though the circuit—the land on thy left and the seas on thy left, but eschew the coast to the right and its waters. These regions, men tell, in other days sprang asunder, convulsed with violent ruin and vast, though then either land was one and continuous: thus puissant for change are the ageing centuries! The main came surging between: its waves severed Hesperia's strand from Sicily's; and betwixt fields and cities, apart on confronting coasts, it flowed with narrow tide. Scylla guards the right: on the left is insatiate Charybdis; and thrice, day by day, in the lowest eddies of her abysm, she sucks the mountainous billows sheer down, and disgorges them alternating to the light, scourging the stars with spray. But Scylla a cavern confines in viewless ambush, whence oft she darts forth her mouths, and draws ships upon her crags. Above she wears a human face, to her waist a maiden with beauteous breast: below she is an ocean-monster, with dolphin-tails linked to her wolf-encircled belly. Better, lingering, to make Trinacrian Pachynus thy goal, and round it to bend thy winding course, than once to have looked on grisly Scylla in her drear cave, and those cliffs echoing to her sea-hounds' bay! Farther, if any foresight dwell in Helenus, if any credence be due to his seerdom, if Apollo fill his mind with truth, one charge, o goddess-born,—one charge in lieu of all,—I will lay upon thee, and again, and yet again, admonish thee: To sovereign Juno's divinity let thy first prayers ascend, to Juno chant thy willing prayers, and overcome her imperial soul by thy suppliant offerings! This do, and at length thou shalt quit Trinacria, the victory won, and gain the confines of Italy. And when, thither voyaged, thou shalt approach the Cymaean walls, and the

mystic lakes, and Avernus, loud with murmuring forests, thou shalt behold the frenzied prophetess, who sings the behests of Fate deep beneath her crag and commits to leaves the written word. And every prophetic verse that the maid inscribes thereon she ranges in due succession and leaves secluded in her cavern. Motionless they hold their station, and quit not their sequence: but when, on turning of the hinge, a breath of air has lit upon them, and the swinging door disturbed their light foliage, never more has she care to capture them as they flit through her cavern, nor to restore their ranks, nor to order her songs; but the questioner departs unanswered and curses the Sibyl's shrine. Count not thou the hours there lavished over-precious,—though thy comrades murmur, though the voyage urge thy sails to the main, and occasion be thine to fill thy sheets with a fair breeze,—but approach the prophetess and entreat her oracles with prayer, that herself she will utter her presages, and deign to unclose her lips in speech. She will reveal to thee the peoples of Italy, and the wars that shall be, and how thou mayest flee or abide each trial; and, duly besought, she will grant thee a favouring course.—Such the warnings that this voice of mine may give thee. Go thou, and let thy prowess exalt Troy in might to the stars!"

'When the seer's kindly lips had so spoken, next he commanded that gifts, ponderous with gold and carven ivory, should be borne to the ships, and burdened our holds with massive silver and caldrons of Dodona,—a hauberk, of linked mail and triple tissue of gold, and a casque with cone and waving plume, accoutrement once of Neoptolemus. My sire, also, had guerdons of his own. He gave us steeds, and he gave us guides: he completed the tale of our rowers, and my crews he equipped with arms.

'Meanwhile Anchises was bidding us hoist sail on the fleet, that the fair-blowing wind might not meet delay. Whom thus, with all reverence, the minister of Phoebus bespoke: "Anchises,—thou who wast honoured by Venus' high wedlock, thou the care of Heaven, the twice rescued from a fallen Troy,—behold Ausonia's land! Let thy sails hasten to possession! Yet this shore it behoves thee to skirt and quit not the wave; that region of Italy is afar, which Apollo reveals. Go", he said, "blest in thy son's love! Why proceed my words, and impede the freshening breezes?"

'Nor less Andromache, all in sorrow for our last parting, brought robes figured with embroidery of gold, and a Phrygian mantle—equal its splendour!—for Ascanius; loaded him with presents from her loom, and so spoke: "Receive these also, child, that they may be memorials of my hands to thee and bear witness to the undying love of Andromache, Hector's wife! Take the last gifts of thy kindred, o thou the sole semblance that is left me of my Astyanax! Such were his eyes, such his hands, such his mien; and now in like years he would be growing with thee to manhood!"

'With welling tears, I addressed them in act to go: "Live and be happy: the course of your fortune is run, while we are summoned from fate to fate! Ye have won your peace: ye have no watery plains to cleave; ye have no Ausonian fields, ever vanishing, to seek. Your eyes look on a mimic Xanthus, and a Troy that your hands have builded,—builded, my prayer is, under kindlier auspices, and better shielded from Greece! If ever I shall enter Tiber, and the plains that verge on Tiber, and behold the walls promised to my people, thereafter, from our kindred cities and neighbouring nations, Epirot and Hesperian,—who share a common author in Dardanus and a common lot,—we will fashion

one Troy single-souled: and may that care await our children!"

'Onward along the deep we fared past the nigh Ceraunian cliffs, whence the way leads to Italy and the voyage is briefest across the foam. Meantime the sun fell, and the shadows darkened on the hills. So soon as the lot had chosen who should abide by the oars, we laid us down by the waves, on the breast of the welcome earth, and all along the waterless strand rested our frames, while the dews of sleep sprinkled the limbs of the weary. Nor yet had Night, driven by the Hours, ascended to her mid sphere, when Palinurus, undelaying, started from his couch and explored every breeze, and listened to every breath of air. All the stars he observed, that floated in the silent firmament,—Arcturus, and the rainy Hyads, and the twin Bears,—and he gazed on Orion in his panoply of gold. When he saw that all was calm in the cloudless sky, he sounded his clear signal-note from the stern: we removed our camp, assayed our journey, and unfurled the winged sails.

'And now the stars were fled, and the Dawn rose blushing, when we descried the dim, distant hills and lowly coast of Italy. *Italy*, Achates cried the foremost: *Italy*, the crews shouted in joyful acclaim. Then father Anchises wreathed a mighty bowl in a chaplet, filled it with wine, and called upon Heaven, as he stood aloft on the poop: "Ye gods of ocean and earth, ye lords of the tempest, send us a smooth voyage before the wind, and breathe on us with gracious breath!" The gales freshened to his prayer: the haven, closer now, opened clear to our gaze, and we saw a shrine to Minerva on the cliff. The mariners furled sail, and turned their stems to the strand. There a roadstead sweeps curving from the eastern wave in semblance of a bow:

invisible itself, before it stand rocks foaming with salt spray, while turreted crags stretch arms of stone like a double wall to the beach, and the temple recedes from the sea. Here, for our first omen, I saw four coursers on the sward, browsing at large through the plain, all white as the snow. Then Anchises my sire: "War, o stranger land, is thy offering: for war is the steed armed, and war these steeds menace! Yet the same four-footed kind is wont, in time, to stoop to the chariot and to bear yoke and bit in concord: hope there is of peace also!" Then we prayed to the sacred power of steel-clashing Pallas, who first had received us in triumph, veiled our heads before her altars in Phrygian cloak, and, obedient to the precepts of Helenus, that he gave expressly, kindled duly the sacrifice prescribed to Argive Juno. Without delay, so soon as our vows were paid in order, seaward we turned the horns of our canvass-spread yards, and quitted the dwellings of the children of Greece and their mistrusted soil. Next we descried the bay of Tarentum—Hercules' town, if Fame speaks truth—while over against it rose the goddess of Lacinium, and the hills of Caulon, and Scylaceum, the home of shipwreck. Soon, on the horizon, Sicilian Aetna appeared towering above the flood, and we heard from far the giant moaning of ocean, the crags sea-scourged, and broken murmurings along the beach, as the waters leapt up and the surf embroiled the sands. Then father Anchises: "Surely here is Charybdis: these are the cliffs, these the awful rocks of Helenus' burden! Save yourselves, comrades, and rise in unison to your oars!" As he commanded, so they did, and foremost Palinurus turned his griding prow to the waters on the left; and to the left swung all our company under stress of oar and sail. On the crested billows we were tossed to the skies, and again, with the receding wave, we

sank to the Shades beneath. Thrice the cliffs roared among their rocky caverns, and thrice we saw the foam upheaved and the stars bedewed with spray.

'Meanwhile breeze and sun abandoned our weariness, and, in ignorance of the course, we drifted to the Cyclops' shores. There a haven lies, unapproached and unshaken by the winds, and spacious indeed: but hard at hand Aetna thunders with hideous ruin, and now hurls skyward dark clouds, fuming with pitchy tempest and white embers, and uplifts globes of lambent flame flickering to the stars,—now belches aloft rocks and her mountain-entrails uptorn, flings, moaning, to day masses of molten boulders, and seethes up from her uttermost deeps. Under that pile, Fame tells, lies whelmed the frame of Enceladus, scathed by the thunderbolt, while vast Aetna, set above him, breathes fire from her bursting furnaces; and—oft as he turns his weary side—all Sicily trembles and murmurs, and the heavens are veiled in smoke. All night long we lay under shrouding forests, enduring those dread portents, nor beheld the cause of the sound. For the stars had kindled not their lamps, and the pole shone not with its empyreal lights, but clouds lowered over a sable sky, and midnight prisoned the moon in mist.

'And now the second day was rising with renascent morn, and Aurora had withdrawn the weeping shades from the firmament, when suddenly from the woods there issued the strange form of an unknown man, lean with the extremity of famine, and piteously clad; and, suppliant, he stretched his palms to the shore. We turned to gaze. His squalor was foul, his beard hung down, and thorns clasped his vesture; yet in all else he was a Greek, and once he had sailed with his country's battle to Troy! When he saw from afar

our Dardan habit and Trojan harness, for a while, fear-stricken at such sight, he stood rooted to earth and checked his step, then rushed precipitate to the strand, weeping and praying: "By the stars, by the gods, and by this light of heaven that ye breathe, I adjure you, Teucrians,—receive me! Take me to any land soever: it will suffice. I know that I am one from the Danaan fleet: I own that I bore sword against your Ilian hearths. For which—if so black be the guilt of my crime—scatter my limbs to the waves, and sink me in the unfathomed deep. If I die, it will be good to die by the hand of man!"

'He ceased, and clung to us, clasping our knees, and prone at our knees. We bade him declare his name, the lineage whence he was sprung, and to reveal what malice of fortune had pursued him since then. My father Anchises delayed not long, ere he proffered his hand to the youth, and re-assured him by that potent pledge. He, his terror at length assuaged, thus began:

'"I am a henchman of Ulysses, the evil starred,—Ithaca my country, Achaemenides my name,—and I sailed for Troy from the poverty of Adamastus my sire. And oh that my fortune had so remained! Here, while hastily they fled from that merciless threshold, my comrades, oblivious, abandoned me in the vast Cyclopian cave—a house of blood and murderous feastings, sunless within and immeasurable. Its giant lord towers to the stars—may Heaven sweep that scourge from earth!—and no eye may lightly behold him, nor any tongue accost him. His food is the flesh and black gore of miserable men. Myself I saw how, supine in the heart of his den, he seized in huge hand two of our number, and broke them upon the rocks till the crimsoned floor swam in blood: I saw how he champed their members, streaming

with red corruption, while the warm flesh quivered under his teeth. Yet not without requital! Ulysses brooked not that deed; and, in the extremity of evil, the Ithacan was still himself! For when, satiate with feasting and buried in drunkenness, he pillowed his drooping neck and lay along the cavern in monstrous length, disgorging in his slumbers foul humours and gobbets of meat commingled with blood and wine, we prayed to high Heaven and allotted each man his office; then from every hand streamed upon him, one and all, and with pointed weapon pierced the eye that lurked, single and enormous, under his stern brow, like buckler of Argos or orb of Phoebus! And thus, in the end, we avenged in triumph the spirits of our companions.—But flee, ye unhappy band,—flee and sunder cable from strand! For in fierceness and stature like to Polyphemus, as he pens the fleecy herds in the hollows of his cavern and drains their udders, dwell a hundred more of the accursed Cyclopian kind, scattered here and there by this sinuous beach or roaming the mountain-tops. The third crescent of the moon is already filling with radiance, and I still drag out my days in the forests amid forlorn lairs and dwellings of wild beasts, scanning from a cliff the towering Cyclops, and trembling at their voice and the sound of their feet. The boughs yield me a sorry sustenance of berries, and stony cornels and uprooted herbs are my food. Though I watched all, not till now I beheld this fleet drawing to the shore, and to this—prove what it might!—I devoted myself. Enough to have fled that godless race! Destroy ye this life—better so!—by what death soever ye will!"

'Scarce had he spoken, when we saw, on the mountain-summit, shepherd Polyphemus himself, moving in huge bulk and tending to the familiar strand,—a monster fearful and

hideous, vast and eyeless. A pine-trunk governed his hand and strengthened his step, and with him went his fleecy ewes,—sole joy and solace they of his ill! So soon as he touched the deep waves and was come to ocean, he laved therein the blood streaming from his gouged eye, and strode through the flood, now at mid tide; nor yet had the billows wetted his giant flanks. With the eagerness of fear, we hastened our flight far thence, received the suppliant who had merited so, and in silence severed the cable; then, prone, swept the main with emulous oar. He heard, and turned his foot toward the sound of the signal. But when power was denied him to lay hand on us, and his pursuit availed not to cope with the Ionian rollers, he lifted his voice in a mighty cry, at which the deep and all its waves shook, and Italy trembled to the heart, and Aetna moaned in her winding caverns. But the Cyclopian brood rushed at his summons from the woods and tall hills down to the haven, and thronged the shores. There we saw the Aetnean brotherhood—with eyes glaring and heads aloft to the skies—standing in vain, a conclave of fear:—even so stand heaven-challenging oaks on some mountain peak, or cone-bearing cypresses—a towering forest to Jove, or a grove to Dian. The spurs of dread urged my comrades headlong to fling the sheets loose for any course soever, and to fill their canvass with the earliest breeze that offered. On the other hand, the command of Helenus warned them that they should hold not their way betwixt Scylla and Charybdis—where the passage betwixt either lay a hand's breadth removed from death. Thus our resolve was taken to set sail back once more, when, lo, the North came blowing from the straits of Pelorus! Past Pantagia's mouth and its living rock, past the Megarian gulf and lowly Thapsus, I voyaged, while Achaemenides, hench-

man of Ulysses the evil-starred, pointed each coast, as returning he skirted again the region of his wanderings.

'Stretched before the Sicanian bay lies an island, fronting wave-beat Plemmyrium,—Ortygia styled by an earlier race. Thither, as Fame witnesses, Alpheus, Elis' stream, won his secret way under the foam, and now at the lips, Arethusa, of thy fountain, mingles with the Sicilian wave. So commanded, we paid our homage to the high powers of the place, and thence I passed the bountiful soil of stagnant Helorus. Anon we grazed the tall cliffs and beetling rocks of Pachynus, and far away Camarina—by behest of Fate, unstirred for ever —rose before our eyes, with the plains of Gela, and great Gela herself, named with the name of her stream. Soon the steep of Acragas—sire of gallant steeds in the years to come! —revealed its stately walls in the distance. And thee, palm-crowned Selinus, I left with a heaven-sent breeze, and skirted the Lilybean shallows and the perils of their ambushed reefs; till the haven and joyless strand of Drepanum received me. There, buffeted by so many a tempest of ocean, I lost, alas, my father Anchises, my stay in all sorrow and calamity. There, kindliest of parents, didst thou abandon my weariness, saved in vain—ay me!—from dangers so stern! Nor did prophet Helenus, when he rehearsed his tale of horrors, nor dire Celaeno foreshow this agony. This was the crown of my sorrows, this the goal of my long pilgrimage, and thence, when I parted, a god drave me on your shores.'

Thus, sole amid listening ears, father Aeneas told his tale, unfolded the decrees of Heaven, and his voyagings: then at length was mute, and, here ending, ceased.

IV

BUT the queen, stricken long ere this by the pangs of love, fostered the wound in her veins and pined under the secret flame. Full often the hero's worth, full often the glories of his line, came coursing back on her soul: deep-fixed in her breast clung his lineaments and words, and longing withheld the peace of sleep from her limbs.

The morrow's dawn had removed the weeping shades from the firmament, and was revisiting earth with Phoebus' torch, when thus, as the madness wrought on her brain, she spoke to the sister who was heart of her heart: 'Sister Anna, what visions of the night bewilder and appal me! Who is this stranger guest that is come under our roof? With what gallant mien he bears him! How stout of spirit and arms! For me, I believe—nor believe in vain—that he springs of celestial lineage. Fear argues the base-born soul. Ay me, through what storms of fate he has struggled! What wars he recounted, endured to the end! Were not the resolve rooted in my soul, steadfast and motionless, never more to ally me with any man in the nuptial bond, since my earliest love proved traitor and deceived me with death,—were I not utterly weary of bridal chamber and bridal torch, perchance I might have yielded to this one frailty! Anna,—for avow it I will,—since the day when my hapless consort Sychaeus died, and our hearth was bedewed with the blood that a brother spilt, he alone has swayed my sense and assailed my purpose till it totters. I feel again a spark of that ancient flame: but I would pray that rather Earth yawning to her base may engulf me or the almighty Father smite me to the shades with his thunderbolt—to

the pallid shades of Erebus and the nether midnight—ere, Chastity, I violate thee or annul thy laws! He who first bound me to himself is departed with all my love: let him keep it with himself and cherish it in his tomb!' Thus she said, and the starting tears laved her bosom.

Anna made response: 'O dearer than the light to thy sister, wilt thou mourn in solitude and wither away through all the days of thy youth, and know not the sweetness of children nor the guerdons of love? Thinkest thou that dust and the sepulchred dead reck of constancy? What though no suitor have yet touched thy wasted heart—not in Libya, nor, before Libya, in Tyre? What though Iarbas be scorned, and those princes else that the Afric soil, victory-fraught, doth nurture? Wilt thou combat love, even when love pleases? And comes not the thought to thy mind, in whose realms thou art settled? On this hand the Gaetulian cities with their unconquered peoples hem thee round: on that, a region parched and forlorn, and Barcaeans raging far and near. Why speak of the wars that impend from Tyre, or the menace of our brother? For me, I believe that under the authority of Heaven and the grace of Juno these Ilian barques have held their course hither before the breeze. How fair, my sister, shalt thou behold this city arise, and this empire, by such alliance! With the swords of Troy at our call, to what pinnacle of power shall the glory of Carthage ascend! Do thou but implore the favour of Heaven, and, when the gracious rites are paid, give scope to thy welcome and weave plea upon plea for delay, while the tempest and watery Orion rave their fill upon the main—while his fleet is shaken and the sky may not yet be braved!'

Her words fired the queen's soul with the flame of a great desire, gave hope to her doubting mind, and broke the

restraints of shame. First they approached the shrine, and from altar to altar sought peace. They offered ewes, duly chosen, to Ceres the Giver of Law, to Phoebus and father Lyaeus, and before all to Juno, mistress of the marriage-tie. Herself, in radiant loveliness, goblet in hand, Dido poured the wine fairly betwixt the horns of a shining steer, or paced by the laden altars before the presence of deity, hallowed the day with sacrifice, and—her eager gaze fixed on some victim's opened breast—sought counsel of the quivering heart. Alas for the blind soul of the seer! What availed vows and fanes to her frenzy? All that while the subtle flame was devouring her marrow, and the unspoken wound lurking and living deep in her breast!

Fire-consumed, the unhappy Dido roved brain-sick through all the town, like a doe when the arrow has found its goal,—a doe, whom, careless amid her Cretan glades, some shepherd in weaponed pursuit has pierced from afar, and left, unknowing, the winged steel in her flank: she, in fugitive course, ranges Dicte's forests and lawns, but the mortal reed clings fast in her flank.—Now she would lead Aeneas at her side through the city's heart, and show him the wealth of Sidon and the walls built to his hand, then begin to speak and in mid utterance grow mute. Now, with declining day, she would seek the self-same banquet, pray once more in her folly to hear the travail of Troy, and once more hang on his moving lips. Then, when the guests were parted, when the dim moon was shrouding her light in turn, and the setting stars advised to sleep, she mourned forlorn in the solitary hall and clung to the couch he had left—hearing him and seeing him, though he was afar and she was afar. Or, enthralled by the sire imaged in the child, she would hold Ascanius to her breast, in hope to beguile the love that

she might not utter. The towers begun rose no more, the youth resigned the practice of arms, and built neither haven nor sure rampart for the day of battle: the disused works hung idle, and the giant menace of the walls, and the fabric evened with the skies!

So soon as Jove's loved consort was ware that the queen was possessed by thus dire a malady, and that thought of her womanly fame could no more retard her passion, so speaking the child of Saturn accosted Venus: 'Fair, in all truth, the renown, and ample the spoils that ye win, thou and thy boy,—that great and glorious deity!—when one woman falls under the wiles of two gods! Nor deem that it escapes me, how, in dread of my city, thou hast held in mistrust the hospitable hearths of stately Carthage. But what shall be the term? or what skills now this bitterness of strife? Were it not better done to establish an eternal peace and a marriage-pact? What thou soughtest with all thy soul, that thou hast: Dido loves and burns, and has caught the madness in her blood! Then let us rule this people in common with joint sovereignty: be it hers to serve a Phrygian lord, and, in lieu of dowry, to commit her Tyrians to thy right hand!'

To her—aware that she had spoken with feigned intent, seeking to draw the empire of Italy to her Libyan coasts—thus Venus, answering, began: 'What folly could spurn such offer, or choose rather to battle against thee?—if only, as thou sayest, Fortune shall attend our deed! But I wander uncertain of Fate's decree, whether it be the will of Jove that a single city should enfold the Tyrians and them that have sailed from Troy,—whether he would see the nations mingled and alliance joined between them. Thou art his spouse: for thee it is meet to assay his mind by prayer. Advance, and I will follow!' Then imperial Juno took the word:

'That task rest with me! Now lend ear, while, in brief, I expound the mode by which we may achieve our pressing purpose. Aeneas and with him the stricken Dido prepare to follow the woodland chase, so soon as the morrow's Sun shall display his orient flames and his rays uncurtain earth. On them, while the bustling riders spread their toils round the forest lawns, I will pour from heaven a darkening rain-cloud with hail commingled, and rouse the startled skies with thunder. Their train shall scatter and flee, and be lost to view in the gathering gloom; and Dido and her Trojan prince shall come to the self-same cave. There I will be, and—thy compliance assured—I will join them in stable wedlock and consign her to him for ever. Such shall be their bridal!' Unresisting, Cythera's queen yielded assent to her suit, and smiled at the discovered ruse.

Meanwhile Dawn rose and abandoned Ocean. Under the nascent beam, the chosen chivalry streamed through the gates: nets of wide mesh, snares, and broad-pointed hunting spears were there; Massylian horsemen came spurring forth, and hounds keen-scented and strong. At the palace-door the Punic lords awaited their queen, who lingered in her chamber; while her palfrey stood resplendent in purple and gold, and proudly champed the foaming bit. At last she came in the midst of her thronging retinue, clothed in a mantle of Sidon with embroidered hem,—of gold her quiver, gold-bound her tresses, and golden the buckle that clasped her purple robe! Nor less the Phrygian squires and joyous Iulus advanced in her train. Himself, fair beyond all the rest, Aeneas entered the troop by her side, and joined his company to hers. Such as Apollo is when he deserts his wintry Lycian and the streams of Xanthus to visit his mother's Delos, and there renews the dance, while Cretan and Dryop

and painted Agathyrsian revel banded about his altars; but himself he walks the peaks of Cynthus, confining with plastic hand his streaming locks in delicate leaves and entwining gold, and the quiver rattles upon his shoulder:—so, with tread light as his, moved Aeneas, and beauty as glorious shone on his peerless countenance!

When they had reached the high hills and trackless brakes, lo, wild goats, ousted from their rocky eminence, came running down the slope; while elsewhere stags were speeding apace over the open plain, rallying in flight their dusty squadrons, and abandoning their mountains. But, in the heart of the valleys, young Ascanius, exultant on mettled steed, passed at full speed now these and now those, and prayed that among those craven herds some foam-covered boar might be granted to his vow, or a tawny lion descend from his hill.

Meantime a sullen murmuring confounded the skies, and there followed a flood of rain with hail commingled. The Tyrian squires, the Trojan chivalry, and the Dardan child of Venus' son, scattered in terror and sought diverse refuge throughout the fields; and the torrents rushed from the heights. Dido and her Trojan prince came to the self-same cave. Primeval Earth and presiding Juno gave the sign. The lightnings and conscious ether flashed on their bridal, and the Nymphs cried acclaim from the mountain-summits. That day was the first source of death, the first of disaster! For now Dido was moved by no censure of eye or tongue, and she dreamed no more of a furtive love: but marriage she styled it, and the name was cloak to her frailty!

Incontinent Fame sped through the great cities of Libya —Fame, swiftest created of evil things. Nurtured by motion, at every step she gathers strength,—timorous and

small at birth; but soon she towers to the stars, and hides her head within the clouds. Her, as men tell, her parent Earth, stung with ire against Heaven, brought forth, latest sister to Coeus and Enceladus, fleet of foot and rapid pinion, a monster huge and horrible: and for every plume that bedecks her frame—hear and wonder!—an eye holds vigil beneath, a tongue and a mouth give voice, and an ear starts up to listen. By night she flits shrieking through the dusk betwixt sky and earth, nor declines her eyes in gentle sleep: by day she sits sentinel on the summit of a roof or stately tower, and affrights great cities,—lover of the false and evil no less than herald of truth! In those days she began exultant to fill the nations with motley rumour and to blazon alike the done and the undone:—how Aeneas was come, a scion of Trojan line, with whom as consort the lovely Dido disdained not to mate, and now they were whiling the livelong winter away in mutual dalliance, oblivious of their realms and captive to shameful passion. This news the loathly goddess scattered abroad in the mouths of men; then straight turned her course to king Iarbas, incensed his soul with her word, and added rage to rage.

He, offspring of Ammon by a ravished Garamantid Nymph, had reared a hundred vast temples, a hundred altars, to Jove in his broad domains: there he had hallowed the Fire, watcher eternal of the gods,—had hallowed the soil fattened by the blood of oxen, and the portals blossoming with garlands of thousand hues. Distraught in soul, and fired by that bitter rumour, they tell, he stood before the altars full in the presence of Heaven, and, suppliant with lifted palms, much entreated Jove: 'Almighty Jupiter, in whose honour the Maurusian people, feasting on broidered couches, now pour libation of the grape, beholdest thou these

deeds? O my father, when thou hurlest thy bolts do we tremble in vain? Are thy cloud-fires, that terrify our hearts, blind, and vain their promiscuous roar? This woman—this wanderer in our territory—who founded her little town at a price, to whom we assigned a strip of our coast to plough, and gave her sovereignty over its soil, has spurned our alliance and taken Aeneas to her throne—her lord and paramour! And now this second Paris with his eunuch retinue, his chin and essenced love-locks bound with turban of Lydia, joys in his conquest, while we, forsooth, bear gifts to thy altars and foster thy bootless glory!'

As so speaking he prayed, hand upon altar, the Omnipotent heard, and inclined his gaze to the royal walls and the lovers dead to thought of their fairer fame; then spoke to Mercury, and gave him such mandate: 'Hasten, my son, and go! Call the Zephyrs and wing thee earthward: accost the Dardan prince who now dallies in Tyrian Carthage nor regards the city of Fate's gift; and bear down my charge through the fleet airs. Not such his fairest mother promised him to us, nor to such end twice rescued him from the Grecian sword; but she deemed that in him was one who should rule Italy, fraught with empire and fierce in battle,—who should perpetuate a line from the proud blood of Teucer, and bring the wide world under his sway. If all the glory of that destiny avails not to fire him, and he assumes not the burden himself for his own renown, does the father begrudge Ascanius the towers of Rome? What devising, or what hoping, tarries he in a hostile nation, nor regards his Ausonian progeny and the Lavinian fields? Let him sail! This is the sum! Herein be thou herald of ourself!'

He ceased: the son prepared to obey the command of his mighty sire. And first he bound on his feet the sandals of

gold that bear him in aery flight, whether over ocean or over earth, swift as the rushing blast, then took his wand—that wand wherewith he summons the pale spirits from Orcus, banishes others to the gloom of Tartarus, gives slumber and withholds, and unseals the death-glazed eye. On this reliant he drove the gales before him, and floated through the troubled clouds. And now, onward flying, he beheld the peak and towering flanks of stout Atlas,—Atlas, whose pine-crowned head, encircled by sable clouds, the winds and rains lash eternally,—whose shoulders the drifted snow mantles, while torrents fall sheer from his aged cheeks, and his shaggy beard is stark with ice. There first, poised upon equal wing, he of Cyllene halted: thence headlong he shot with all his force to the flood; like that bird which wings its lowly flight round shores and fish-haunted cliffs hard above the water-level. Even so the Cyllenian-born, as he fared from his mother's sire, sped through the disparting air, betwixt earth and sky, to the sand-strewn shore of Libya!

So soon as, with plumed foot, he touched the outskirting cabins of Carthage, he descried Aeneas founding towers and building dwellings anew. A blade was at his side, starred with yellow jasper, and a mantle, blazing with Tyrian grain, hung from his shoulders—a gift that Dido had given from her treasures, and shot the warp with threaded gold. Straight he assailed him: 'Is it thou who now layest the foundations of proud Carthage, rearing, wife-enslaved, a city of beauty? Alas for thy forgetfulness of kingship and fortune! Himself the sovereign of Heaven, who guides by his deity sky and earth, sends me down to thee from the light of Olympus. Himself he enjoins me to bear this his mandate through the fleet airs: What devising, what hoping, laggest thou indolent on Libyan soil? If all the glory of thy great destiny avails

not to move thee, yet regard thy rising Ascanius—the hope of Iulus thine heir—to whom thou owest the empire of Italy and the Roman realm!'

With such utterance the Cyllenian spoke, and, speaking, fled from mortal vision and vanished into thin air, far from ken.

But Aeneas stood dumb and distraught at the sight: his hair rose with horror, and his voice clove to his throat. Aghast at the solemn warning and the imperious voice of Heaven, he burned to flee away and desert that pleasant land. But, alas, what could he do? With what address dare he now solicit the frenzied queen? What prelude should he choose? And as this way and that he divided the swift mind and swept it ubiquitous over all the range of thought, in his hesitance this seemed the better counsel: he summoned Mnestheus, and Sergestus, and gallant Serestus, and bade them mutely equip the fleet, muster their crews to the strand, and hold their tackle in readiness,—but dissemble the cause of their changed design! Himself meanwhile—since Dido, in her singleness of heart, knew naught, nor mistrusted that so strong a love might be severed—would assay to find access and watch what hour might be the smoothest for his tale, what course the fairest to his goal. With joyful speed one and all obeyed his word and discharged his command.

But the queen—who shall deceive a lover's thought—divined his plot, and first presaged the tempest to come: for even in safety she feared the worst. To her the same godless Fame brought the tidings of madness—that they armed the fleet and prepared for voyage. Sense-bereft and infuriate, she raved aflame through the breadth of the city, like some Thyiad in triennial orgy, when, at motion of the

holy symbols, the cry of *Bacchus* goads her awaking heart, and Cithaeron calls with midnight clamour. At length she took the word, and assailed Aeneas: 'Traitor! and didst thou think to disguise such iniquity, and, soft-footed, to steal from my land? Can our love not hold thee, nor the hand thou gavest me once, nor Dido who shall die as it is bitter to die? More, must thou labour at thy fleet under a wintry sky, and hasten—ruthless that thou art—to plough the main while the North is at his height? What! were thy bourne no alien fields, no dwellings unknown, did thine ancient Troy remain thee, would thy barques seek Troy through mountainous seas? Is it Dido thou fleest? By these tears and that hand of thine,—since my own deed has left me nothing more in my day of sorrow,—by our union and by our bridal begun, if in any wise I have deserved well of thee, if aught of mine has been sweet to thee, pity this sinking house, and (if prayer still have place!) I pray thee put away thy purpose! For thy sake I have won the hatred of Libyan tribes and Nomad kings, and my Tyrians are estranged: for thy sake, yet again, my honour is dead, and that fair fame of other days—my sole title to the stars! To whose mercy wilt thou leave me at the point of death, guest of mine?—since this is the one relic of the name of husband! For why should I linger on? That I may see Pygmalion raze his sister's city, or Gaetulian Iarbas lead me captive away? At least if some child had been granted me by thee ere thy departure, if some baby Aeneas were playing in my halls, whose face in despite of all might image thine, then would I seem not utterly undone and desolate!'

She ceased: he by warning of Jove stood with fixed eye, sternly prisoning his grief deep in his heart. Then briefly at last he replied: 'Never, O queen, will I deny

that all the merits thy tongue can number have been thine :
nor ever shall the thought of Elissa be bitter to me, while
yet I have remembrance of myself and the breath governs
these limbs. Few words, as the hour demands, I will speak.
I hoped not in stealth to dissemble my departure—deem not
so! I held not out the bridegroom's torch at any time; and
I came not to such alliance. Did the fates suffer me to be
captain of my own life, and at my own will to order my
troubles, before all I would dwell in the city of Troy amid
the loved relics of my kindred; the lofty halls of Priam
should yet stand; and this hand should have founded for
the vanquished a resurgent Pergamus. But now to broad
Italy Grynean Apollo bids me fare, and to Italy the Lycian
oracles. There is my love, there my country! If the towers
of Carthage and the vision of a Libyan city can stay thee,
Phoenician as thou art, say, what sin is there that the Teucrians
should settle on Ausonian soil? To us, also, is forgiveness if
we seek alien realms! Often as Night invests the earth in
her weeping shades, often as the starry fires arise, the troubled
phantom of Anchises my sire admonishes me in slumber and
terrifies me. And I grieve for Ascanius my child, and the
injustice that falls on his dear head, while thus I amerce
him of his Hesperian crown and the fated plains. And now
the herald of Heaven, at Jove's own behest—one and both
be witness!—has borne his mandate down through the fleet
airs. These eyes beheld the god in full light of day entering
thy walls, and these ears drank his words. Cease to fire
thyself and me with lamentation : not of free will do I follow
Italy!'

For long she viewed him askance as he thus spoke : hither
and thither she rolled her eyes, and her mute gaze roved over
all his frame; then she kindled and flashed into speech :

'Traitor that thou art! no goddess bare thee, no Dardanus began thy line; but Caucasus, horrent with rugged cliffs, begat thee, and Hyrcanian tigresses gave thee suck! For why should I wear the mask? What heavier blow do I still await? Did he sigh when he saw me weep? Did that stony glance once flinch? Was he softened to a single tear? Or had he one thought of pity for her who loved him? What first, or what last? No more, no more, does imperial Juno, or Saturn's son our father, bend an eye of justice earthward! In the world is neither faith nor trust! Flung, a beggar, on my shores, I took him, and—brain-sick fool!—bade him share my realm. I drew his shattered armada and its crews from the jaws of death.—Woe is me! I am whirled away by the Furies, all aflame. Now must Apollo turn augur; now must the Lycian oracles speak; now, at Jove's own behest, comes the herald of Heaven through the skies, bearing his cruel mandate! These, forsooth, are the tasks that exercise the gods above—these the cares that break their calm! As for thee, I keep not thy person, I refute not thy pleas. Go thy way: seek thy Italy with the winds, hunt thy empire through the waves! Yet I trust, if Justice still have a voice in Heaven, that thou wilt drain the cup of retribution on some mid-ocean rock, there to call, and call again, on the name of *Dido*! From far away will I follow thee with gloomy fires, and when chill death shall have sundered spirit and clay, wheresoever thy place, there my ghost shall be at thy side. For, villain, thou shalt be requited! I shall hear thy cries, and the tale will reach me in the depths of hell!' Thus far she said, then curbed herself in mid speech, and fled sickening from the light; turned from his gaze, tore herself away, and left him hesitant and timorous with many a half-framed word on his lips. Her handmaidens raised her, bore

her fainting limbs away to her marble chamber, and laid them on her couch.

But good Aeneas, though he longed to soothe and assuage her agony and to speak comfort to her sorrow, with many a sigh and resolution tottering under the weight of his great love, yet fulfilled the commands of Heaven and repaired to the fleet again. Then, indeed, his Teucrians bent to their toil, and, all along the strand, launched the tall barques. The anointed hulls were set afloat: zealous for departure, the sailors bore down from the forests oars still clothed in leaves and timbers unwrought. From all the city they might be seen flocking in act to go:—even as when ants, in forethought of winter, ravage a great pile of corn and store it in their granaries; their dusky line marches the plain, bearing the spoils through the grass along narrow highway; part, with labouring shoulders, push the big grains; part marshal the column and chastise the malingerer, and all the path is a ferment of toil. What then, Dido, was thy thought, as thou sawest that deed? What sighs didst thou utter, gazing from thy skiey turret on the shores alive far and wide, and surveying before thy gaze the whole main, tumultuous with their loud clamourings? Felon Love, to what constrainest thou not mortal hearts! Again she must stoop to tears, again solicit him with prayer, and bow her spirit to love, lest she should leave aught untried and die in vain!

'Anna, thou seest what speed they make upon all the shore around. From every hand they are mustered: even now their canvass invites the breeze, and the merry sailors have crowned the poops with garlands. If I have availed to look for such bitterness of grief, sister, I shall avail to endure it also. Yet, Anna, in my misery, do me this single office: for thee alone that traitor regarded, and to thee would entrust

even the secrets of his breast; and alone thou knewest the mode and hour whereat he would soften to access. Go, my sister, and, suppliant, entreat our haughty foe:—I swore not with the Danaans at Aulis to uproot the people of Troy; I sent no fleet to Pergamus, nor unsepulchred dust or spirit of Anchises his sire. Why forbids he my pleas to enter his obdurate ear? Whither will he rush? Let him grant this last boon to one who loved him to her sorrow:—that he await an easy flight and a fair wind. I sue not now for the whilom marriage which he forswore, nor that he resign his beauteous Latium and desert his empire. I ask but a vain respite—a breathing-space to my frenzy, till the fortune that has overcome me shall teach me how to mourn. This last grace I entreat of thee—pity thou thy sister!—and when thou hast rendered it my death shall find thee requited in full!'

Such were her prayers and such the laments that her sister carried, and carried again, heart-broken. But him no laments could move, and inflexible he heard her every word. Fate stood in his path, and Heaven sealed his unmoved ear. Even as, when the Alpine winds, sweeping with emulous blast now hence and now thence, strive to uproot some oak, strong in the strength of his many years, a moaning rises, the stem quivers, and the deepening leaves strew the soil; but the tree clings to his cliff, and stretches his roots as far toward Tartarus as he lifts his head to the heavenly realms:—so the storm of entreaty broke from this hand and that incessantly upon the hero, and his mighty heart was pierced with sorrow; yet unmoved his purpose remained, and idly the tears fell!

Then, at last, the unhappy Dido, Fate-tortured, prayed to die: for weariness it was to behold the vaulted heavens.

And, the more that she might fulfil her intent and abandon the day, often as she laid her gifts on the incense-burning altars, she saw—word of horror !—the holy streams darken and the outpoured wine change into foul and boding gore. This sight she revealed to none—no, not to her sister.

More, there stood in the palace a marble shrine to her earlier lord, which she held in wondrous honour, crowning it with snowy fillets and festal boughs. Thence she seemed to hear the voice of her husband speaking and calling when night hung grey over earth ; and oft on the roof the owl wailed forlorn with his sepulchral dirge and long-drawn note of melancholy ; while many a prophecy, withal, of the old-world seers affrighted her with warning of dread. As she slept, the form of very Aeneas hounded her, pitiless of her frenzy, and ever she seemed abandoned to her sole self,—ever journeying uncompanioned on an endless way, and seeking her Tyrians in a lorn land :—even as when raving Pentheus sees the Eumenids banded, and a double sun and a twofold Thebes dawn on his gaze ; or as Agamemnonian Orestes, tragic fugitive, when he flees his mother armed with brands and venomous snakes, and the avenging fiends sit by his door.

Thus, when, overborne by sorrow, she had taken the frenzy to her heart and resolved to die, self-communing she debated the hour and fashion, and accosted her mournful sister, with mien belying her thought and hope serene on her brow : 'Sister, I have found a way—sister, rejoice with me !—that shall restore him to myself or unchain my love from him. Hard by the limit of Ocean and the sunset lies the farthest Ethiop clime, where mighty Atlas holds, revolving on his shoulder, the pole, gemmed with burning stars. Thence has been revealed to me a priestess of Massylian race, guardian of the Hesperids' fane, wont erstwhile to

preserve the holy boughs on their tree, and to give the dragon his feast, sprinkling dewy honey and slumber-laden poppies. With spells she claims to release such minds as she will, but on others to bring the pangs of desire—to stay the running water and to turn the stars in their courses. She calls forth the spirits that walk by night, and thou mayest see earth moaning under the foot, and ashes descending the hills. Heaven be witness, dear my sister, and thou, and thy sweet life, that unwilling I invoke the sorcerer's art! Raise silently a funeral-pile to the skies in the inner court of my palace, and let them lay on it that villain's sword, which he left pendent in the chamber, and all his relics, and the bridal couch that saw my fall. Some comfort it will be, as the priestess commands, to blot out every memorial of his accursed self!' This said, she was mute, and instant her cheeks paled; yet Anna deemed not that these strange rites were a curtain for her sister's death: her mind conceived not such height of madness, and she feared no worse than when Sychaeus bled. Therefore she prepared to do the deed.

But the queen, when the death-pyre had risen skyward in the heart of her home, huge with brands and cloven oak, hung the place with garlands and crowned it with funereal leaves. Above she set on the couch his vesture, his masterless sword, and his image,—well knowing what should be. Around stood the altars, and the priestess, with locks unloosed, thundered from her lips the names of thrice a hundred gods—Erebus, and Chaos, and threefold Hecate, and maiden Diana of the triple countenance. Waters she had sprinkled, that welled (she feigned) from Avernus' fount: rank herbs were sought, cut by brazen sickle under the moon, and filled with black and milky venom; and sought was the love-charm, torn from the brow of a new-born foal and reft

ere the dam could seize it. Herself, the meal in her pure hands, the queen stood by the altars in flowing robe, one foot unsandalled, and called on the gods and fate-conscious stars to be witness ere she died; then implored what deity soever holds just and mindful ward over them that love as they are not loved.

It was night, and throughout the earth weary frames were reaping the peace of sleep: the woods and the savage seas were still, and the hour was come when the circling stars roll midway in their course, when silent is every field, and the cattle, and the painted birds,—both they that tenant the broad breast of the silvery lake and they that dwell in the thorny thickets of the country,—all laid in slumber beneath the dumb midnight. But not so the soul-racked Phenician queen; nor ever did she sink to sleep, or welcome the night to eye or heart. Her cares redoubled; Love rose again remorseless, and she tossed on the mighty tide of anger. Then thus she began, and so she debated within her heart: 'Think, how is it with me? A laughing-stock, shall I make trial again of my suitors of yore, and, suppliant, entreat a Nomad bridal from those whose hand I have scorned so often ere this? Shall I, then, follow the Ilian fleet and stoop to the Teucrians' utmost behest? Because, methinks, they warm at thought of the aid I lent before, and the grace of my old-time kindness stands firm in their remembrance! But grant that I would, and who shall permit? or who receive me, the loathed woman, on those proud decks? Alas, lost one, thou knowest naught, nor yet hast fathomed the forsworn heart of Laomedon's seed! What then? Shall I flee alone, companion to his exultant seamen? Or, begirt with my Tyrians and all the array of my people, shall I fall upon them?—to urge once more over the main, and bid

spread sail to the winds, them whom hardly I availed to tear from their city of Sidon! Nay, die as thou hast merited, and let the steel annul thy sorrow. Thou it was, sister,—thou, who, conquered by my tears, didst lay on my madness this burden of calamity and cast me a prey to the enemy! It has not been mine to live my life guiltless of wedlock and reproachless as the creatures of the field, tampering not with such care: I have kept not my faith—faith pledged to the ashes of Sychaeus!'

Such the lamentation that broke from her heart. But Aeneas, now that he was steeled to go, now that all was duly ordered, slept on his high poop. And, as he slept, a vision of the god, returning in the same aspect, visited his dreams, and seemed thus again to admonish him,—in all things like to Mercury, voice and colour, yellow locks, and the graceful limbs of youth: 'Goddess-born, and canst thou, with this peril above thee, slumber and sleep? Madman, seest not the after-dangers that beset thee? Hearest not the Zephyrs breathing fair? Resolved on death, she is pondering in her heart fell villany and treachery, and rousing the swirling tide of passion. Fleest not hence hot-footed, while hot-footed thou mayest? Anon thou wilt see the brine a turmoil of shattered timbers, see torches flashing fierce and the strand fervent with fire, if the rays of dawn discover thee tarrying in this land. Up and go!—truce to delay. A fickle thing and changeful is woman always!' Thus he said, and mingled with the shadows of night.

On the instant, Aeneas, appalled by the sudden phantom, tore himself from sleep and roused his comrades: 'Hasten, friends! awake, and seat you by the thwarts! Linger not, but unfurl the sails. Lo, once more a god, sent from high Heaven, urges to make speed and flee, and to sever the

twisted cables! O holy one above, whosoever thou art, we follow thee and again obey thy mandate with gladness! O be thou with us, graciously prosper us, and light the sky with kindly stars!' He said; snatched his sword lightning-like from the scabbard, and smote on the hawser with naked steel. Incontinent one and all caught the fire: with eager hand and foot they quitted the beach, and their galleys hid the face of ocean, as zealously they tossed the spray and swept the blue.

And now the early Dawn, rising from Tithonus' couch of saffron, was gilding earth with her new-tricked beams.—So soon as the queen from her turret saw the first whitening glimmer of light, and the fleet standing to sea with even sails, and knew that the strand was vacant and the harbours tenantless, thrice and four times she struck her fair breast and tore her yellow hair: 'King of Heaven,' she cried, 'shall he go? Shall this alien have mocked our realm? And will they not take sword? Will the pursuers not issue from all my city, and men fling out the ships from my docks? Away! bring flames with instant speed, get me weapons, ply your oars!—What say I? Where am I? What madness works on my brain? Unhappy Dido, now do thy godless deeds touch thee? *Then* was the time, when thou gavest him thy sceptre! Behold the hand and faith of him who, they tell, bears always with him his ancestral gods—of him who bowed his neck to receive his time-worn sire! Could I not tear him away, rend him limb from limb, and scatter him over the waves? Could I not slay with the sword his comrades—nay, Ascanius himself, and set him a cate at his father's feast?—But the fortune of battle had been doubtful! What though it had? Whom feared I, doomed to die? I had assailed his encampment with fire: I had filled his gangways with

flame: I had blotted out sire and son and all their race; then crowned the hecatomb with myself. Thou Sun, whose rays survey every work of earth, and thou, Juno, mediatress and witness of this my agony, and Hecate, whose name wails nightly through the cross-ways of cities, and ye Sisters of vengeance, and ye gods of dying Elissa—hear me now, bend your wrath on the sins that challenge it, and give ear to my prayer! If that miscreant must touch haven and float to earth—if so the fates of Jove require, and thus the decree is fixed—yet harassed by the weaponed battle of a fearless people, homeless and landless, and rent from the embrace of Iulus, let him sue for aid and behold his countrymen shamefully dead! Nor yet, when he shall submit him to the terms of a partial peace, may he enjoy his kingship or the day of prosperity, but let him fall before his hour, tombless on the surrounding sand! Thus I pray: thus ebbs voice with blood. And ye, my Tyrians—let your hate persecute his stock, with all the line that shall be, and send this guerdon down to my dust! Let there be no love betwixt the nations and no league! Arise, thou avenger to come, out of my ashes, and follow the Dardan settlers with fire and with sword, both now and hereafter, and whensoever strength shall be given! May shore be set against shore, wave against wave, and spear against spear! May they fight—both they and their children's children! Such is my malison.'

So she said, and swept her mind over all the range of thought, seeking how soonest to break from the light she loathed; then briefly spoke to Barce, Sychaeus' nurse—her own was laid in her ancient country, a handful of blackened ashes: 'Dear my nurse, bring me hither sister Anna. Bid her hasten to sprinkle her limbs with river-water, and bring with her the victims ordained for expiation. This

done, let her come; and shade thou thy brows with the sacred garland. My purpose runs to fulfil those rites that duly I prepared and began, that I may set the seal to my sorrow, and the flames may devour the Dardan's pyre.' She ended: zealously the aged feet went on their errand. But Dido, unnerved and unsexed by her ghastly purpose, with blood-shot eyes rolling and hectic fires burning on her quivering cheeks, burst, pale at the death to come, through the inner door of the palace, mounted in frenzy the towering pile, and bared the Dardan sword,—gift asked not to such end! There, as her eye lit on his Ilian garb and the familiar couch, she paused awhile for weeping and thought, flung herself on the pillow, and spoke her last words: 'Ye relics, sweet while God and Fate willed, receive this breath and release me from this agony! I have lived, and the course, that Fortune allowed, I have run; and now I shall descend a queenly spectre beneath the earth. I have built a stately city; I have seen my ramparts; I have avenged my lord, and exacted the penalty from my brother and foe:—happy, alas, and more than happy, if but the Dardan keels had touched not our strand!' She said; and, with lips pressed to the pillow: 'Unvenged we shall die, but die we!' she cried—'thus, ah thus, is it pleasant to journey to the shadows! Let the Dardan, with stony gaze, feast on this fire from the main and bear with him my death for omen!' She ceased; and, with the words yet on her lips, her retinue saw her fallen on the sword, the blade reeking with gore, and her hands incarnadined. To the summit of the halls the cry ascended, and Fame raved through the stricken city. The palace moaned with lamentation and sobbing and the wail of women, and the sky echoed to their dirge:—as though all Carthage or ancient Tyre were falling, with the foemen

streaming in and the infuriate flames rolling their tide over the domes of man and god! Swooning the sister heard, and with hasty foot ran, fear-smitten, through the throng, tearing her cheeks and beating her breast, and called on the dying by her name: 'Sister, and was it this? Didst thou seek to deceive me? This did thy death-pile—this thy fires and altars purpose? Forlorn that I am, what shall be my earliest plaint? Didst thou disdain thy sister's companionship in death? Thou shouldst have called me to the selfsame doom! One pang of the steel—one hour—would have taken both! Did these hands build thy pyre, this voice call on our country's gods, that, with thee so laid, I, the pitiless, should be far away? Thou hast undone thyself and me, sister, and the people and elders of Sidon and all thy city!—Let me lave her wounds in water, and catch on my lips the last errant breath that may yet linger!' Scarce had she said, ere she had mounted the high steps, and, with bitter sobs, was clasping and caressing her dying sister on her bosom, as she strove to stem the red streams of blood with her robe. She, assaying to lift her heavy eyes, swooned again; and the wound, deep-fixed, grated in her breast. Thrice, leaning on her elbow, she uplifted herself: thrice she rolled back on the pillow, and with wandering eyes sought the light in high heaven, and moaned to find it.

Then all-puissant Juno, in pity for her long agony and the travail of her passing, sent Iris down from Olympus to release the reluctant spirit from its intermingled clay. For, since neither by Fate she perished nor by merited death, but, hapless, before her day in the fire of sudden frenzy, not yet had Proserpine reft the yellow lock from her crown and consigned her to the Stygian shades. Therefore Iris, dew-glancing and saffron-winged, flew through the heavens,

trailing a thousand diverse hues in the fronting sun, and halted overhead: 'This I take by command, an offering to Dis, and free thee from the body.' She said; and, with her right hand, severed the lock: and instant all warmth fled away, and life vanished into the winds.

V

MEANWHILE Aeneas, under full sail, held unswerving on his mid-ocean course, cleaving the billows as they gloomed beneath the North, with many a backward glance at the city, which now glared to the death-fires of hapless Elissa. What cause had kindled so vast a flame they knew not: but the bitter pang of a great love outraged, and the knowledge what a woman's frenzy may achieve, led their Teucrian hearts through paths of dismal augury.

Their barques had made the high seas, and no land more met the view, but everywhere the sky and everywhere the main, when a gloomy cloud halted overhead, fraught with night and tempest, and ocean was ruffled by the dark. Even Palinurus at the helm called from his high poop: 'Alas, why have these giant clouds girt the pole? Neptune, father, what wouldst thou do?' He said; then commanded to gather the tackle and bend to the toiling oar, turned the canvass aslant to the breeze, and so pursued: 'Great-souled Aeneas, not though Jove's word were my warrant could I hope to make Italy under this sky! The changing gales roar across our track, risen from the sable West: the air thickens to mist, and we avail neither to struggle onward nor barely to maintain our ground. Since the day is with

Fortune, let us follow, and turn our way whither she beckons! Nor far distant, I ween, are the faithful coasts of thy brother Eryx and the havens of Sicily, if only with unforgetful mind I retrace the stars that I watched erewhile.' Then good Aeneas: 'Myself I have long seen that so the winds will, and in vain thou battlest against them. Veer sail and course! Could there be any soil sweeter to me—any bourne more welcome to our weary ships—than that which holds me Dardan Acestes and guards on her bosom the dust of Anchises my sire?' So said, they sailed for the harbour: the fair-blowing Zephyrs swelled their canvass and the fleet sped bounding over the flood, till joyously at last they touched the familiar strand.

But Acestes, far away on a lofty mountain-summit, admired the approach of his compatriot barques, and ran to meet them, roughly accoutred with hunting-spears and the fell of a Libyan bear—Acestes, whom a Trojan mother bore to Crimisus' stream. Not heedless of his old-time ancestry, he gave them joy of their return, gladly welcomed them to his country treasures, and solaced their weariness from friendly store.

When, with the renascent sun, the bright Morn had driven the stars in flight, Aeneas summoned his men to conclave off all the beach, and spoke from a mounded eminence: 'Ye great sons of Dardanus, race sprung from the gods' high lineage, the months are sped and one circling year sees its fulfilment since we committed to earth those bones, the relics of my divine sire, and hallowed the mourning altars. And now the day, if I err not, is come, which ever I shall keep in sorrow and ever in honour:—such, O Heaven, thy will! Did I spend this day an exile on Gaetulian quicksands, or storm-tossed on the Grecian main, or in Mycene town,

yet would I perform my annual vows and the solemn ordered festival—yet would I load the altars with due offering! But now—not, methinks, without celestial counsel and will—we stand, far otherwise, even by the dust and ashes of my father, and the winds have borne us into a friendly haven. Then, come: one and all let us render this glad homage! Entreat we the gales; and may *his* will be that, when my city is raised, I shall pay these rites year by year in fanes holy to his name! Acestes, the son of Troy, grants you two heads of cattle according to the tale of your ships. Bid to the banquet the gods of your fathers' hearths and them whom your host adores. More, if the ninth dawn shall display the kindly light to mortal eyes and her rays uncurtain earth, I will appoint contests for my Teucrians:—of fleet vessels the first: then let them whose feet are swift for the race, and them who walk in hardihood and strength, skilled to speed the javelin and light arrow, or bold to join battle with raw gauntlet, be present all, and look for the guerdon that victory merited shall earn.—Set a seal upon your lips, and circle your brows with leaves!'

So saying, he veiled his temples in the myrtle of his mother. Thus did Helymus; thus Acestes, the ripe in years; thus child Ascanius; and all their company followed. From the assemblage he moved to the sepulchre with retinue of many thousands, midmost in the vast attendant troop. There, in due libation, he poured on the soil two goblets of pure wine, two of fresh milk, and two of sacrificial blood; then scattered bright-hued flowers, and so spoke: 'Hail, holy father! hail once more ye ashes that I rescued in vain! hail soul and shade of my sire! It was not given, with thee at my side, to seek the borders of Italy and her fated fields, nor yet Ausonian Tiber—wherever his streams flow!' He said; and ceased,

when a serpent rolled forth from the holy base, smooth and huge with seven folds and seven coils, peacefully encircling the tomb and gliding between the altars, his back streaked with blue, his lucent scales flaming with shot gold :—even as the rainbow amid the clouds flashes a myriad changing hues in the adverse sun. While Aeneas gazed and wondered, with long train he wound slowly among the bowls and polished goblets, tasted the feast, and again vanished innocent beneath the mound, leaving the altars that had fed him. Thus spurred, the prince resumed his filial worship, uncertain whether he should hold that vision the Genius of the place or his sire's Familiar. He slew, as the ritual ordains, two ewes, two swine, and as many black-bodied steers, poured wine from the vessels, and invoked the spirit of great Anchises and the shade unprisoned from Acheron. Nor less his men brought glad offerings, each of his abundance. They piled the altars, slew the steers, arrayed the cauldrons, and, couched on the sward, placed embers below the spits and broiled the flesh.

At length the awaited day was come, and the steeds of Phaëthon swept up the ninth dawn in cloudless radiance. Fame and the renown of honoured Acestes had roused the neighbouring peoples, and their festal assemblage thronged the strand,—some to gaze on the men of Aeneas, some prepared for the contest also. First the rewards were laid to view in the midst of the course :—hallowed tripods and verdant wreaths ; palms, the victors' guerdon, and weapons of war ; robes stained in purple, and a talent's weight of silver and gold. Then, from a central mound, the trumpet sounded the opening fray.

First came to the contest four galleys, the flower of all the fleet, evenly matched and heavy-oared. Mnestheus and his

bold rowers urged on their swift Leviathan—Mnestheus, in after days, of Italy, from whose name is the Memmian line. Gyas captained the Chimaera, vast of length and of bulk as vast, a floating city, driven by his Dardan seamen in triple tier with oars rising in threefold rank. Sergestus—from whom the Sergian house holds her style—sailed in his great Centaur ; and Cloanthus (Roman Cluentius, know thy race !) in his sea-blue Scylla.

Far out in the main is a rock, fronting the spray-washed shore, which at seasons lies sunken and lashed by the swelling billows when wintry Corus hides the stars, but, under a tranquil sky, rises silent amid the waves, a plain-like surface, loved haunt of the basking cormorant. There father Aeneas set his goal—a green bough of leafy holm—for signal to the sailors, that they might know whence to return and where to reverse the long circuit of their course. This done, they chose their place by lot. On the poops stood the captains, far-refulgent in splendour of purple and gold : for the rest, their manly brows were shaded by wreaths of poplar, and their bare shoulders shone with the anointing oil. They set themselves to the thwarts : their arms strained to the oars ; and, straining themselves, they awaited the signal, while pulsing fear and the wakening lust of glory tugged at their throbbing hearts.

Then, when the trumpet tone sang clear, on the instant all leapt from their stations : the cry of the seamen struck on the heavens, and the brine foamed, upheaved by their swinging arms. Side by side they cleft their furrows, and all the sea yawned under the rending oars and triple-beaked prows. Not with such dizzy speed, when the paired coursers race, do the chariots pour from the barriers, and, rushing, devour the plain ! Not so do the charioteers shake their

streaming reins over the restraintless team and hang prone for the blow! Then every grove rang to the cheers and shouting of men and to the partisans' zeal: the pent shores rolled back the cry, and the smitten hills shook responsive to the clamour. Amid the loud confusion Gyas passed his peers, and shot out on the waves ahead: him Cloanthus followed, better-oared, but clogged by his labouring bulk of pine. Next, at equal distance, the Leviathan and the Centaur contended to win pride of place: and now the Leviathan gained; now the huge Centaur passed her victorious; now one and both sped together, front by front, their long keels ploughing the salt flood!

At length they approached the rock and were hard upon the goal, when Gyas—still foremost and victor over half the watery course—called loudly on Menoetes, the helmsman of his barque: 'Whither so far on the right? Bend thy course hitherward; cling to the beach, and let the oar graze the left-lying cliff! The rest may hold the deep!' He said; but Menoetes, in fear of the ambushed reef, turned his prow to the flowing main. 'What dost from thy track? To the rocks again, Menoetes!' cried Gyas in recall, and, lo, he descried Cloanthus imminent in his rear, and holding the nigher course. Between the ships of Gyas and the reverberant crags he shot inward on the left, and incontinent outpassed his leader, left the goal, and found the sure seas. And now resentment kindled to flame in Gyas' young heart: the tears coursed down his cheeks, and, oblivious alike of his own honour and his crew's safety, he hurled the timorous Menoetes from the tall poop sheer into the flood; took the helm, steersman and captain in one, and, cheering his men, swung the rudder to the rock. But Menoetes, laden with years and dripping in drenched raiment, rose hardly at last from the

depths below, and, scaling the summit of the crag, sat him down on the dry stone. The Teucrians laughed as he fell, laughed as he swam, and laughed again as he vomited the brine from off his chest. And now a glad hope fired the rearmost pair, Sergestus and Mnestheus, to outrun the laggard Gyas. First Sergestus took the lead and neared the rock—the lead, yet not by his keel's full length: with part he led, part the Leviathan pressed with rival stem! But, pacing the mid-decks among his men, Mnestheus spurred them on: 'Now, o now, rise to your oars, ye that fought with Hector—ye whom I chose for my company when Troy fell! Now put forth that might, now that spirit, which ye shewed on the Gaetulian sands, on the Ionian main, and on Malea's pursuant billows! No more Mnestheus seeks the palm, no more strives to conquer! Though, o—yet be the victory, Neptune, to whom victory thou hast given! But think it shame to return the last! Men of my country, achieve thus much, and avert dishonour!' With giant effort they flung themselves forward; the brazen barque quivered to their mighty strokes, and the ground fled from under them. Then, while the quick-taken breath shook their limbs and parching lips, and the sweat flowed in streams over all their limbs, bare chance brought them the meed they hoped. For, as wildly Sergestus urged his prow inward to the rocks, and came up in over-straitened passage, he lodged—unhappy!—on the projecting rocks. The crags shook; the oars dashed griding upon the dented coral, and the shattered prow hung impotent. The seamen sprang up, and, with loud clamour, stayed the galley, seized iron-shod stakes and keen-pointed poles, and gathered their broken oars from the flood. But Mnestheus, rejoicing, his zeal but fired by success, with sweeping oars and winds blowing to his call, made the unimpeded seas

and ran his course on the open main. Even as a dove, startled from the cavern in whose rocky coverts lie her home and loved nestlings, bends her flight to the fields, and, with loud-beating wings, flutters in terror through her dwelling; till anon, floating in the tranquil air, she skims her liquid way, nor stirs her rapid pinions:—so Mnestheus, so his fleeting Leviathan, clove the last waters, and so her own speed lent her wings! And first he left Sergestus struggling on the tall rock amid the shallows, while he called in vain for help, and assayed to run with shivered oars. Next he caught Gyas and his vast Chimaera. Bereft of her helmsman, she gave way; and now Cloanthus alone was left, hard at the very goal! For him he made, and, with force strained to the utmost, pressed hard upon him. Then, in truth, the shouting redoubled, and the plaudits of every lip urged the pursuer on, till the skies flung back the din. These thought it shame, did they not maintain the glory that was theirs and the honour they had won, and would barter life for renown: to those success was food, and the semblance of power gave power indeed! And perchance, with levelled stems, they had parted the prize, had not Cloanthus, his either palm stretched over the wave, broken into prayer and called Heaven to hear his vows: 'Ye gods whose sovereignty Ocean obeys, whose seas I sail, on this strand will I set glad-hearted a snowy bull before your altars, to discharge my vow, and cast his entrails far into the salt waves, and pour out the liquid wine!' He said; and all the quire of Nereids, and of Phorcus, and maiden Panopea, heard him in the nether flood; and Father Portunus himself impelled him on his course with mighty hand. Fleeter than southern gale or winged arrow, his galley fled to land and vanished in the deep haven!

Then he of Anchises born, when all were duly summoned,

declared, by the herald's clear tones, Cloanthus the victor, and draped his temples in green laurel; then, for bounty to the crews, gave three steers to each at their choice, and wine, and a great talent of silver to bear away. For the captains he added especial guerdons: to the conqueror a gold-wrought scarf, round which strayed, in double stream, a deep bordering of Meliboean purple; woven wherein was the princely boy, as with spear and racing foot he pursued the swift stags to weariness on leafy Ida—bold, and as one that pants for breath. But soon from Ida the swooping bird, Jove's armour-bearer, had borne him in crooked talons aloft and away; and alone stood his grey-haired guards, stretching their availless hands to the stars, while fiercely the hounds bayed to heaven. But on him whose prowess had achieved second place he bestowed a corslet of linked and polished mail, with triple texture of gold, which, under Troy-towers, his own conquering hand had stripped from Demoleus by the marge of swirling Simoïs—a sight of beauty, and, in battle a sure defence. Scarce could his henchmen, Phegeus and Sagaris, sustain its massy folds on their labouring shoulders: yet once Demoleus, clad therein, would pursue amain the wavering of Troy! Two cauldrons of bronze he made the third prize, and two bowls, wrought in silver and rough with chasing.

And now all had received their meeds, and were departing in pride of possession, their brows bound in crimson ribands, when—hardly, by dint of toilsome effort, unlodged from that cruel rock—with oars lost and a single crippled tier, Sergestus brought up his barque, jeered and unhonoured. As oft a serpent, surprised on the highway, whom a brazen wheel has crossed athwart, or some wayfarer with heavy blow left half-slain and mangled under a stone, vainly assays to flee, and

writhes his long spires—one half defiant with glaring eye and hissing throat reared skyward: one, wounded and maimed still retarding him, as he twines knot upon knot and coils himself upon himself:—so the ship rowed on her tardy course; yet made sail, and under full canvass entered the port! Rejoiced to find the vessel safe and her crew returned, Aeneas assigned his promised meed to Sergestus, and a handmaid fell to his lot,—not unversed she in Minerva's toils,—Crete-born Pholoë, with twin sons at her breast.

This contest sped, good Aeneas took his way to a grassy plain, surrounded on all sides by woods and winding hills. In the centre of the vale ran the circuit of a theatre; and thither, with thousands in his train, the hero moved in the heart of the assemblage, and took his seat on a rising mound. There, for all who might wish to contend with racing foot, he had rewards to wake ambition and guerdons to propound. From every hand the Teucrians came with Sicanians at their side: and foremost of all came Nisus and Euryalus,—Euryalus graced by youth's fair bloom, Nisus by reverent love for his tender years. On their steps followed princely Diores of Priam's generous line; then Salius and Patron with him, Acarnanian the one, the other of Tegean house and Arcadian blood; next two of Sicily's manhood, Helymus and Panopes, both woodland-trained and attendants of old Acestes; with many else, whom twilit fame has left obscure. Then, amid their throng, Aeneas spoke: 'List to my words, and give heed with joyful heart! From all your number there is none who shall depart without gift of mine. To each I will award twin Cretan shafts, refulgent with polished steel, and a silver-chased axe for him to bear. This meed shall be one for all: but the three foremost shall receive the rewards, and the green olive shall wreathe their brows. To

the first be assigned for his victory a gaily caparisoned steed: to the second, an Amazonian quiver charged with Thracian arrows, embraced by a belt of ample gold and clasped by a smooth-jewelled buckle: for the third, let him depart requited with this helmet of Argos!'

So said, they took their place, and suddenly, the signal heard, swept over the course and left the barrier behind, streaming forth like rain from the cloud and looking to the end. Nisus was first away, and flashed out far in the van of all the rest, swifter than the breeze or the wings of the thunderbolt! Next to him—but at long interval the next!—followed Salius; then, a space behind, Euryalus ranked the third, and, after Euryalus, Helymus; in whose rear behold Diores flying, heel grazing heel, and shoulder close upon shoulder! And, had more of the course remained, he had passed him, darting in advance, or left the issue in doubt! And now, hard by the last stage, exhausted they were verging to the goal, when Nisus luckless wight!—tripped in the treacherous pools, where the gore of the slaughtered steers had been spilt upon earth and soaked the green sward below. There, triumphant at thought of victory already won, he held not his foot, as it tottered on the ground he trod, but fell prone, full in the unclean ordure and sacrificial blood;—yet forgot not Euryalus, forgot not his love! For, rising amid the slippery foulness, he threw himself in Salius' path; and, as Salius lay rolling on the dense sand, Euryalus shot past, and, conqueror by grace of his friend, won the leader's place and flew onward amid applauding hands and lips. Behind came Helymus, and Diores, now third for the palm. But now Salius filled with his outcry the whole assemblage of that vast theatre and the presence of the elders in the forefront, clamouring that his honours, so foully lost, should

be restored. For Euryalus stood the vulgar favour, his decent tears, and worth that shines the brighter in a fair frame. Nor less Diores lent loud support—Diores, who succeeded to the palm, and attained the last prize in vain, should Salius regain prime honour! Then father Aeneas: 'Your meeds remain to you assured, and this boy's guerdon none moves from its rank! Suffer me, then, to shew compassion to a guiltless friend unfortunate!' So saying, he bestowed on Salius the ample fell of an Afric lion, ponderous with shaggy mane and claws of gold. Then Nisus: 'If such rewards pertain to the vanquished, and such pity to the fallen, what meet recompense shall be given to Nisus, whose prowess had merited the highest crown, had not he, like Salius, succumbed to Fortune's malice?' And, with the word, he displayed his countenance and limbs marred by the slime and ordure. Smiling, the kindly prince bade a buckler be brought, the work of Didymaon's art, that, on Grecian soil, he had torn from the hallowed portals of Neptune's fane. With this fair gift he contented the gallant youth.

Then, when the race was run and the award discharged: 'Come now,' he said, 'in whose stout heart dwells a ready spirit, and with gauntleted hand let him lift his arms for battle!' So speaking, he assigned a double prize for the fray: to the victor a steer decked in gold and garlands; a sword and noble helm for solace to the vanquished. Delay was none: for straight the face of Dares was seen, as in all his vast strength he rose amid the loud-murmuring throng,—Dares who alone was wont to brave the conflict with Paris,—Dares who, by the tomb where great Hector sleeps, struck down conquering Butes in his giant bulk (scion, he vaunted, of Amycus' Bebrycian race), and laid him in death on the

yellow sands. Such was he who upreared his towering head for the first conflict, his outstretched arms swinging from side to side, his blows scourging the air! Another they sought for him: but not one out of all that array found heart to approach the champion and indue the gauntlets. Exultant, then, and thinking that all resigned the palm, he stood before the feet of Aeneas, and, no more delaying, laid his left on the bull's horn, and spoke: 'Goddess-born, if no man dares to hazard the encounter, what end shall there be to my standing? How long beseems it that I linger? Bid me take thy boon away!' With a single voice the Dardans shouted assent, and urged that the promised meed be paid him.

On this, Acestes assailed Entellus with keen rebuke, as, couched on the green turf, he sat beside him: 'Entellus, bravest of heroes once, but bravest in vain! will thy patience suffer such high guerdon to be won disputeless? Where have we now Eryx the divine, bootlessly famed thy master? where that glory, broad as Sicily, and the spoils pendent in thy halls?' To this he: 'No cowardice has banished love of honour or thought of renown! But my blood is chill and dull with the slow-footed years, and my feeble strength is frozen within me. Had I—as once I had—the trust of that idle boaster—had I my youth of old, unbribed by the meed of yon fair steer I had taken the lists; nor reck I of gifts!' He said; and flung into the midst two gauntlets of giant weight, wherein bold Eryx was wont to lift his hand for battle, and to bind his arms in their stubborn hide. All minds were amazed: so huge the seven vast folds of oxhide stark with insewn lead and iron! Chief, Dares stood aghast, and, shrinking, refused the issue; while Anchises' great-hearted son turned this way and that their ponderous mass

and the huge volume of their thongs. Then from the old man's breast came such utterance: 'What if any had beheld the gauntlets that armed Hercules' self, and the fatal fray on this very strand? This harness thy brother Eryx once wore: stained even now thou seest it with his blood and spattered brain! With this he stood against great Alcides; and in this was I trained, while a more generous blood nurtured my strength, and jealous age lay not yet strewn hoar over either temple. But if Trojan Dares brooks not our arms,—if such the resolve of good Aeneas, and so Acestes, author of this combat, approves,—then make we the battle even! A truce to thy tremblings! I forgo thee the gloves of Eryx; and doff thou thy gauntlets of Troy!' He said; and flung back from his shoulders the doubly-folded robe, bared the great joints of his limbs, his great bones and thews, and stood gigantic on the mid sands.

Then Anchises' princely child brought gauntlets of equal weight, and bound the hands of each in impartial weapons. Straight either combatant took his stand, rose on tiptoe, and, undaunted, lifted his arms in the air aloft. With heads erect and drawn back from the reach of blows, they mingled hand with hand and challenged encounter:—better, the one, in nimbleness of foot, and reliant on his youth: the other strong in might of limb; but his tardy knees trembled and tottered, and a sick panting shook his vast frame. Many a fruitless blow they showered each on the other, and with stroke upon stroke their hollow flanks and chests echoed long and loud; while about ear and brow the quick hands flashed, and their jawbones rang under the hard-smiting gloves. Entellus stood firm, and, motionless in unchanging posture, baffled the onslaught with body and vigilant eye alone. His foe, as one who with engines of war assaults a stately

city or sits in embattled leaguer against a mountain fortalice, assayed now this approach, now that, and with guileful intent ranged all the lists, pressing him with many a vain attack. At length Entellus, rising, shewed his right uplifted on high. Quickly the other foresaw the descending stroke, and, with nimble body, darted aside from its path! Entellus' strength was spent in air, and, self-undone, he fell to earth in his titan bulk, a mighty man mightily fallen :—as often on Erymanthus or towering Ida falls a hollow pine, uptorn from the roots! Teucrians and men of Sicily—all rose in their zeal. The clamour mounted to the skies; and foremost Acestes ran to his help, and pityingly raised his lifelong friend from the ground. But, nothing downcast nor dismayed by his mischance, more keenly the hero re-entered the fray, with anger waking fury, and shame and conscious worth kindling his might. Like fire he drove Dares precipitate through the lists, raining his blows now with the right and now with the left. Delay there was none, nor respite : thickly as the hail rattles on the roof from the bursting cloud, so sped the hero's recurrent blows, as, with either hand fast-plied, he buffeted and battered Dares.

Then father Aeneas suffered not their passion to rise higher, nor Entellus to rage with exasperate soul, but set a term to the conflict and rescued the fainting Dares, thus speaking with words of solace : 'Unhappy man! What dire frenzy has possessed thy mind? Perceivest not a strength other than thine, and the gods now ranged against thee? Then yield thou to Heaven!' He said; and his word annulled the conflict. But Dares his faithful friends led thence, with feeble knees trailing and head swaying from side to side, as he spat from his mouth clotted blood and teeth commingled in the blood! To the ships they took

him ; then, at summons, received the casque and the sword, and resigned palm and bull to Entellus. And now the conqueror, flown in spirit and exulting in his meed : 'Goddess-born,' he cried, 'and ye Teucrians learn what might dwelt in my youthful frame, and from what a death ye have recalled your rescued Dares !' He said ; and planted himself in face of the fronting steer, as it stood the battle's reward ; drew back his hand and levelled the stubborn gauntlets fairly betwixt its horns, rising for the blow ; then dashed them against the bone and shattered the brain. Prone the creature fell, and, quivering, lay lifeless on the sod ! He, from above, thus broke into speech : 'A better life, Eryx, I pay thee in lieu of Dares' death, and here—victor to the end—resign glove and art !'

Straight Aeneas invited all, who so desired, to contend with the fleet shaft, and proclaimed the rewards. With his own mighty hand he upreared the mast from Serestus' galley, and, from its high summit, hung, in a cord passed through, a fluttering dove—mark for their levelled steel. The archers gathered ; the lots were flung, and a brazen helm received them. First before all, amid favouring cheers, issued the place of Hippocoon, Hyrtacus' son ; whom Mnestheus followed, conqueror but now in the naval strife —Mnestheus in his green olive-crown. Third came Eurytion —thy brother, far-famed Pandarus, who in other days, commanded to undo the truce, didst wing the first weapon into the hosts of Argos ! Last, and lowest sunk in the casque, was Acestes, ready even yet with heart and hand to assay the toils of youth.

Then, with stalwart arms, the archers bent their curving bows, each for himself, and drew shaft from quiver. And first, from the strident sinew, the arrow of Hyrtacus'

youthful son fled through the sky, parting the fleet airs, attained the mark, and struck full in the mast's adverse timber. The bole shook; the bird fluttered her timorous wings, and all around rang again with cheers. Next gallant Mnestheus took his stand with drawn bow, aiming to the height, and levelled eye and shaft alike. But, alas, his steel availed not to touch the bird herself, but severed the knots and flaxen bonds, which chained her foot as she hung from the mast: and soaring she fled to the winds and clouds of heaven! Then quickly Eurytion, who, with ready bow, had long held his arrow on the string, called his brother to his prayer, marked the dove,—triumphant now in the open skies,—and pierced her, as, on beating pinion, she flew under a sable cloud. Breathless she fell, leaving her life in the ethereal stars, and descending brought back the shaft in her breast.

And now, the palm lost and won, Acestes remained alone: yet he sped his arrow into the air aloft, displaying—reverend sire!—his art and loud-singing bow. On this a sudden portent, fraught with solemn presage, broke on their view:—its truth the high issue shewed anon; and too late the dread-inspiring seers declared its boding import! For, flying, the reed caught fire in the humid clouds, writ its course in flame, and vanished, utterly consumed, into unsubstantial air:—as often stars, unsphered from the firmament, shoot athwart the night with streaming tresses! Trinacrians and Teucrians alike stood helpless with bewildered souls and praying lips. Nor did great Aeneas spurn the omen; but, embracing the glad Acestes, loaded him with noble gifts, and so spoke: 'Take them, sire: for Heaven's sovereign Lord has willed by this sign that, exempt from the lot, thou shouldst receive peculiar honour! This guerdon shall be thine, as once it

was old Anchises',—a bowl embossed with figures, which, in other years, Thracian Cisseus gave to my father's keeping, a princely gift, memorial of himself and pledge of his love!' So saying, he crowned his temples with green laurel, and styled Acestes victor, sole above all: nor did good Eurytion grudge him his honour preferred, though himself alone had struck down the dove from her aëry heights. Next in order of reward came he who had severed the bonds: last, he whose winged reed had lodged in the mast.

But father Aeneas, ere yet the contest was sped, summoned Epytus' son to his side,—guardian and guide of Iulus' childish years,—and thus spoke to his faithful ear: 'Away, and charge Ascanius, if he now holds his boyish troop in readiness and has marshalled his cavalcade, to lead in his squadrons to his grandsire's honour and display himself in arms.' He said; and himself commanded the instreaming throng to depart from the length of the course and to leave the lists clear. The boys rode in, and, with even ranks, passed shining on bridled steeds before their parents' gaze; while, admiring as they went, all Sicily and Troy cried acclaim. The locks of all were duly confined in diadems of shorn leaves and each bore two steel-tipped cornel-shafts: on the shoulder of some were polished quivers, and on the upper breast a flexile circlet of gold passed round the neck. Three in number were the mounted squadrons, and three the captains that rode to and fro, each followed by twice six boys glittering in tripartite array under companion chiefs. One youthful band rode gaily behind a little Priam, his grandsire living in his name,—famed scion, Polites, of thine, and destined to Italy's increase! Now he reined a Thracian courser, dappled with flakes of white, white his fetlocks' forefront, and white the forehead which proudly he reared. Next came Atys,

whence the Latin Atii draw their race,—little Atys, the boyish love of boy Iulus. Last, and in beauty fairest of all, came Iulus on a Sidonian steed, which radiant Dido had given in remembrance of herself and pledge of her love. All their company else rode horses of Sicily, the boon of old Acestes.

With applauding hands the Dardans welcomed their anxious train, and joyed, as they gazed, to trace in the sons their fathers' lineaments of old.—When they had ridden merrily round all the concourse in view of their kindred, the son of Epytus, as they stood expectant, cried the signal from far and sounded his whip. In equal troops they galloped apart and dissolved their array, three by three, into disjunct bands; and again, at summons, wheeled back and bore down with lances couched. Then they entered on other charges and other retreats, in encountering lines; wound circle on alternate circle, and under arms evoked the semblance of battle, now wheeling in unguarded flight, now turning their spears in menace, and again riding abreast in all peace. As once, men tell, in high Crete, the labyrinth held a path threaded betwixt sunless walls,—a traitorous device perplexed by a thousand ways, wherein the maze, undiscovered and irretrievable, baffled the signs set for guidance:—even so the sons of Troy rode in their tangled course, weaving a sportive web of conflict and flight, like dolphins, who, skimming the watery expanse, cleave the Carpathian or Libyan main.

This mode of horsemanship and these games Ascanius first restored, what time he girdled Alba the Long with walls, and taught the early Latins to celebrate them, even as did he, in his boyhood, and, with him, the youth of Troy. They of Alba taught their children; and from Alba mighty Rome received the heritage, and preserved the ancestral

wont: and *Troy* now are the boys styled and *Trojan* their company!

Thus far the ritual was paid to Anchises the blest: but now Fortune began to turn and bely her faith. For while, in interchange of sports, they rendered their homage to the tomb, Juno, Saturn's child, sent Iris down from Heaven to the Ilian fleet, and breathed gales to waft her on her way, revolving many a thought, and with her ancient anger yet unsated. She, hasting her journey along the arch of myriad hues, hied swiftly down on her virgin path, unseen by man. She saw the vast concourse; she traversed the beach, and scanned the forsaken harbour and warderless fleet. But, remote on the lorn strand, the women of Troy wept their lost Anchises, and, weeping, gazed all on the unplumbed deep. 'Alas, and do seas so many, and tracts of foam so wide, await yet our weariness?' they cried with a single voice, and prayed for an abiding city, heart-sick of enduring ocean's travail. Into their midst, then, she flung herself, no tyro in the arts of harm, and resigned her celestial countenance and garb. Beroë she became,—Beroë, the aged wife of Tmarian Doryclus, once blest with race and fame and children,—and, in such semblance, mingled with the Dardan matrons: 'O hapless we, whom the Achaean's conquering hand dragged not to death under the walls of our fathers! O ill-starred race, to what fatal doom does Fortune reserve thee? The seventh summer now wanes since Troy was cut down; and we wander still, though we have travelled every sea and every land, past many a churlish rock and under many a star, pursuing the while, wave-tost, a fugitive Italy over the great deep! Here are the borders of Eryx our brother, and Acestes proffers welcome. Who shall gainsay that we raise our ramparts and give a city to our citizens? O my country, and

thy gods reft from the enemy's hand in vain! shall there no more be a Troy-town in the mouths of men? shall these eyes never see the rivers of Hector, Xanthus and Simoïs? Nay, up and burn with me these accursed barques! For in dreams I have seen the phantom of Cassandra the prophetess, and she gave me lighted brands. *Here seek ye your Troy*, she said, *here your home is!* And now the hour calls for the deed; nor can portents so high brook delay. Lo, four altars to Neptune! Flame and resolve the god himself ministers!'

She said; and incontinent seized fiercely the felon torch; brandished it with forceful hand far uplifted, then flung it forth. The women of Ilium gazed with awakening mind and astonied heart. Then one of their throng,—eldest-born of all,—Pyrgo, the royal nurse of Priam's many sons: 'Matrons, here is no Beroë! Not this Doryclus' Rhoeteian spouse! Note ye the tokens of divine beauty and the lightning of her eyes, her breath and her lineaments, the sound of her voice, and the walk of her feet! Not long ago myself I parted from Beroë, leaving her sick and rebellious that she alone must be portionless in this festival, nor might pay to Anchises the honours that are his due!'

She spoke; but the matrons, wavering and dubious at first, scanned the vessels with malign gaze, hesitant betwixt their wistful love for the country at their hand and the fated realms that beckoned them; when the goddess on even wing soared to the skies tracing her great arch beneath the clouds. Then, at last, dazed by the portent and stung by madness, they cried aloud and snatched fire from the hearths within,—part despoiling the altars,—then flung on the fleet leaves and boughs and brands. Unleashed, the Fire-god swept raging over thwarts and oars and the painted poops of fir.

To the tomb of Anchises and the seated theatre Eumelus plied, herald of the burning vessels: and, looking back, their own eyes discerned the dark ashes eddying in clouds. Foremost of all Ascanius, as gaily he led the galloping troop, spurred instantly to the turmoiled camp, nor could his breathless guardians stay him. 'What strange frenzy is here?' he cried. 'Alas my hapless countrywomen, whither now, whither would ye go? No foe—no hostile encampment of Argos—ye burn, but your own hopes! Behold me—your own Ascanius!' And he flung before their feet the empty casque, accoutred in which he portrayed the mimic war. Aeneas and his Trojan bands came hastening together: but the matrons, in dismay, fled scattered here and there over the strand, and stole to the woods or the chance shelter of rocky caverns. Loathing the deed and the light, they were changed and knew their friends; and Juno was banished from their hearts. Yet none the more did the flames and fire resign their unvanquished strength! Under the moist timber the tow lived, disgorging slow wreaths of smoke; the clinging heat fed on the hulls, and the plague spread downward through all: nor could the heroes' might, nor the floods they poured, avail.

Then good Aeneas tore the vesture from his shoulders, and with outstretched palms called Heaven to aid: 'Almighty Jove, if thou loathest not yet the Trojans to a man, if thy mercy of old aught regards our human sorrow, grant now, O Father, that the fleet may escape the flame and snatch from destruction the slender fortunes of Troy! Or, if so I have merited, fill thou full the cup, and with hostile thunderbolt send me down to death and whelm me here under thy right hand!' Scarce had the words left his lips, when the rains streamed forth and a gloomy tempest raved

restraintless: and the high places of earth and her plains quaked to the thunder. The tumultuous flood came rushing from all the sky, pitch-black amid the serried gales of the South. The hulls were filled to overflowing, and the smouldering oak was drenched, till all the fire died, and all the barques, save four, were delivered from destruction.

But father Aeneas, deep-wounded by this cruel hap, revolved in swift change, now this way and now that, his mighty burden of care:—whether to rest in the Sicilian fields, careless of Destiny, or to assay the coasts of Italy. Then aged Nautes, whom Pallas, Tritonian maid, had schooled beyond all mortals else, and given him the glory of perfect art, inspiring him to answer what the dread wrath of Heaven foreshowed or what the order of fate required:—he, then, began, and so spoke comfort to Aeneas: 'Goddess-born, as Fate urges—whether onward or backward—let us follow! Whatever shall fall, Fortune is conquered always by endurance! Here thou hast Dardan Acestes, sprung of celestial line: take him to share thy councils, and claim his willing alliance! Commit to him all for whom there is no space, now that these ships are lost, and all that are weary of thy great emprize and of thy fortunes. And choose the stricken in years, and the wave-worn matrons, and whatsoever sails with thee that is weak and timorous of peril; and grant their weariness to possess a city in this land. They shall call their town Acesta, and no man forbid the name!'

Then, kindling to these words of his aged friend, he swept his distracted mind over all the range of care: and sable Night, throned on her chariot, rode up the sky. In a little while the form of his sire Anchises seemed to descend from heaven and break into sudden utterance: 'My son, dearer

than life, in the days when life remained me, my son, who hast wrestled so long with Ilium's destiny, I come to thee by mandate of Jove, who has driven the fire from thy fleet and pitied thee at last from the empyreal height! Obey the sage counsel that now white-haired Nautes gives thee: convey into Italy the flower of thy chivalry and the stoutest hearts! A hardy race, and of rugged life, must thou war down in Latium. Yet first approach thou the nether halls of Dis, and through the deeps of Avernus hasten, son, to meet me! For godless Tartarus holds me not, nor the shades of sorrow; but I dwell in the pleasant synods of the just, and in Elysium. Thither the chaste Sibyl will escort thee when many dusk kine have bled: and then shalt thou learn all thy race and the city prepared for thee. And now fare thee well! Dewy Night rolls on her midmost course, and the remorseless Day-star has breathed on me with the panting breath of his orient steeds!' He ceased; and fled as smoke into the unsubstantial air. 'Whither now wilt thou speed?' cried Aeneas. 'Whither thus amain? Whom fleest thou? Or who withholds thee from our embrace?' So speaking, he quickened the ashes and slumbering flames, and, with holy meal and laden censer, paid his suppliant homage to the Lar of Pergamus and the secret hearth of hoary Vesta.

Straight he called his friends—Acestes first—and expounded the command of Jove, the counsel of his loved sire, and the resolve now settled in his breast. Not long their debate; nor did Acestes gainsay the behest. They enrolled the matrons in a city, and planted there such of the company as willed—souls that hungered not for glory. Themselves they renewed the thwarts, restored the charred timbers of the vessels, and fashioned oars and cordage—few in numbers,

but with valour that fainted not in battle. Meanwhile Aeneas traced the walls with the plough, and allotted dwellings: this he bade be *Ilium*, and these places *Troy*. Trojan Acestes rejoiced in his novel realm, appointed a forum, and gave laws to an assembled senate. Then, on the summit of Eryx, they founded a star-pointing fane to Idalian Venus, and assigned a priest and a grove of ample sanctity to Anchises' sepulchre.

And now, when all the people had feasted for nine days, and sacrifice had been rendered on the altars, placid breezes lulled the seas, and the recurrent South called whispering once more to the main. Along the winding shores rose a great lamentation, and, friend embracing friend, they lingered a day and a night. And now the very matrons,—the very men,—to whom erstwhile the sight of the sea seemed bitterness, and intolerable its tyranny, would fain sail and endure to the end the journey in all its weariness, Them good Aeneas solaced with kindly words and, weeping, commended to his kinsman Acestes. Next he bade slay three steers to Eryx, and a ewe-lamb to the Tempests, and duly fling loose the hawser. Himself, meanwhile, crowned in shorn leaves of olive, stood at distance on the prow, and, goblet in hand, cast the entrails into the briny waves and poured the streaming wine. A wind, rising from the stern, followed them on their way, and zealously the seamen smote the foam and swept the watery levels.

But Venus, meantime, care-harrassed, addressed her suit to Neptune and thus unbosomed her plaint: 'The heavy anger and insatiate heart of Juno constrain me, Neptune, to stoop to all entreaty: for neither length of days nor any piety may soften her; and the dictates of Jove, and Destiny's self, leave her unbroken and unbowed. It suffices not that

with dire hatred she has eaten out their city from the heart of Phrygia's people, and dragged the relics of Troy through all extremity of vengeance: she persecutes the ashes and dust of the slain! The source of such fury may herself know! Even thou wert my witness of late in the Afric waves, what sudden turmoil she engendered, mingling, in vain reliance on Aeolus' storms, all ocean with heaven, and daring the deed in thy mid empire. And now, behold, driving the matrons of Troy through paths of crime, foully she has burned their ships, and compelled them—their fleet destroyed—to abandon their crews to an unknown soil! For the remnant of their course, I pray thee, grant them without peril to sail thy waves: grant them to reach Laurentine Tiber—if my suit is lawful, if there the Sisters vouchsafe them a city!'

Then spoke Saturn's son, lord of the fathomless deep: 'All right hast thou, Cythera's queen, to trust in my realms —those realms whence thou drawest birth! And I have merited so! Often have I quelled the madness and dread fury of sky and sea: nor less upon earth—Xanthus and Simoïs bear witness!—has been my care of thy Aeneas! When Achilles in pursuit was hurling Troy's breathless hosts against their ramparts, and consigning his thousands to death—when the choking rivers groaned, and Xanthus availed not to find a passage nor to roll himself to ocean—on that day I plucked Aeneas from the slayer in sheltering cloud, as he fronted Peleus' great son with less puissant arm and less puissant gods; though I desired to uproot from their foundations those walls of forsworn Troy that mine own hands had built! And changeless my purpose still abides: dispel thy fears! Scatheless he shall approach the haven of Avernus, as thou prayest. One alone there shall be, whom,

lost on the flood, he shall seek and find not:—one life shall be given for many!'

When his words had soothed her heavenly heart to gladness, the great Sire yoked his steeds in gold, curbed their fierceness with foaming bit, and loosely shook forth from his hand the many reins. In azure car he sped skimming the plains of ocean; the waves sank, the heaving main grew smooth under his thundering axle, and the clouds fled from all the expanse of heaven. Straight appeared the manifold shapes of his attendant train,—huge whales, Glaucus, with his grey-beard quire, Palaemon (Ino's child), and the fleet Tritons, and all the array of Phorcus—while on the left were banded Thetis and Melite and maiden Panopea, Nesaeë and Spio, Thalia and Cymodoce.

On this joy's soft vicissitude thrilled the anxious soul of father Aeneas; and he commanded every mast to be reared with instant speed, and every sail to be stretched on its yard. Together all set their sheets, and, at one time and the same, loosed the canvass, now on the left, now on the right: together they turned, and turned again, the peakèd sail-yards aloft; and favouring gales bore on the fleet! In the van, before them all, Palinurus led the serried line; and by him the others shaped their course, obedient to command.

And now dewy Night had almost reached her goal in the central heavens, and, stretched by the oars along the hard benches, the seamen had surrendered their limbs to slumber's quiet influence; when Sleep, lightly gliding from the ethereal stars, parted the dusk air and clove the shades, in quest, Palinurus, of thee, and laden with fatal dreams for thy guiltless eyes! On the tall poop the god alighted in semblance of Phorbas, and opened his lips to such intent: 'Palinurus, Iasus' son, the seas themselves convoy the

fleet; the winds breathe steadily: it is slumber's hour. Pillow thy head, and steal those weary eyes from their toil! Myself for a space will assay thy charge.' To whom Palinurus, scarce lifting his gaze: 'Wouldst thou have me blind to the face of the tranquil flood and the quiet waves? Wouldst thou have me put faith in that monster of unfaith? Say, shall I trust Aeneas to the forsworn gales?—I who have been cozened so oft by the treachery of an unruffled sky!' Such reply he vouchsafed; and, rooted to his grasp, withdrew no whit his hand from the rudder nor his eye from the stars. But, lo, the god,—waving over either temple a bough, steeped in Lethe's dew and charmed to slumber by Stygian spell,—constrained his swimming eyes to resign the struggle. And hardly had the sudden sleep touched his nerveless limbs, ere bending above he flung him sheer into the flowing waves, rending away, as he fell, part of the poop and the rudder, and calling vainly and oft to his comrades. Himself, on rapid pinion, soared into the substanceless air.—Yet no less the fleet rode securely over the deep, and sped onward, dauntless in the promise of Father Neptune.

And now, advancing, it neared the cliffs of the Sirens, perilous of yore, and white with the bones of many men, though then the raucous cliffs but echoed afar to the incessant waves, when the sire grew ware that the errant barque floated void of her master, and with his own hand guided her over the mighty flood, much sighing and stricken to the heart by his friend's doom: 'O trustful over-much in the calm of sky and deep, thou shalt lie, Palinurus, naked on the alien strand!'

VI

THUS, weeping, he spoke and gave rein to the fleet, and at length rode by Cumae and her Euboean shores. They turned the prows to sea; the anchor with biting tooth gripped the barks, and the crooked keels lined the beach. All ardent, the banded youth leaped out on the Hesperian strand. Part sought the seeds of flame lurking in veins of flint: part despoiled the woods—dense covert of the wild beast—and shewed the discovered streams. But good Aeneas repaired to the heights, whereover Apollo holds ward aloft, and to the cavern, vast and remote, that guards the secrecy of the dread Sibyl, on whom the seer of Delos breathes his great mind and soul, and unfolds the days to be. And now they drew to the groves of Trivia and the golden fane.

Daedalus,—so fame tells,—when he fled from the realms of Minos, adventuring on rapid pinion to commit himself to the skies, floated along his unwonted path to the icy North, then hovered and alighted on the Chalcidian hill. There first restored to earth, he consecrated, Phoebus, to thee the oarage of his wings, and reared a mighty temple. On the doors was seen Androgeos dead; and, nigh to him, the children of Cecrops, doomed—ah woe!—to the yearly penalty of seven lives of their sons.—There stood the urn, and they drew the lots!—Fronting these, the Gnosian land rose in counterpart from the main. There was portrayed that cruel passion for the bull, the device of Pasiphae's lust, and the mingled birth of two-fold kind, the Minotaur—pledge of a nameless love. There was that laboured pile and its maze,—inextricable for ever, had not Daedalus, in compassion for the queen's great love, himself resolved the

traitorous riddle of the palace, guiding with a clue the lover's viewless footsteps. And thou, also, Icarus,—a great part had been thine in the great work, had grief allowed. Twice he assayed to depict thy fate in gold: twice the father's hands sank impotent.

All this their gaze would have perused in order, had not Achates returned from his errand in their van, and, with him, the priestess of Phoebus and Trivia, Deiphobe, Glaucus' child, who thus addressed the king: 'Not such the sights that this hour demands! Now were it meeter to slay seven steers from the unyoked herd, and as many ewes duly chosen.' Aeneas thus admonished,—and his men delayed not to do her sacred bidding—the priestess summoned the Teucrians into the lofty shrine.

Of the Euboean rock, one vast side is hewn into a cavern, whither lead a hundred broad avenues and a hundred gateways, whence issue voices as many, charged with the Sibyl's response. The threshold was barely gained, when the maiden cried: 'It is the hour to inquire your fates! The god,—behold the god!' And as she stood by the doors and spoke, suddenly her countenance and her hue changed, and her tresses fell disordered: her bosom panted, her wild heart swelled with fury, and she grew taller to the view, and her voice rang not of mortality, now that the god breathed on her in nigher presence. 'Art thou slothful,' she cried, 'in vow and prayer? Slothful, Aeneas of Troy? For only so shall be unsealed the mighty portals of this awe-stricken fane.' She said, and was mute. A chill trembling thrilled through their stout Teucrian breasts, and the king broke into prayer from his heart of hearts: 'Phoebus, who hast pitied always the sore agony of Troy,—Phoebus, who didst wing the Dardan shaft from Paris' hand to the frame of Aeacus' son,—under

thy guidance have I entered these many seas, that circle their great continents, and Massylia's farthest tribes, and the fields that the Syrtes fringe. And now, at length, we clutch at the borders of a receding Italy! Then grant that thus far—nor farther—the star of Troy shall have followed us! Ye, too, at this hour, may meetly spare the people of Pergamus, gods and goddesses all, who brooked not Ilium nor the high renown of our Dardan realm! And thou, prophetess most holy, who foreknowest the days to come, vouchsafe (for I ask but the kingdom due to my destiny) a home for the Teucrians in Latium,—a home for their way-worn gods and the storm-tost deities of Troy! Then wil I raise to Phoebus and Trivia a fane of solid marble, and in Phoebus' name ordain days of festival. Thee also a solemn shrine awaits in our realm: for there I will set thine oracles and the mysteries of fate that thou shalt reveal to my people; and I will consecrate chosen men to thy service, gracious maid! Only commit not thy songs to the leaves, lest, disordered, they flit abroad, the sport of boisterous winds. Let thine own lips prophesy, I entreat thee.' He said, and his lips were still.

But in her cavern the prophetess, intolerant yet of Phoebus' will, raved in limitless frenzy, straining to exorcize the mighty god from her soul: but all the more he curbed her foaming lips to weariness, subdued her fierce heart, and moulded her to his constraint. And now the hundred vast doorways of the shrine swung open of their own accord, and the response of the priestess came wafted through the air: 'O thou that at length hast outworn the great perils of the deep—though others, and heavier, await thee upon earth—the children of Dardanus shall come to the realm of Lavinium (trouble not thy soul for this), but they shall joy not at their

coming. War—grim war—I descry, and Tiber foaming with torrents of blood! Thou shalt lack not a Simois, nor a Xanthus, nor a Dorian camp. Even now, another Achilles is prepared for thee in Latium,—goddess-born no less than thou! Nor anywhere shall Juno forbear to dog thy Teucrians: while thou, suppliant in the day of need,—what people of Italy, what city shall have heard not thy prayer! And the source of all this woe to Troy shall again be a foreign bridal,—again an alien bed. But yield not thou to any woes: but with bolder front fare forth to meet them in the path that thy fortune shall allow! The earliest step to salvation,—little though thou deem it,—shall be taken from a Grecian town!'

In such words the Cumaean Sibyl chanted her mysteries of fear from her shrine, and moaned from out the cavern, shrouding truth in darkness:—so potent the rein that Apollo shook above her frenzy, and the iron that he planted in her soul! So soon as the madness ceased and her raving lips were hushed, the hero began: 'Maiden, affliction can display no lineament that is new or strange to these eyes. All this I have foreknown and debated erewhile in my spirit. One boon I entreat! Since here, men say, is the portal of the infernal king and the sunless pool of brimming Acheron, be it granted me to pass to the sight and presence of my dear sire! Teach me the way, and unlock the hallowed gates! Him, through a ring of flames and a thousand pursuant spears, I bare into safety on these shoulders and rescued from the enemy's midst: his feeble frame accompanied my wanderings, and endured at my side every sea, every menace of ocean and sky, beyond the strength and desert of age. Nay, he it was who charged me, alike by prayer and command, that, suppliant, I should repair to thy presence and draw nigh to thy door! If Orpheus,

reliant on his Thracian lyre and tuneful strings, could summon again the spirit of his bride—if Pollux redeemed his brother by interchange of death and treads and retreads the path so oft—of thy grace, I entreat thee, have compassion on son and sire; for thou hast all power, nor in vain hath Hecate set thee over the groves of Avernus!—What skills it to speak of Theseus? What, of great Alcides? In my veins, also, flows the blood of sovereign Jove!'

So prayed he, hand on altar, when thus the prophetess took the word: 'Seed of lineage celestial, Troy-born son of Anchises, light is the descent to Avernus! Night and day the portals of gloomy Dis stand wide: but to recall thy step and issue to the upper air—there is the toil and there the task! Few only have had the power—sons of the gods, whom a gracious Jove hath loved, or the flame of virtue exalted to the stars! The tract between is shrouded in forest and round it slide the black encircling folds of Cocytus! But if such yearning possess thy soul—if so deep thy desire, twice to float on the Stygian lake, twice to behold the gloom of Hell—and thy pleasure be to indulge this frenzied emprize, then hearken what must first be done! In a shady tree, a bough lies hidden, golden of leaf and pliant stem, and dedicated to Juno below. This all the grove conceals; and the shadows in the dusky glens enfold it. Yet to none is it given to enter the viewless places of earth, ere he have plucked from the tree its golden-tressed fruit; for such is the tribute that beauteous Proserpine hath ordained shall be brought for her proper meed. When the first is rent away a second, golden no less, succeeds, and the bough blossoms with ore as precious. Therefore let thine eye be piercing in the quest, and thine hand pluck it when duly found. For, if thou art called of Fate, lightly and freely it will obey: else,

the strong hand shall avail thee not to subdue it, nor the tempered steel to sunder it. More,—though, alas, thou knowest it not,—the breathless clay of thy friend lies, defiling all the fleet with the presence of death, while thou seekest our response and lingerest on our threshold. Him lay thou first in his own place, and shelter him in the tomb. Lead black cattle to the altar: be that thy first peace-offering! So shalt thou behold, at the last, the Stygian groves and the realms untravelled by the living!'—She said, and locked her lips in silence.

With eyes downcast and countenance sorrow-clouded, Aeneas left the cavern and pursued his way, revolving in spirit the darkened future. By his side went loyal Achates, pacing under like weight of care; and much they communed with one another in changing discourse—what lifeless comrade the prophetess boded, what corpse for the burial! And, lo, when they came, they descried Misenus on the dry beach reft by an untimely death—Misenus, son of Aeolus, whom none surpassed in waking the heart of man by his clarion and kindling the battle by his note. Henchman once of great Hector, in Hector's train he braved the fray, glorious alike by trump and spear. Soon, when Achilles' victorious hand had despoiled his lord of life, the dauntless hero stooped not to lower service, but followed the banner of Dardan Aeneas. But on that day, while haply he thrilled the seas with hollow shell and, infatuate, challenged Heaven to dispute the palm, jealous Triton—if credence be meet—seized his mortal frame and plunged him amid the rocks into the foaming flood. So all made their loud moan about him; good Aeneas above the rest. Then, unlingering, they discharged in tears the command of the Sibyl, and with emulous zeal piled the altar of sepulture with trees and exalted it heaven-high. Forth

they went into the immemorial forest, where the wild beasts dwelt in lofty covert. The pines tottered and fell, and the smitten holm rang under the axe; ashen beams and fissile oak they cleft with the wedge, and from the hills rolled down the great mountain-ashes.

Nor less, amid their toil, Aeneas was foremost to cheer his men and to gird him with weapons even as theirs. And as, communing himself with his own sad heart, he gazed on the measureless forest, so, haply, he shaped his prayer: 'O that now, in this great forest, the golden bough might gleam upon our eyes from its tree! For over-truly—alas! —the prophetess told of thee, Misenus!' Scarce had he spoken, when it so fell that two doves came flying from heaven before the very visage of the hero, and alighted on the green sward. Straight the heroic prince knew them for his mother's birds, and joyously sent up his prayer: 'If any way there be, O guide ye our feet! and bend your course through the skies to those groves where the precious bough shadows the fertile earth! And thou, goddess and mother, desert not our dubious fortunes!' So saying, he stayed his steps and watched what signs they brought, and whither their flight would tend. Feeding the while, they advanced on the wing so far as the eye of the travellers might discern them: then, when they drew to the gorge of noisome Avernus, incontinent they soared aloft, and, gliding through the unclouded blue, lit side by side on their chosen goal—a tree, through whose branches flashed the contrasting glimmer of gold. As, in the snows of winter, the mistletoe—sown of no parent tree—blossoms in unfamiliar leaves and encircles the tapering boles with shoots of saffron, so seemed the aureate foliage on the dark holm, so tinkled the foil to the gentle breeze.—Straight Aeneas seized it,

overbore its reluctance with eager hand, and brought it to the Sibyl's prophetic roof.

Nor less, meanwhile, on the strand, the Teucrians wept Misenus and tendered the last meed to his ingrate dust. And first they built a pyre, unctuous with brands and high-piled with oaken beams. They wreathed the sides in sober leaves, planted funereal cypresses in the front, and decked the summit in the dead man's shining panoply. Part prepared the heated water, in cauldrons bubbling over the flames, and, moaning, washed and anointed the chill clay; then laid the tear-dewed limbs on their couch, and cast above them purple robes—the wonted pall. Part—sad ministry!—stooped beneath the giant bier, and, as their fathers used, held the torch beneath with averted eyes. Offerings of frankincense, viands, and bowls of streaming oil, were flung upon the fire and consumed. Then, when the embers were sunken and the flames burned low, they slaked the relics and thirsty ashes with wine, and Corynaeus gathered the bones again and enshrined them in a casquet of bronze. Thrice, moreover, he bore pure water round the circuit of his comrades, sprinkling them with light spray from a bough of fruitful olive, and purified them all, and pronounced the last farewell. But good Aeneas raised over the dead a massy sepulchre, with the arms of the hero's calling, his oar and his trumpet, under a skyey hill, that now from him is called *Misenus*, and preserves his name eternal throughout the ages.—This done, he hastened to fulfil the Sibyl's mandate.

A cavern there was, that yawned abysmal and vast—jagged, and guarded by its sunless lake and the midnight of its groves—whereover no winged creature could fly on its way unscathed: so pestilent the breath steaming from its dark gorge to the cope of heaven! Here the priestess first

set four steers, black of body, and poured wine upon their brows; then, plucking the topmost tufts from betwixt the horns, laid them on the holy flames for earliest offering, calling the while on Hecate, queen alike in Heaven and Hell. Others set the knife to the throat and caught the warm blood in vessels. Himself, Aeneas smote with the sword a ewe-lamb of sable fleece to the mother of the Furies and her mighty sister, and to thee, Proserpine, a barren heifer. Then to the Stygian king he reared altars by night, and placed on the flames whole carcases of bulls, pouring rich oil over the burning flesh. But, lo, about the first rays of the orient sun, earth began to moan under foot, and the ridges of forest to tremble, and hounds seemed to bay through the twilight, as the goddess drew nigh. 'Hence, O hence,' cried the prophetess, 'ye that are uninitiate! Withdraw ye from all the grove! And thou—get thee on thy way and unsheathe thy brand! Now is the hour, Aeneas, for the dauntless spirit—now for the stout heart!' So far she spoke; then, frenzied, cast herself into the cavern; while he, with no timorous step, held pace with his guide.

Ye Gods, who bear sceptre over souls, ye mute phantoms, and ye, Chaos and Phlegethon, realms far-silent beneath the night,—suffer me to speak as I have heard—suffer me by your will to reveal that which is hidden in the abysms of earth and darkness!

Dim under the lone night, they journeyed through the shadows, through the vacant halls of Dis and his unsubstantial kingdom:—even as one who journeys in a forest under the niggard light of the faltering moon, when Jove has curtained the sky in shade, and the blackness of night bereaves Nature of her hue. Hard before the portal, in the opening jaws of Hell, Grief and avenging Cares have made their couch; and

with them dwell wan Disease and sorrowful Age, and Fear, and Hunger, temptress to Sin, and loathly Want—shapes of ghastly mien—and Death, and Toil, and Sleep, Death's brother, and the guilty Joys of the Soul, and doom-fraught War, full in the gateway, and the iron chambers of the Furies, and raving Discord with viperous locks bound in sanguine fillets.

In the midst is an elm, shadowy and vast, with boughs and age-worn arms spread wide; and in it, men say, dwell vain Dreams, adherent to every leaf. And many a shape else is there of beasts monstrous and manifold—Centaurs couchant by the doors, Scyllas double-formed, Briareus with his hundred hands, and the creature of Lerna hissing fearfully; the Chimaera, weaponed with flame, the Gorgons, and the Harpies, and the semblance of the tricorporate shade. Thereon Aeneas, unnerved by sudden alarm, snatched at his sword and offered the naked edge to their approach: and had not his sage companion admonished him that these were but lives, substanceless and bodiless, flitting under a hollow phantasm of form, he had rushed upon them, cleaving the shadows asunder with idle steel.

Hence parts the way which leads to the billows of Tartarean Acheron; whose turbid stream seethes with mud and giant eddies, and disgorges into Cocytus all its sands. Water and river are guarded by a grim ferryman, ghastly and foul,—Charon, his chin an unkempt mass of hoariness, his glaring eyes flame-shot, his squalid, knotted garb pendent from his shoulders. Pole in hand, himself he drives his bark, trims the sails, and convoys the dead in sable galley: for, old though he be, the age of a god is hale and green. To him the whole throng rushed, streaming to the bank,—matrons, and men, and great-souled heroes who had lived their lives; boys and

maidens unwed, and youths laid on the pyre before their parents' eyes. In legions they came, many as the leaves that fall in the forest at the first chill breath of Autumn,—many as the birds that flock from the unplumbed flood to earth, when the season of snows drives them fugitive across the waves, and consigns them to a sunnier clime. There they stood, all pleading that first they might make the passage, their hands outstretched in yearning for the farther shore. But the grisly ferryman received now these and now those, while others he thrust away and banished afar from the strand. Wondering, and moved by the turmoil: 'Speak, maiden,' Aeneas cried, 'and say, what imports this concourse to the river? What seek the souls? Or what judgement dooms these to quit the brink,—those to row sweeping through the livid waters?' To him the aged priestess made brief response: 'Seed of Anchises, offspring most sure of Heaven, thou seest the deep pools of Cocytus and the morass of Styx, by whose power the gods fear to swear and swear the false. All this throng that thou viewest is helpless and tombless. The ferryman is Charon, and they that sail the flood are the buried. Nor may he bear them away from those awful banks, across the hoarse waters, ere their bones have found a resting-place. For a hundred years they wander and flit round these shores: then, nor before, they are received and review the pool of their desire.' The child of Anchises paused, and, much pondering, stayed his steps, pitying at heart their cruel doom. There he beheld, all mournful and guerdonless of death's last tribute, Leucaspis and Orontes, captain of the Lycian fleet, who together had sailed from Troy over the windy deep, and together were whelmed by the South, vessel and men alike engulfed.

And lo, his helmsman Palinurus drew nigh—Palinurus, who

but now, as he voyaged from Libya, with gaze riveted to the stars, had fallen precipitate from the poop into mid ocean. So soon as with straining eye he traced his sad features in the great gloom, he took the word and thus spoke: 'What god, Palinurus, reft thee from us and sank thee under the ocean-floor? Speak and say! For in this sole response Apollo—never erst proved faithless—deluded my soul, in that he prophesied, thou shouldst be scatheless from the deep and shouldst come to the borders of Ausonia! And is this his plighted faith?' But he:—'Anchises' son, my liege, neither did the tripod of Phoebus beguile thee, nor any god whelm me in the deep! For, as I kept my appointed ward and governed our course, I fell, and haply by sheer force rent away the rudder, to which I clung, and dragged it down with me. Be witness the cruel seas, that for myself I conceived no such fear as for thy ship—lest, despoiled of her helm and bereft of her master's hand, she might fail amid the mountainous billows that arose! For three wintry nights, the boisterous South flung me through the brine, over the infinite main. Hardly, on the fourth dawn, uplifted on a crested wave, I descried Italy, and, little by little, swam to earth. And now safety was in my grasp; but while, cumbered in my dank weeds, I clutched with bended fingers at the jagged points of a mountain crag, a barbarous race assaulted me with the sword, and in their ignorance deemed me a prize. Now the wave possesses me, and the winds toss me on the shore. Therefore, I beseech thee, by the pleasant light of heaven and the air, by thy sire, and by the hope of thy rising Iulus, rescue me, unvanquished that thou art, from these woes! Either cast earth upon me—the power is thine—and seek again the Veline port; or, if any way there be—if any thy goddess mother reveal (for not, methinks,

without celestial warrant thou preparest to sail these dread streams and the Stygian pool)—vouchsafe thy hand to my misery and take me with thee across the flood, that in death at least I may find a haven of calm!' So had he spoken, when thus the prophetess began: 'Whence, Palinurus, this unhallowed yearning of thine? Is it thou, the tombless, who wouldst look on the waters of Styx and the Furies' relentless stream, and tread the brink unbidden? Abandon hope that the decrees of heaven may bend to prayer! Yet hear, and forget not my word, that shall solace the hardship of thy lot: for, far and wide throughout their cities, the peoples upon that border shall be driven by portents from Heaven to propitiate thy dust, to rear thee a sepulchre, and to render yearly offerings thereto; and the place shall bear for ever the name of Palinurus.' His sorrows assuaged by her word, for a little space grief fled from his anguished heart, and he rejoiced in the land to bear his name.

So they pursued their journey begun, and drew to the river. But, on the instant, so soon as the rower descried them from the Stygian wave, wending through the voiceless grove and turning their steps to the bank, unchallenged he accosted them, and assailed them with rebuke: 'Whosoever thou art, that in harness of war tendest to our streams, haste thee; speak thine errand whence thou standest, and stay thy step! Here is the world of Shadows, of Sleep, and of slumberous Night: no body of the living my Stygian barque may receive! Nor to my joy, in sooth, did I yield Alcides passage over the lake, nor Theseus and Pirithous—though they were the seed of Heaven, and of strength unvanquished. The one stretched forth his hand to enchain the warder of Hell, and dragged him trembling from the King's very throne: the twain assayed to ravish our queen from the

chamber of Dis!' To this the Amphrysian priestess in brief: 'Shrink not away! Here no such treachery harbours; no violence our weapons import! In peace the huge watcher of the gate may bay for ever in his cavern, affrighting the bloodless shades: in peace and honour Proserpine may dwell in her uncle's hall! Trojan Aeneas, for piety famed and arms, descends to seek his sire in the nethermost gloom of Erebus. If the vision of duty so signal moves thee not, yet know this bough!'—and she discovered the bough that lay unseen in her vesture. At once the surging ire of his heart was lulled, and they held no further parle; but surveying in wonder that awful gift of the fateful rod, seen now after so many days, he turned his sable barque and approached the shore; then discharged the rout of other spirits, who sate by the long thwarts, cleared the gangways, and, with the act, received the giant frame of Aeneas in his hull. Groaning under his weight, the sewn craft drank in the ooze through its bursting seams; till at length prophetess and hero were landed scatheless across the wave, on the dreary slime and grey sedge.

These realms echo to the triple-throated bark of huge Cerberus, whose enormous bulk reposes in a cavern that fronts the stream. To him the priestess, who saw that the serpents of his neck began to bristle, flung a cake drowsy with honey and medicated corn. He, opening his triple jaws in rabid hunger, snatched it as it came, and, his monstrous frame relaxed, sank to earth, and lay with vast limbs covering all the den. The warder's vigilance entombed, Aeneas gained the approach, and passed swiftly from the bank of that stream whence none return.

Straight, voices broke on their ears, and sore wailing,—the souls of infants weeping, whom, on life's earliest threshold, portionless of its bliss and torn from their mothers' breast, the black

day swept from sight and merged in the bitter wave of death. By these stood they who were doomed to die on lying charge. Yet not without the lot, not without judgement, these seats are assigned! Minos sits president and shakes the urn: he summons his conclave of the silent, and he notes their lives and sins. The regions, that succeed, a mournful people tenants;—they, the innocent, who raised their hands in self-slaughter, and, for loathing of the sunlight, flung life away. Alas, how gladly now would they endure, in the upper air, both penury and all duresse of toil! The laws of Heaven forbid; the unlovely pool with its weary waves enchains them, and Styx, nine times interfused, debars them.

No great way hence, spread wide upon every hand, the Mourning Plains, that men so style, encounter the view. Here, unseen in secret walks and embowered in groves of myrtle, dwell they whom relentless Love consumed with wasting pain: even in death, the pang abandons them not. In this region he discerned Phaedra, and Procris, and sad Eriphyle, pointing to the wounds of her pitiless son, and Evadne, and Pasiphaë. At their side went Laodamia, and Caeneus, once youth, now woman, and restored by revolving Fate to her ancient semblance. Among these, Phoenician Dido, fresh from her death-stroke, wandered in the great forest. So soon as the hero of Troy stood nigh to her, and knew her dim form through the shadows—as one that, when the month is new, sees, or thinks he sees, the moon rising amid the clouds—the tears began to fall, and he spoke to her in loving tenderness: 'Unhappy Dido! and did the messenger, then, speak sooth, who told that thou wert undone, and that the steel had wrought thy doom? Alas, was I the cause of death to thee? By the stars I swear—by the gods in Heaven, and by all that is sacred in these abysms of earth—

reluctantly, O queen, I sailed from thy shore! But the divine command, which now constrains me to journey through these shades, through realms rugged and blighted, and midnight profound, drove me thence, obedient to the behest: nor could I deem that, departing, I would bring upon thee this agony of sorrow. O stay thy step, nor withdraw thee from our view! Whom wilt thou flee! The last word that Fate allows is upon my lips!' So Aeneas spoke, with welling tears, striving to soothe the burning soul, mirrored in her grim eyes. She, with averted face, held her gaze fixed on earth; and her countenance was no more stirred by his faltered speech, than had she stood a pillar of stubborn flint or a cliff of Marpesian rock. At length she tore herself away, and, unreconciled, fled again to the shady grove, where her old-time lord responded to her sorrow, and Sychaeus gave love for love.—Yet, none the less, stricken to the heart by her unjust fate, Aeneas followed her afar with tears, and pitied her as she went.

Thence he assayed his appointed journey.—And now they walked those farthest fields, where sequestered dwell the renowned in war. Here Tydeus met his gaze; here Parthenopaeus, battle-famed; and the phantom of pale Adrastus. Here were princes of Dardan line, sore wept on the upper earth, and fallen in fight; and he sighed to behold them all in their long array:—Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus, the three sons of Antenor, with Polyboetes, Ceres' priest, and Idaeus, still charioted, still weaponed. To right and to left, the clustering ghosts thronged round him; and it sufficed them not, once to have seen him; but they would fain linger still, and pace by his side, and learn the cause of his coming. But the Danaan chieftains and the legions of Agamemnon, so soon as they discerned the hero, and his

harness refulgent through the dusk, wavered in panic fear. Part turned to flee, as erewhile when they sought the ships : part lifted a feeble voice, but the cry they assayed left them frustrate with gaping throat.

And here he descried Deiphobus, the son of Priam, his whole frame mangled, his visage cruelly marred—his visage and either hand—his temples shorn of the reft ears, and his nostrils maimed by hideous butchery. Scarce, indeed, he knew him, as, trembling, he sought to cover the traces of that nameless vengeance : then, in the once familiar tones, ungreeted he addressed him : 'Deiphobus—hero of battle, scion of Teucer's exalted line—what heart hath willed to exact such ruthless penalty? What hand hath been permitted to do this deed on thee ? On that last fatal night, fame brought me tidings that, wearied by slaying thy thousands, thou wert sunk above a formless pile of Pelasgian dead. Then, with these hands, I upraised to thee, on the Rhoetean shore, a tenantless sepulchre, and thrice with loud voice called upon thy spirit. Thy name and arms stand ward over the place ; thyself, friend, I could not see nor lay in the natal soil that I left ! ' To which the son of Priam : 'Naught, friend of mine, didst thou leave undone ! Thou hast paid in full to Deiphobus and to the shade of the slain ! But me my destiny, and the deathly guilt of the Spartan woman, whelmed in this flood of calamity ; behold these, the tokens that she left of her love ! For how we whiled away that last night in deluding joys thou knowest : and over clear must remembrance start ! When the fate-fraught horse came at a bound over the summit of Troy-towers, and brought, in impregnate womb, an armed infantry, she feigned a solemn dance and led our Phrygian dames around, clamorous in Bacchic frenzy, herself, in their midst, waving the broad

flames and summoning her Danaans from the citadel-height. In that hour, I lay care-worn and heavy-eyed in our accursed bridal chamber: and, as I lay, a deep and pleasant sleep, calm as death, weighed upon me. Meantime, my matchless consort emptied the palace of every weapon:—even my faithful sword she had purloined from under my head!—then, flinging wide the door, called Menelaus beneath my roof, hoping, I doubt not, that the guerdon would be precious in a lover's esteem, and that so she might cancel her ancient tale of ill! What boots it to linger? They burst into my chamber—they and, leagued with them, the scion of Aeolus, that counsellor of sin. Ye gods, repay the like to Greece, if with pious lips I call for vengeance! But thou, speak in thy turn, and say what chance hath brought the quick to the dead. Comest thou driven a pilgrim over ocean? Or what pursuit of fate constrains thee to tread these joyless, sunless abodes, these realms of turmoil?'

In this interchange of converse, the Dawn, on roseate car, had already crossed the mid cope of heaven in her empyreal course. And perchance they had so consumed their allotted space, but the Sibyl at their side admonished them with brief address:

'Night falls, Aeneas; we weep, but the hours pass. Here is the place, where the road parts in twain. To the right, it runs under the palace-walls of sovereign Dis; and thereby our way to Elysium lies. But the left-hand path is the path of vengeance, and guides the sinner to godless Tartarus.' Thereto Deiphobus: 'Be not angered, mighty priestess! I will go my way,—I will fill full the tale and restore me to my darkness. Go thou, our glory,—go, and a kindlier fate be with thee!' Thus far he said, and, on the word, turned and went

Suddenly Aeneas glanced back, and, under a leftward cliff, descried a broad fastness sheathed in a triple wall. About it shot a circling river of torrent flame, Tartarean Phlegethon, swirling with thunderous rocks. In the van rose a giant gate and pillars of solid adamant, that no strength of man—nay, not the denizens of an embattled Heaven—may overthrow: star-challenging stands the iron tower, and Tisiphone, her gory pall girt high, sits sleepless night and day, holding guard at the portal. Thence issued a sound of moaning, and the strident, pitiless scourge; anon, the clank of iron and trailing fetters. Aeneas halted, and, paling, drank in the tumult. 'What features here hath sin to shew? Speak, maiden, and say! What burden of vengeance is thus imposed? What din so loudly assails our ear?' Then began the prophetess: 'Famed captain of Troy, none that is innocent may plant foot on that guilt-stained threshold. But, when Hecate set me over the groves of Avernus, her own lips taught me Heaven's penalties, and she guided me through all. Over these realms Gnosian Rhadamanthus holds iron sway, and chastises secret guilt, and hears its tale, and exacts confession of every crime, that man hath committed among men, and, exultant in the vain deceit, delayed atonement till the latest hour of death. Forthwith avenging Tisiphone, girt with the lash, scourges the cowering sinner, scorn in her mien, and, with grim serpents brandished in her left, summons her pitiless sisterhood. Then at last the infernal gates dispart, grating on horrid hinge. Seest thou the sentry that sits by the portal—the shape that guards the threshold? With fifty throats yawning black, the Hydra, yet fiercer, habits within: while Tartarus' self gapes with abrupt descent, and stretches twice as far, down through the shades, as the heavenward gazing eye looks up to Olympus and the firmament. Here the antique brood of Earth—the

Titan strain—hurled down by the bolted thunder, welter in the nethermost abyss. Here, too, I saw the twin sons of Aloeus, giant-statured, who set their hand to pluck down the height of Heaven, and to banish Jove from his ethereal throne. And Salmoneus I saw, acquitting the remorseless penalty, that fell on him as he mimicked Jove's fire and the thunder that speaks from Olympus. Charioted behind four coursers, a torch shaken in his hand, he fared in triumph through the peoples of Greece and the heart of Elis' city, demanding the homage due to deity;—madman, who would counterfeit the storm-cloud and the levin inimitable, by the clang of bronze and the trampling of horn-footed steeds! But the almighty Sire, amid serried clouds, flung his bolt—no firebrands he, nor torches of pitchy glare! —and smote him headlong below in the raving whirlwind. Tityos, moreover, was there to see—foster-child of Earth's universal motherhood. Over nine full acres his body lies stretched, while a monstrous vulture tears with crooked beak at his imperishable heart and the flesh impregnate with pains: deep lodged beneath his breast, it delves for the banquet, and the renascent filaments know no respite. What boots it to rehearse the Lapiths, Ixion or Pirithous? ⟨What boots it to tell of Tantalus⟩, over whose head pends the gloomy rock, ever in act to fall, ever in seeming descent? The banqueting couches gleam high on golden pillars, and the feast is set before his face in kingly luxury: but, couched at his side, the eldest of the Furies forbids him to lay hand upon the board, and starts erect with torch uplifted and thunder on her lips. Here dwell they who, while life endured, had hatred for their brethren, a blow for a parent, or the toils of fraud for a client; who found wealth and brooded thereover alone, nor shared it with their kin (the greatest

number this); who were slain for adultery; or who followed unrighteous war, nor feared to break the allegiance plighted to their lords—all prisoned, all awaiting their doom. That doom, seek not thou to learn; nor yet the guise of fortune wherein they are whelmed! Some roll huge rocks unceasingly, or hang bound on the spokes of wheels: Theseus, unblest, sits where he shall sit for ever, and Phlegyas in agony cries warning to all, and, loud-voiced, proclaims through the gloom: *Behold, and learn to do justice and contemn not the gods!* This bartered his country for gold and set upon her the tyrant's yoke; laws he made for a price, and for a price unmade. This assailed his daughter's bed and forced a nameless bridal. All dared unutterable sin, and succeeded where they dared.—Not though a hundred tongues were mine— a hundred mouths and a voice of iron—could I number all those forms of crime, or rehearse the tale of vengeance.'

So said, the aged priestess of Phoebus pursued: 'But come thou now, resume thy way, and fulfil the service thou hast assayed. I descry those battlements, reared by the Cyclopian forge, and the gates with fronting arch, where our commandments received enjoin us to lay these offerings.' She ceased; and, advancing side by side through the twilight of the ways, they abridged the intervening space and drew to the doors; where, gaining the entry, Aeneas sprinkled himself with living water and planted the bough full on the threshold.

This at length performed and the service of the goddess discharged, they came to the realms of joy—the pleasant lawns of the Happy Groves, and the seats of the Blest. Here an ampler ether invests the plains in radiance, and they know their own sun and their own stars. Part ply their limbs in the verdant lists and, in sportive conflict, wrestle on the yellow

sand: part tread the dance, and sing. Amid these the priest of Thrace sits in flowing cincture, and, with seven-fold note, makes music to their measure, sweeping his lyre, now with the hand, anon with quill of ivory. Here is Teucer's immemorial race, a fairest line—great-hearted heroes, that were born in better years—Ilus and Assaracus, and Dardanus, parent of Troy.—Distant, he marvelled at their arms and shadowy cars. Their spears stood planted in earth, and their yokeless steeds browsed over the champaign at large. For all the delight in chariot and armour, that was theirs among the living—all their care in pasturing their sleek coursers—follows them, changeless, when they are laid beneath the soil. And, lo, others he descried, to right and left, feasting on the green-sward and singing in quire a joyful paean, all in a scented grove of laurel, whence the waters of Eridanus roll upward, broad-brimming through the forest. Here was the company of them, who battled and bled for their fatherland; here they who were priests and holy, while life knew them still; they who were loyal bards and sang meetly for Phoebus' ear, or ennobled life by arts discovered; with all whose service to their kind won them remembrance among men — each brow cinctured with snowy fillet. Whose circumfluent throng the Sibyl accosted:—Musaeus before the rest; for he stood the centre of the multitude, that gazed upward to his face, as head and shoulders he towered above them: 'Say, ye happy souls, and thou, best of bards, what region—what haunt—owns Anchises? For his sake have we journeyed hither and sailed the great rivers of Erebus.' To her the hero, in brief reply: 'To none is there a fixed abiding-place. We tenant the shady groves, and dwell pillowed on the velvet banks, or in meadows fresh with running brooks. But ye—if such be the desire of your heart

—ascend this ridge, and instant I will set your feet on an easy path.' He said, and, stepping in their van, showed them the lustrous plains below. These seen, they descended the mountain-crest.

But, deep in a green valley, father Anchises stood lost in thought, surveying the prisoned spirits, destined hereafter to the sunlight, and reviewing, as it fell, the full tale of his people—his loved posterity, and their fates and fortunes, their manners and deeds. He, soon as he saw Aeneas advancing to meet him over the sward, extended either eager palm, while the tears streamed down his cheeks and a cry escaped his lips: 'And hast thou come at length? Has the love that failed not thy father's hope vanquished that perilous path? Is it mine, my son, to look on thy face, and to hear and answer thy familiar tones? Thus, in truth, my musing heart deemed that the issue would be, as I pondered thy times; nor hath my care belied me! How many the lands, how wide the seas, whereover thou hast travelled to my arms! What storms of peril, my son, have tost thee! How I feared the Afric realms might harm thee!' But he: 'Thy shade, my father, thy troubled shade, that ever and again rose before me, constrained me to wend to these portals! My fleet rides the Tyrrhene brine. Suffer me to clasp thy hand—suffer me, father of mine—nor withdraw thee from our embrace!' So he said, while the tears rained down his cheeks. Thrice, where he stood, he assayed to throw his arms round his neck: thrice the phantom fled through the hands that clutched in vain, light as the winds and fleet as the pinions of sleep!

Meanwhile, in a retired vale, Aeneas discerned a sequestered grove and whispering forest brakes, with the river of Lethe floating past those homes of peace. About it hovered peoples and nations unnumbered:—as when, in the cloudless

summer, bees alight on the thousand-hued flowerets and stream round the snowy lilies, while all the plain murmurs to their busy hum. Starting at the sudden vision, Aeneas, unknowing, inquired the cause—what were yon distant streams, who the men that in serried array beset the banks? Then father Anchises: 'Spirits they are, to whom Fate owes a second body, and by the wave of Lethe river they drink the careless waters and deep oblivion. Long, in truth, I have desired to tell thee of these and reveal them before thine eyes—long, to rehearse this generation of my children, that so the more thou mayest rejoice with me in Italy discovered.'—'O father, shall we deem that any spirits travel hence, aloft to our earthly sky, and return again to the sluggish clay? What unblest yearning for the light possesses their blind hearts?'—'I will speak, my son, nor hold thee in doubt,' rejoined Anchises; and unfolded all in order.

'First, know that heaven and earth, and the watery plain, and the Moon's lucent sphere, and Titan's star, an indwelling spirit sustains, and a mind, fused throughout the limbs sways the whole mass and mingles with the giant frame. Thence the race of man and of beast, and the life of every winged thing, and the monsters that Ocean bears under his marble floor. To these seeds a flame-like vigour pertains and an origin celestial, so far as the noxious body fetters them not, nor terrene limbs dull them, and members born but to die. Hence they fear and desire, and grieve and joy, nor discern the sky from their midnight fastness and viewless dungeon. Nor yet, alas, when life's latest gleam is fled, are they utterly freed from all ill and all the pests of the body; and it needs must be that many a taint, long ingrained, should be rooted wondrous deep in their being. Therefore they are amerced by punishment and pay the price of ancient evil.

Some are hung outspread to the substanceless winds: from others the stain of guilt is washed clean under the waste of waters, or burnt away by fire. We suffer, each in his proper spirit; then are sent to the spacious plains of Elysium, where some few abide in the blissful fields; till at length the hoary ages, when time's cycle is run, purge the incarnate stain, and leave but the purified ethereal sense and the unsullied essential flame. All these, that thou seest, when they have turned the wheel through a thousand years, God summons in their legions to the river of Lethe, that, with memory disenthroned, they may review the vaulted heavens and conceive desire once more to tenant the flesh.'

Pausing, Anchises drew his son, and, with him, the Sibyl, into the midmost assemblage and the heart of the murmuring throng; then mounted a hillock, whence, in full view, he might scan all their long array, and note the lineaments of them that came:

'Come now and hearken to thy destiny, while my lips rehearse the glory that hereafter shall follow the Dardan line, and thy children's children, who shall be born of Italian race—illustrious souls and heritors of our name. He whom there thou seest—a youth leaning on maiden spear—holds the next allotted place in light, and first shall rise into the realms of day, Italian blood mingling in his veins—Silvius, Alban name. Him—thy latest child—thy spouse Lavinia shall bear to thee in the evening of life, a silvan king and the father of kings; and from him shall our line bear sceptre in Alba the Long. He that stands next is Procas, glory of the Trojan race; and, with him, Capys and Numitor, and he who shall renew thy name, Silvius Aeneas—peerless alike in piety and battle, if ever he shall mount the throne of Alba. What men they be! Mark the might their port

displays, and the civic oak that shades their brows! These are they who shall rear for thee Nomentum, and Gabii, and Fidenae city:—these, who shall set on the hills Collatia's towers, and Pometii and Inuus' fort, and Bola and Cora, that now are nameless lands, but shall then be names. Romulus, withal, the child of Mavors, shall come at his grandsire's side—Romulus, whom his mother Ilia shall bear of the blood of Assaracus. Seest not, how the twin plumes rise from his crest—how his father's own cognizance even now marks him for the world above! Look, my son, and know that under his auspices shall glorious Rome bound her empire by earth, her pride by Olympus, and, one in self, circle with her battlements the seven hills, blest in a warrior race: even as the Berecyntian Mother rides, chariot-borne, tower-crowned, through the Phrygian cities, rejoicing in her celestial offspring and clasping a hundred of her children's children—all dwellers in Heaven, all tenants of the upper skies. Hither now turn thine either eye, and behold this people, Rome's and thine. Here is Caesar and all Iulus' strain, destined to ascend the great cope of heaven. Here, yea here, is he of the promise that so often thou hast heard—Caesar Augustus, child of deity, who shall establish again the age of gold in Latium, through the fields where Saturn erewhile was king, and shall enlarge his sway past the Garamant and Indian, to the land that lies beyond the stars, beyond the path of year and sun, where heaven-sustaining Atlas upholds on his shoulder the fiery star-gemmed sphere. Even now, at dread of his coming, the Caspian realms and Maeotian land tremble to the divine response, and wavering and confusion reign by the mouths of sevenfold Nile. Nor, in truth, did Alcides traverse such space of earth, though he pierced the stag of brazen foot, though he stilled the woods

of Erymanthus, and taught Lerna to quake before his bow; nor he who guides his car by reins of the vine-leaf, all-conquering Liber, driving his tigers down from the tall peak of Nysa. And doubt we yet to enlarge valour by exploit? Or doth fear forbid to set foot on Ausonian earth? —But who is he apart, conspicuous with olive-boughs, and in act of sacrifice? I know the locks and hoary beard of that Roman king, who, called from lowly Cures and a penurious earth to high dominion, shall base the infant city securely on his laws. Next shall succeed one fated to break his country's ease, and *Tullus* shall rouse to battle his peace-worn warriors and the hosts that have forgot to triumph. On whom follows Ancus, the over-vaunting—even now too eager for the breath of vulgar favour. Wouldst thou see the Tarquin kings, and the proud soul of avenging Brutus, and the fasces he regained? He shall be first to receive the consul's power and the axes of dread; and, when his sons would wake the sleeping war, their father shall summon them to penalty, for freedom's fair sake. Unhappy he, howsoever the after-world may judge of that deed! Yet shall the patriot's love prevail, and the unquenched thirst of renown!—And now survey the Decii and Drusi yonder, and Torquatus with pitiless axe, and Camillus bringing the standards again! But they whom thou seest refulgent in equal arms, souls at concord, now and so long as they are prisoned in night—alas, what mutual war, what battled legions and carnage shall they rouse, if ever they mount to the vital air! For the father shall descend from the Alpine heights and Monoecus' citadel, and his daughter's spouse shall confront him with the weaponed East! O my children, steel not your hearts to such dire conflict, nor turn your mighty hands against the breast of your motherland! And thou, who drawest thy lineage from

Olympus—be thou first to shew mercy! Cast the sword from thy grasp, thou blood of my blood!—There stands he who shall drive his car in victory to the Capitol heights—triumphant over Corinth, glorious from slaughtered Achaea. Argos he shall uproot, and Agamemnonian Mycenae, and the heir of Aeacus' line, seed of Achilles armipotent, avenging his fathers of Troy and Minerva's polluted fane! Who could quit thee in silence, great Cato—or, Cossus, thee? Who the Gracchan race, or the twain of Scipio's line—two thunderbolts of war, the bale of Libya? or Fabricius great in poverty? or thee, Serranus, as thou sowest in thy furrowed fields? Ye Fabii, whither whirl ye my toiling steps? Thou art he, the Greatest, who singly restorest our state by delay!—Others, I ween, shall labour the breathing bronze to softer mould; they shall charm the features of life forth from the marble; they shall plead the cause with apter tongue; their wand shall trace the courses of heaven; and they shall tell the renascent stars! Roman, be this thy care—these thine arts—to bear dominion over the nations and to impose the law of peace, to spare the humbled and to war down the proud!'

Thus father Anchises; then, while they admired, pursued: 'Behold, how Marcellus advances, graced in the spoils of his own good sword—his victorious brow towering over all. This is he shall stay the Roman realm, when it totters beneath the shock of armed confusion: his horse's hooves shall trample on Carthaginian and rebel Gaul, and his hand, that reft it, shall hang before Father Quirinus the third suit of steel!' And now Aeneas—for he saw walking by his side a youth of comely form, shining in arms, but with downcast eyes and little joy on his visage: 'Who is he, my father, that thus attends the warrior's path? A son, or one of the

heroic strain of his children's children? How the retinue about him murmurs praise! What majesty is in his port! Yet sable Night hovers round his head with mournful shade.' Then father Anchises began, while his tears welled: 'O my son, seek not to know the great agony of thy people! Him the fates shall but shew to earth, nor suffer longer to be. Too great in thy sight, O Heaven, the power of Rome's children, had this thy guerdon endured! What moaning of men shall echo from that famed Field to Mavors' queenly city! What obsequies, O Tiber, shalt thou see, when thou flowest by his new-raised grave! No child of Ilian blood shall raise his Latin ancestry so high in hope, nor ever again shall Romulus' land so vaunt her in any that she fosters. Alas for piety, alas for old-world faith, and the hand unvanquished in war! None scatheless had met his blade, whether on foot he marched against the foeman, or buried the spur in the flank of his reeking steed! Ay me, thou child of tears, if haply thou mayest burst the cruel barriers of fate, thou shalt be *Marcellus*! Give me lilies from laden hands; let me scatter purple blossoms, and shower these gifts—if no more—on the spirit of my child, till the barren service be so discharged.' Thus, through all that region, they wandered at large in the wide plains of mist, surveying all. And when Anchises had escorted his son throughout, and fired his soul with love of the glory to be, anon he rehearsed the wars that forthwith he must wage, and told of the Laurentine peoples, and the city of Latinus, and how pursuing he might flee or face each toil.

There are two gates of Sleep:—of horn, fame tells, the one, through which the spirits of truth find an easy passage; the other, wrought smooth-gleaming with sheen of ivory, but false the visions that the nether powers speed therefrom to the heaven above. There, with these words on his lips, Anchises

parted from son and Sibyl, and dismissed them by the ivory gate.

Plying his way to the fleet, Aeneas joined his company; then sailed unswerving along the shore to Caieta's haven.

VII

THOU, too, Caicta, nurse of Aeneas, dying hast bequeathed an eternal fame to our shores; and still thine honour keeps thy resting-place, and in great Hesperia—if that be glory!—thy name marks thy dust!

But good Aeneas, when the last rites were duly rendered—when the mounded tomb was raised, and the deep seas were still, sailed forth on his way and left the haven. The breezes were blowing into the night; and, with beams dancing on the lustrous main, the bright moon smiled on their voyage. First they skirted the coast of Circe's realm; where, amid her treasures, the daughter of the Sun thrills her untrodden groves with incessant song, and in her queenly halls burns sweet-scented cedar-wood to illume the night, the while with shrill comb she sweeps the delicate warp. Thence they heard the ireful cry of lions, recusant of their bonds and roaring in the late nocturnal hour, and the raging of bristled boars and pent bears, and the howling of vast phantasmal wolves; creatures all, that Circe—fell deity!—had transformed, by potent herbs, from human semblance to bestial visage and frame! But lest the pious of Troy should approach that unholy strand, and, entering the haven, suffer the same unblest spell, Neptune filled their sails with a fair wind, and winged their flight, and bore them past the fervid waters.—And now the sea mirrored the orient red, and from her ethereal height the yellow Dawn shone in rosy chariot; when

the winds were hushed and every breath suddenly fell, and the oars toiled slowly through sluggish waves. And now Aeneas, gazing forth from the flood, descried a mighty forest; and, in the midst, Tiber's pleasant stream, leaping to the main with racing eddies and yellow burden of sand. About and above were gay-plumed birds, familiars of bank and channel, charming the heavens with song and flitting amid the woods. Bidding his crews change course and turn their prows to land, glad-hearted he entered the shaded river.—

Now come thou, Erato, and I will unfold what kings, what times, what modes of circumstance,—reigned in ancient Latium, when first the alien host ranged its barques on Ausonia's strand; and the prelude of opening battle I will recall! Heavenly maid, be thou my monitress! I will sing grim wars, and embattled lines, and princes whom valour urged to doom,—sing Etruria's bands and all Hesperia mustered in arms! A nobler cycle of deeds dawns on my view: a nobler task I assay!

King Latinus, grey-headed now, ruled over field and town in the calm of a long peace. He, fame tells, was sprung of Faunus and Marica, Laurentine nymph. To Faunus Picus was sire; and Picus vaunts him thy seed, O Saturn: thou art the prime author of their line. To him, by Heaven's doom, was no son, nor male descent; for the flower that budded was plucked in youth. One daughter remained—sole stay of the house, sole mistress in the ample palace-halls—already ripe for wedlock, already of womanly years. From broad Latium and all Ausonia came many a wooer: but fairest of all came Turnus, the mighty heir of a far-descended line; whom to call son the queen strove with wondrous yearning; but celestial portents with manifold terrors forbade. In the heart of the palace, deep-bowered in the inmost

courts, stood a laurel, sacred of leaf and preserved in awe through many years. Men told how old Latinus himself found it there, when he built his earliest towers, and hallowed it to Phœbus, and named his people *Laurentine* by its name. Now on its summit—hear and wonder!—clustering bees, floating with loud murmur athwart the limpid air, sate leaguered, and, foot linked to foot, hung in sudden swarm from the verdant bough. Instant the prophet spoke: 'Behold an alien's advent! From the self-same region marches his host to the self-same goal, and commands our topmost towers!' More, while Lavinia stood maiden-like by her father's side, with holy brand kindling the altar, they saw a sight of dread. For she caught the fire in flowing tresses, and all her head-gear burned in the bickering flames, —her queenly hair blazing, blazing her jewelled coronet,— till, enwrapped in smoke and yellow light, she scattered fire throughout the palace. Fearful and wondrous Fame reported that vision. For the voice of the seers declared, that to herself she boded glory of fame and fate, but to her people a mighty war.

But the king, troubled by the omen, sought the oracle of Faunus, his prophet-sire, and questioned the groves beneath deep Albunea, where the queen of forests sounds to her sacred rill and her dim glades exhale in pestilential vapour. Hence the peoples of Italy and all the Oenotrian land seek answer in the day of doubt; hither when the priestess brings her offering and lays her down to sleep under the silent night, couched on skins of slaughtered ewes, she sees a myriad phantoms flitting in marvellous mode, and hearkens to voices manifold,—holds communion with Heaven and speaks with Acheron in the abysm of Hell. Here then, also, King Latinus, himself in quest of answer, duly slew a hundred fleecy sheep

and lay pillowed on their hides and outspread wool; when suddenly a voice spoke from the deep grove: 'Seek not, my child, to ally thy daughter in wedlock with the Latin, nor rest thy faith in the bridal chamber that is prepared! From afar shall come thy sons, whose blood shall exalt our name to the stars—whose children's children shall view the subject globe spinning beneath their feet, where the recurrent sun looks upon either ocean!' This, the response of Father Faunus and the counsel he gave in the silent grove, Latinus confined not within his lips; but Fame's wide-circling flight already had borne the tidings to Ausonia's cities, when the children of Laomedon moored their barques to the river's grassy bank.

Aeneas, and his captains, and fair Iulus, couched their limbs under the boughs of a lofty tree, and there set forth the banquet, spreading wheaten cakes along the sward to sustain their viands—for Jove himself inspired the thought—and crowning the Cereal base with fruits of the field. Here, then, it chanced that the poverty of their meal constrained them—all else consumed—to assail their scant store of bread, to profane with hand and venturous tooth the cake's fateful round, nor to spare the broad squares. 'What! we devour our tables too!' quoth Iulus, jesting; then ceased. Instant that utterance revealed the bourne of their travail; instant the sire caught it from the lips of his son, and stilled his speech, admiring the celestial sign. Then straight he cried: 'Hail, land of destiny, promised to me! And hail, ye faithful divinities of Troy! Behold our home; behold our country! For now remembrance comes that Anchises bequeathed me this mystic decree of fate: *My son, when borne to an unknown shore, hunger shall compel thee—all viands spent —to consume thy boards, then hope thou a home to thy weariness,*

and there remember to rear thine earliest dwellings and to gird them with a wall! This was that hunger: this the supreme trial reserved, that shall set an end to death! Then up, and, glad with the sun's prime ray, let us walk abroad from the haven, and explore what be these regions, who their habitants, and where the city of the nation! Now pour your goblets to Jove, invoke with prayer Anchises our father, and restore the wine to the board.'

So said, he wreathed his brows in a leafy spray, and implored the Genius of the place, and Earth—eldest of gods—and the Nymphs, and the rivers yet unknown; then Night, and Night's orient signs, and Jove of Ida, and the great Phrygian Mother, each in order, with the twain that gave him life—in Heaven the one, in Erebus the other. On this, the Father omnipotent thrice thundered loud from the firmament on high, and, with his own hand, shook forth to view a cloud blazing with golden shafts of light. Incontinent the bruit was noised through the Trojan ranks, that the day had come to found their promised city: emulously all renewed the banquet and, cheered by the high presage, set on the bowls and crowned the wine.

On the morrow, when the nascent Day was gilding earth with her earliest torch, disparting they explored the city and bounds and coasts of the nation. Here, men told, were the waters of Numicius' fount; here Tiber's stream; and there the stout Latins dwelt.—Then he of Anchises born commanded a hundred envoys, the chosen of every order, to bend their steps to the king's august town, shaded all by the boughs of Pallas—there to place gifts in his hand and entreat peace for Troy. Delay was none: they hastened with zealous step to do their mandate; while the prince with shallow trench traced his city-walls, labouring the ground,

and circling, after the semblance of a camp, this his first settlement on the strand with battlements and mounds. And now, their journey outworn, the embassage discerned the towers and stately roofs of Latium, and drew to the ramparts. Before the city, boys and youths in the first flower of age schooled them in horsemanship, and tamed their harnessed steeds on the dusty plain ; or bent the elastic bow, or hurled the tough javelin amain, or vied in strife of foot or hand— when a messenger spurred past with tidings for the ear of his grey-haired king, that men were come of gigantic port and attire unknown. Bidding them be called within the palace, he seated him in the midst on the throne of his fathers.

Royal and vast, sublime on a hundred columns, rose his halls above the city height, erst the palace of Laurentine Picus, clothed in reverend forest and the awe of generations. Here, obedient to sacred ordinance, the kings received their sceptres and first uplifted the insignia of power : this temple was their senate-house, the scene of their sacrificial feasts ; and here, when the ram was slain, the elders sat ever along the tables' unbroken line. More, there stood in the portal the images of their forefathers of yore, all wrought in sequence from ancient cedar,—Italus and father Sabinus, planter of the vine, the pruning-hook still in his carven hand, and aged Saturn, and the semblance of Janus, double-visaged, and all their kings else from the beginning, and they who felt the mortal steel in battle for their fatherland. And many arms, moreover, hung on the sacred doors,—captive cars and crooked axes, helmet-plumes and massy bars of city-gates, and spears, and shields, and beaks wrenched from ships of war. Picus himself sat there, bearing Quirinus' wand and girt in shortened robe, on his left the holy shield,—Picus, the

tamer of steeds, whom, in the frenzy of desire, Circe smote with her golden rod, and by poisons changed to a bird with scattered hues upon his wing.

Such was that temple of the Gods, wherein Latinus, seated on his ancestral throne, summoned the Teucrians to his hall and presence, and, as they entered, greeted them with placid mien: 'Say, ye sons of Dardanus,—for your race and city we know, nor unheralded hath been your course over ocean,—what seek ye? What cause, or what necessity, hath borne you to our Ausonian shore through so many an azure sea? But, whether strayed from your way or tempest-driven, chances that full often betide the sailor on the main,—howsoever ye have entered the banks of our river and ride in our haven,—mistrust not our welcome, but know in our Latin race the people of Saturn, just by no rigour of law, but established in righteousness by untrammelled will and the custom of ancient deity. And in truth I remember, though years have dimmed the tale, that Auruncan elders told how Dardanus was sprung from this soil of ours, and hence won his way to Phrygia's Idaean cities and Thracian Samos that now men style Samothrace. From Corythus' Tuscan home he fared; and now the golden courts of starry Olympus receive him to his throne, and yet an altar is added to the altars of the gods!'

He ceased, and Ilioneus pursued: 'O king, illustrious seed of Faunus, no murky tempest hath driven us, wave-tost, to land upon your shores; no star nor strand misread hath beguiled us from the course we held! Of fixed purpose and free intent we draw, one and all, to this thy city—exiles from an empire, the greatest once that the Sun beheld as he journeyed from the uttermost heavens. From Jove is the beginning of our race; in Jove their sire glory the children

of Dardanus; and of Jove's sovran line is Trojan Aeneas, our king, that hath sent us to thy doors. How fierce the storm that burst from fell Mycenae, to pass over the plains of Ida,—how, driven by fate, the twin worlds of Europe and of Asia met in the shock of arms,—even he hath heard, whom the ends of earth hold sequestered, by Ocean's refluent stream; and he whom the zone of the tyrant Sun, midmost extended of the four, estranges from mankind! From out that cataclysm we have fled over many a waste of waters; and now we ask a little space for our country's gods, a harmless footing on thy coast, and the air and water open to all. We shall bring no shame upon the realm, nor light shall be the report of your glory or dim the grace of this your deed, nor ever shall Ausonia repent that she received the Trojans to her breast! By the star of Aeneas I swear, and his right hand, puissant in trial of friendship or weaponed battle: many a people and many a nation—scorn us not, that we come to thee with fillets in our hands and prayers on our lips!—have courted our alliance and desired our union; but Heaven's imperious decree drove us in quest of your soil. Hence Dardanus was sprung; hither Apollo calls our returning feet, and, with instant mandate, urges us to Tuscan Tiber and the hallowed waters of Numicius' spring. More, these lowly guerdons from the days of our prosperity—relics snatched from a flaming Troy—our prince bestows upon thee. This the gold, wherefrom his sire Anchises poured libation by the altars: this the apparel of Priam, when he gave, as his fathers gave, their laws to the assembled nations—his sceptre, his sacred diadem, and his robes that the dames of Ilium wrought.'

While thus Ilioneus spoke, Latinus sate motionless, with downcast gaze rooted to earth and eyes intently rolling.

And much though the embroidered purple and sceptre of Priam touched his kingly soul, yet more his daughter's bridal and marriage-chamber gave him pause, as he revolved in spirit the oracle of ancient Faunus. 'This,' he mused, 'is he, the pilgrim from an alien home, foreshown my son and called to sovereignty co-equal with my sceptre; sire of a brave and peerless race, whose might shall gain the world!' Gladly, at last, he spoke: 'Heaven prosper our emprize, and the presage itself hath given! Trojan, thy wish shall be granted! Nor scorn I your gifts: long as Latinus shall reign, ye shall lack not the bounty of a generous soil nor the opulence of Troy! Let but Aeneas come in presence, if so he yearn for us, if so he covet the bond of our amity and the style of our alliance—let him come, nor shrink from friendly faces! To me it shall be a moiety of peace, to have touched your sovereign's hand! And now, in return, bear back to the king this my charge: I have a daughter, whom the voice of my father's fane and many a celestial sign forbid me to unite with any bridegroom of our people: for sons shall come from a foreign shore—such, say the prophets, is Latium's fate—whose blood shall exalt our name to the stars. Him, I deem, Fate calls; and him, if my soul augurs aught of truth, I choose.'

So said, the old king made choice from all the number of his steeds:—three hundred stood sleek in their lofty stalls. Straight he commanded that to each Teucrian, from first to last, one should be brought, fleet of foot and caparisoned in broidered housings of purple. Golden were the chains that hung pendent from every breast, of gold their trappings, and yellow gold foamed under their champing teeth; but to Aeneas, the absent, he assigned a chariot and twin coursers of ethereal seed, with nostrils expiring flame, sprung of that

furtive issue which subtile Circe raised to her father from the womb of a spurious dam.—So, with Latinus' gifts and message, high-mounted on their steeds, the children of Aeneas returned, and peace went with them.

But, lo, Jove's fierce consort, heavenward-bound from Inachian Argos, was sailing through the air, and, above Pachynus, looked forth from the far Sicilian sky, and discerned Aeneas, light-hearted, and his Dardan fleet. She saw his roofs arising—saw the land his friend, and the barques deserted; then, pierced with bitter anger, halted, and, shaking her head, broke into speech: 'Ay me, that loathed stock! That Phrygian doom, which crosses our doom! Fallen, did they bleed on the Sigean plains? Captured, were they led captive away? When Troy burned, were they consumed with fire? Through walls of steel and walls of flame they have found their way! But, methinks, my deity is weary at last, and sleeps! My hatred is sated, and I am still! Nay, when they were hurled from their country's breast, still my vengeance was bold to follow them through the waves, and I fronted the exiles over all the main! I have spent against Troy the powers of sky and sea. And what have the Syrtes and Scylla—what drear Charybdis—availed me? They have reached their bourne: they are hid in Tiber's channel, careless of ocean and me! And Mars could destroy the Lapiths and their giant race: the sire of gods himself yielded time-honoured Calydon to Dian's choler—though what sin in Lapith or in Calydon had merited such penalty? But I, Jove's imperial spouse, who have endured—alack!—to leave naught undared, who have stooped to every device—I am vanquished by Aeneas! But if my godhead be over feeble, surely I shall not shrink to implore aid, where aid may be found; and if Heaven be

inflexible, Hell shall be unleashed! It shall not be mine—I grant it—to debar him from the Latian crown; and Lavinia remains his bride irrevocably by the doom of Fate: yet mine it is to defer the issue and admit impediment to his high emprize,—mine to blot out the peoples of either king. At this price of their lieges' lives, be father and son united! Trojan and Rutulian blood shall flow for thy dowry, maiden, and Bellona shall lead thee to the bed! Not sole the daughter of Cisseus bare a fire-brand in her womb and was delivered of nuptial flames! In her own child Venus hath borne the like—a second Paris, a second deathly torch for resurgent Troy!'

So said, she descended to earth, clothed in terror, and summoned baleful Allecto from the seat of the vengeful goddesses and the infernal dusk; Allecto, to whom tearful wars, and strife, and treachery, and noxious crimes, are a well-spring of delight:—a fiendish shape, loathed even by her Plutonian sire, and loathed by her hellish sisterhood;—so manifold her changing forms, so dire the aspect of each, so frequent the vipers that breed from her sable head! Whose fury Juno inflamed with such utterance: 'Grant me, maiden daughter of Night this task—thine own—this service, that our honour and glory may abide unshaken and unremoved, nor the children of Aeneas avail to ensnare Latinus in their alliance or to beset the borders of Italy! Thou canst arm brethren, single-souled, to strife, and kindle discord on the hearth; thou canst win entry for the scourge and funeral torch under the quiet roof: thou hast a thousand names, a thousand arts of mischief. Rouse thy prolific breast, smite asunder the pact of peace, and sow the seed of war in guilt! In one self-same moment, let the youth desire, demand, and seize the sword!'

Straight Allecto, dank from Gorgonian poisons, sped first to Latium and the lofty halls of Laurentum's king, and sat before the silent door of Amata, who, with fervent heart tortured by woman's distress and woman's anger, brooded on the Teucrians' advent and Turnus' hymeneal. On her the fiend cast a serpent from out her livid tresses, and thrust it into her bosom, to her very heart of hearts, that, maddened by its unholy power, she might embroil all the house. Gliding between her robe and smooth breasts, it rolled untouching and inspired with viperous breath the frenzied heart of the unwitting queen. To the twisted gold on her neck it turned in all its snakish bulk—turned to the riband of her long fillet, enwreathed her locks, and strayed, soft-sliding, over her limbs. And while the nascent plague, stealing onward in fluent venom, began to thrill her sense and pervade her frame with fire, nor yet her soul had caught the spark throughout all her breast, softly, and as mothers use, she spoke, much weeping for her daughter's and the Phrygian's wedlock: 'Father, and shall Lavinia's hand be given to exiled Troy? nor pitiest thou thy child and thee? Pitiest not her mother, whom—soon as the North shall blow—false-hearted he will desert—a pirate that hastes to ocean, when the damsel is reft? Was it not thus, that the Phrygian shepherd won to Lacedaemon, and bore Helen from Leda's arms to his Trojan towns? Where is thy plighted faith? Where thine old-time care for thy people, and the hand so oft outstretched to Turnus, thy kin? If a Latian maid must seek an alien alliance—if so thy resolve be fixed, and the command of Faunus, thy father, bind thee—yet I hold it truth that all lands, which freedom disjoins from our sway, are alien; and that so the gods import! Even Turnus, wouldst thou trace his line to

the fount, is sprung of Inachus and Acrisius and mid Mycenae!'

When, after such vain trial of words, she saw that Latinus stood firm against her,—when the serpent's maddening venom was pulsing in every vein and coursing through all her being,—then, in truth, the unhappy queen, stung by ineffable torment, raved in ungoverned frenzy through the great city. As oft a top, spinning under the fast-plied scourge, which boys in gamesome mood urge circumvolant round some forlorn court, wheels in dizzy career beneath the driving thong, while the beardless throng gazes down, in untaught wonder, on the whirling wood to which their blows lend life—so, with course as furious, she was swept through the heart of cities and fierce peoples. Nay, more, she feigned the Bacchic call, adventured a greater sin, and embarked on greater madness—flew to the forests and hid her child on the leafy hills, thinking to bereave the Teucrians of their bridal and retard the nuptial torch. 'Evoe Bacchus!' her cry rang loud, 'thou alone art worthy of the maid! For to thee she assumes the supple wand, for thee she leads the dance, and vows to thy service her lengthening tresses!' Fame winged her flight abroad, and the matrons, with flaming souls infuriate, hastened all with a single zeal to seek abodes, they knew not where! From their vacant homes they came, and bared neck and hair to the winds; while with vibrant cries others thrilled the heaven, and, in cincture of fawn-skins, bore spears of the vine. Central in their throng, the fiery queen lifted high a blazing pine-brand, and sang the marriage-song of her daughter and Turnus; then rolling her sanguine eye-balls, cried sudden and fierce: 'Hearken, O matrons of Latium, wheresoever ye be! If in your faithful hearts there be any kindness left for hapless

Amata—if ye are still stung by care for a mother's right—unbind the fillets from your hair, and enter the orgies with me!' Such was the queen, as, from this hand and that, Allecto drove her with Bacchic goad amid the woods—amid the wild-beasts' solitary coverts!

So soon as she deemed that the first shafts of frenzy were edged enough, and Latinus' purpose overthrown with all his household, incontinent the woeful fiend soared on dusk wing to the walls of the bold Rutulian—that city which, men tell, Danae, thither borne by the headlong South, founded and peopled from Acrisius' kingdom. Ardea our grandsires styled the place; and still Ardea stands, an august name; but her sun is set. Here, in his stately towers, Turnus slumbered and slept at dead of midnight; when Allecto resigned her grim lineaments and hellish limbs, and assumed the face of an aged dame,—furrowed her loathly brow with wrinkles, indued silver tresses, fillet-bound, and enwreathed a spray of olive;—then, in semblance of ancient Calybe, priestess of Juno and her shrine, offered her to the prince's view, and thus spoke:

'Turnus, and wilt thou brook all thy toils outpoured in vain, and thy sceptre passed to Dardan strangers? The king denies thee thy bride, thy blood-bought dowry, and they seek an alien to inherit thy crown! Go now, front the thankless peril, and be laughed to scorn! Go, hew down the Tyrrhene lines, and shield Latium with thy peace! Thus, in very presence, Saturn's almighty daughter bade me speak to thee, when thou shouldst lie in the calm of night. Then up, and, with glad heart, make ready to arm thy powers, and issue from the gates to battle! Burn the captains of Phrygia, who are anchored in thy fair stream, and consume their painted barques! The imperious might of heaven

commands! Let King Latinus himself—if he consent not to yield thy bride and observe his word—feel thine arm, and approve at last the might of Turnus and Turnus' sword!'

Then, with mocking lips, the prince responded: 'Their fleets ride on Tiber's wave. I know; nor, as thou deemest, has the news escaped my ear: raise no such terrors before me! Nor yet is queenly Juno forgetful of us. But thou, O mother—thine age is outworn and rusts, and, effete to conceive the truth, vexes thee with profitless care, and, among warring kings, deludes thy presaging soul with idle alarm. Thy watch is over images and fanes. War and peace men shall administer, whose charge war is!'

At his words Allecto flashed into anger: and, as he yet spoke, a sudden trembling assailed his limbs, and his eyes were set in horror; so manifold the serpents that hissed from the Fiend, so vast the shape that dawned on his view! Then, rolling her flaming eyes, she flung him backward, hesitant and seeking further speech; reared twin snakes from her tresses, brandished her resonant scourge, and pursued from rabid lips: 'Behold me, who am outworn and rust,—whom age, effete to conceive the truth, deludes among warring kings with idle alarm! Look well and see! I am come from the seat of the dread Sisters, and war and death are in my hand!'

So saying, she hurled a torch full upon him, and deep in his breast fixed the brand, fuming with pitchy glare. A horror of fear broke his slumbers, and the sweat, bursting from all his frame, laved bone and limb alike. Insane, he shrieked for arms—sought arms in chamber and hall, while within him raged the lust of the steel and the guilty frenzy of war, with resentment crowning all:—even as when flaming twigs are piled, loud roaring, under the sides of a bubbling caldron,

and the heated waters leap up; the pent flood steams and chafes, high surging in foam, till no longer the wave contains itself and the black vapour mounts skyward. Thus the word went forth to the captains of his chivalry, that they march upon king Latinus; for peace was sullied. 'Sharpen the sword,' was his command, 'defend Italy, expel the foe from her bounds: for I come, and, coming, will suffice for both Teucrians and Latins!' When so he had said and called Heaven to witness his vow, emulously the Rutulians spurred each the other to arms—one, moved by the peerless grace of his youth and beauty; one, by his ancestral kings; and yet a third, by the glorious deeds of his hand!

While Turnus filled his Rutulians with the spirit of valour, Allecto, on Stygian wing, sped to the Teucrians. With new guile she marked the place, where, along the shore, fair Iulus was hunting with net and horse. Here the maid from Hell's stream flung before his hounds a sudden lure to madness, touched their nostrils with the familiar scent, and urged them hot-footed in chase of the stag. This was the source of disaster to be: thence the rustic spirit was kindled to war! There was a stag of faultless form, stately-antlered, torn erewhile from its mother's breast, and nurtured by Tyrrhus' sons and by Tyrrhus—ranger he of the royal herds, and warder of the plain far and wide. Their sister Silvia had trained him obsequious to her command, and with ceaseless care she adorned him—wreathing his antlers in soft garlands, combing his wild coat, and laving him in the crystal spring. He, patient of her hand and accustomed to his master's board, roved the woods and, late though the night, returned freely to his home and its welcome door.

But now, as he wandered afar, the ravening hounds of huntsman Iulus roused him, while haply he floated down

the stream or allayed his heat on the verdant bank. Ascanius, too, burning with desire of the prime honour, sped a shaft from his bended bow: nor did Heaven desert his errant hand; for, sharp-singing, the reed came driven through belly and flank. But the wounded creature fled for refuge under the familiar roof, and moaning, entered his stall, where, bleeding and suppliant-like, he filled all the house with his plaint. First Sister Silvia, with open hands beating on her arms, cried for aid, and summoned the stout countrymen. They, for the cruel fiend lurked in the still woods, came ere she thought—armed, one with a charred stake, one with ponderous knotted club: for whatsoever lay ready to their quest, anger made a weapon. Breathing great wrath, an axe in his hasty hand, Tyrrhus summoned his array—in such guise as when the tidings chanced to find him, cleaving an oak in four with inward driven wedges.

But, from her watch-tower, the unpitying goddess, seizing the moment of ill, mounted the stall's lofty roof, and from the summit blew the shepherds' signal, straining her hellish voice on the writhen horn, till every grove trembled and the deep forests echoed again. Even Trivia's distant lake heard the sound: Nar river heard, in his white and sulphurous waters: the springs of Velinus heard, and startled matrons clasped their babes to their breasts. Then swift to the voice wherewith the dread clarion sang to arms, the stubborn husbandmen, snatching their weapons, ran mustered from all hands: nor less the opening camp disgorged the warriors of Troy, to succour Ascanius. The edge of battle was set. No more they contended in rustic quarrel with heavy clubs and fire-pointed stakes, but with double-edged steel they tried the issue. Far and near bristled the black harvest of naked swords, while brass shone to the challenging sun, and

flung its light to the clouds :—as, when a wave begins to whiten under the wind's earliest breath, little by little the sea swells, and higher its waves rise, till from the uttermost deeps it surges to heaven! And now young Almo, once eldest of Tyrrhus' sons, as he fought in the foremost line, fell beneath the hurtling shaft: for the wound lodged in his throat and cut short in blood the passage of the liquid voice and the slender life. About him lay many dead, and among them old Galaesus, slain while, in the cause of peace, he flung himself between the hosts—justest then, and wealthiest, of all in Ausonia's fields. For him five flocks bleated, five herds lowed their return, and a hundred ploughs turned his soil.

While thus they battled with wavering issue along the plain, the goddess, her promise achieved, now that the war had tasted blood, and the first encounter joined in carnage, fled from Hesperia, and, mounting the cope of heaven, addressed Juno in the haughty tone of victory:

'Lo, for thee discord is made perfect in grim war! Bid them now unite in amity and conclude alliance! Since I have sprinkled the Teucrians with Ausonian blood, thus will I crown my task, if thy will be assured: I will bring by my rumours the bordering cities to battle; I will kindle their spirit with the lust of infuriate war, that from this hand and that their succour may stream; and their fields shall be strewn with arms!' Then Juno, in answer: 'Of terror and treachery is no dearth! The seed of battle is sown; sword against sword the combat is waged; and the weapons, that chance first supplied, new blood stains! Such union, such bridal, be solemnized by Venus' illustrious son,—yea, and by King Latinus! But he our Sire, sovereign in high Olympus, would not, that, licentious, thou shouldst thus wing the upper air. Hie thee away! Whatsoever may yet

betide in this struggle, myself shall order it!' Thus Saturn's daughter: she, upraising her strident pinions, serpent plumed, sought her home by Cocytus' flood and abandoned the heights above. There is a place in the heart of Italy, on which the tall hills look down, renowned and fabled on many shores—the vale of Amsanctus. Obscure with myriad leaves, it lies pent between two walls of forest; and in its midst a roaring torrent crashes in dizzy eddies over the rocks. Here men show an awful cavern, the vent of cruel Dis; where a fathomless gulf, through which Acheron breaks, yawns with pestilential jaws. There the Fury plunged her fell deity, and unburdened earth and sky.

Nor less, meanwhile, Saturn's imperial daughter set the last touch to war. One and all, the shepherds rushed from the stricken field to the city, and bore back their slain,—Almo's boyish limbs, and old Galaesus' mangled visage.—imploring Heaven and adjuring Latinus. Turnus was there, and, amid the fever and the cry of blood for blood, harped their fear again: 'Troy was bidden to Latium's realm, the Phrygian stock tainted Latium's blood, and he was spurned from the door of Latium's king.' Then the kindred of those dames, who, in Bacchic frenzy, revelled dancing through the trackless forests,—for not lightly weighed Amata's name,—came mustering from every hand, and importuned war. For war they clamoured incontinent with one voice, blinded by jealous deity—for an unblest war, thwarting omens and oracles celestial. Emulous, they surged round Latinus' palace: he, like a rock of ocean unmoved, stood resistent—like a rock of ocean, that, while the seas break in thunder, fronts, broad-based, the many barking waves; and the cliffs and foaming boulders roar round it in vain, and the seaweed, dashed upon its side, falls frustrate back. But when no power

was vouchsafed him to overcome their purblind counsel, and all things moved to the nod of pitiless Juno, with reiterate appeal to Heaven and the dumb skies, the old king spoke: 'We are broken, alas, by Fate, and whirled by the storm! O my hapless people, with your own impious blood shall ye acquit this penalty! Thee, Turnus, thy crime —thee, the dire vengeance—shall await, and with belated vows thou shalt cry on the gods. For my peace was won; and now, full in the haven's mouth, I am despoiled of a tearless passing!' Nor farther he pursued, but shut him in his chamber and dropped the reins of kingship.

A custom ruled in Hesperian Latium, held sacred, in unbroken line, by the Alban cities, and sacred held still by Rome, when they wake the War-god to thought of battle—whether their hands prepare to carry bloodshed and lamentation to Getan or Hyrcanian or Arab, or whether they march on Ind and follow the Morn to her rising, and reclaim their eagles from the Parthian. There are twin Gates of War—so men style them—hallowed by religious fear and the awe of cruel Mars. They are shut by a hundred brazen bolts and the iron's immortal strength, and Janus quits not his ward on the threshold. There, when the Fathers' sentence stands immutable for battle, the consul, stately in Quirinal robe and Gabine cincture, unbars with his own hand the grating portals, and with his own lips invokes the sword: then the rest take up the cry, and the brazen horns ring conspiring in harsh assent. Such the mode, in which, then also, they urged Latinus to proclaim war against the people of Aeneas, and to unclose the fatal gates. But the grey-headed king refrained his hand, recoiled averse from the loathed ministry, and hid himself in the obscure dark. Then the queen of Heaven, down-shooting from the empyrean, smote

with her Saturnian hand on the reluctant portals, and upon revolving hinge burst open the iron-clamped doors of War.—Unstirred, erewhile, and inert, Ausonia flashed into flame. Here, on foot they assayed to march the plains ; there, high-mounted on stately coursers, men spurred infuriate through the dust : and every tongue cried for arms. Part, with unctuous lard, burnished their smooth shields and lucent spears, and on whetstones edged the battleaxe : and joyfully they saw the standard upreared, and joyfully heard the trumpet call. With anvils set, five great cities renewed their armament—Atina's might, Tibur's pride, Ardea and Crustumeri, and Antemnae, tower-crowned. These forged hollow helms for the guarded head, and plaited willow frames for the buckler : those hammered breastplates of bronze, and polished greaves from the ductile silver.—Thus ended the honour of share and scythe, thus all their love of the plough ; as they tempered again their fathers' swords in the furnace ! And now the bugle sang, and the watchword for war passed on. Hastily one seized the casque from his chambers ; one compelled his snorting steeds to the yoke, accoutred him in shield and triple hauberk of gold, and girt his constant blade to his thigh !

Now from opened Helicon, ye Muses, wake your strains,—what kings arose to battle ; what legions, by whom captained, thronged the champaign ; what harvest of men, what blaze of steel, even then graced Italy's kindly earth ! For, heavenly Sisters, ye remember and ye can tell : but to us scarce the low whisper of Fame is wafted !

Fierce from the Tyrrhene strand, Mezentius, scorner of the gods, came foremost to war, and armed his array. At whose side went Lausus, his son, unmatched in fairness of frame save by Laurentine Turnus—Lausus, tamer of steeds

and scourge of wild beasts, who from Agylla's city led a thousand men, that followed him in vain—Lausus, whose filial obedience merited a happier lord—a sire other than Mezentius!

After these, Aventinus, beauteous seed of beauteous Hercules, vaunted on the sward his palm-crowned chariot and victorious coursers, and on his shield bore his father's cognizance—the hundred snakes of the serpent-cinctured Hydra. Him, the fruit of her furtive travail, Rhea the priestess bore into the regions of day—a woman mingled with deity—after the conquering Tirynthian, fresh from the blood of Geryon, had touched the Laurentine fields, and laved his Iberian oxen in the Tuscan stream. In their hands his men bore javelins and grim pikes to battle, and fought with tapering falchions and the Sabellian dart. Himself he marched on foot, swinging a huge lion's skin, that bristled shaggy and terrible, the white teeth grinning above his head; and thus he entered the royal halls in his grim attire, with the Herculean garb clasped on his shoulders.

Next twin brethren left the walls of Tibur, and the people styled by their brother Tiburtus' name—Catillus and gallant Coras, youths of Argos. In the van of battle they rode through the thick-volleyed spears, as when two cloud-born Centaurs descend from a mountain's tall crest, while with racing feet they leave Homole or snowy Othrys, and the vast forest yields place to their course, and loud-crashing the thickets give way.

Nor was the founder of Praeneste's city found wanting,—that king, who, as consenting ages witness, was born to Vulcan among the rural herds, and found on the hearth,—Caeculus. Him a rustic legion followed, wide-spread—both they who dwell in high Praeneste and the fields of Gabine Juno—by

the cool Anio and the Hernican rocks with their dewy streams,—and they who are nurtured by rich Anagnia, or, father Amasenus, by thee! Not all of them had armour, nor shields and rattling chariots: the most hailed bullets of livid lead; in the hands of part were two javelins; and caps of tawny wolfhide were the covering of their heads. The left foot was bare as they stepped; a boot of raw skin enclosed the right.

But Messapus, the tamer of steeds, offspring of Neptune, whose life was proof against fire and against steel, with sudden call summoned to arms his peoples, lapt in ease so long, and his hosts disused to battle; and once more he loosened his blade. Here marched the Fescennine powers and they of the Falerian plains: here the men of Soracte's crags and the Flavinian fields, of Ciminus' mountain and lake and the groves of Capena. They marched in even measure and sang of their king:—as often snowy swans in the moist clouds, when full-fed they return, and from their long throats the clear strains issue, till Cayster and the reverberant Asian fen echo far away. Nor would any deem that these mingled multitudes were brass-clad legions: but rather that, high in air, a raucous cloud of birds urged their flight from the deep to the shore.

And now Clausus came, captaining his great array—great the captain as his array—Clausus, of the ancient Sabine blood, from whom the Claudian tribe and house are now spread abroad in Latium, since the day when Rome was portioned with the Sabine. With him went Amiternum's vast battalion and the Elder Quirites, Eretum's mustered powers and olive-bearing Mutusca, they who dwell in Nomentum's city, in Velinus' Rosean lands, on Tetrica's rugged crags and Severus' mount, in Casperia and Foruli, and by the waters of Himella—they who drink of Tiber and Fabaris, they whom cold Nursia sent, the Hortine orders, the

Latin peoples, and they betwixt whom Allia, name of woe, flows with estranging flood :—many as the billows that roll on the floor of the Libyan main, when fierce Orion sinks in the wintry wave ; dense as the ears that parch under the new-risen sun, on the plain of Hermus or the yellow fields of Lycia ! Their bucklers rang, and the fearful earth quaked under their trampling feet.

Next, Agamemnonian Halaesus—sworn foe of the Trojan name—yoked his steeds to the car, and, in Turnus' cause, swept a thousand warlike nations to battle : those who delve the Massic hills and their smiling vineyards ; those whom the Auruncan sires sent down from their mountain-tops, or who fared from the bordering Sidicine plains ; those who marched from Cales ; those that tenant the banks of Volturnus' shallow stream ; and, by their side, the rough Saticulan and the Oscan bands. Polished javelins were their weapons, but these it was their use to fit with a pliant thong. A targe protected their left, and they wielded crooked scimitars for the close encounter.

Nor, Oebalus, shalt thou pass unheralded by my strains—thou, who, men tell, wast borne by the Nymph of Sebethus' stream to Telon, what time he reigned over Teleboan Capreae, stricken already in years. But the paternal fields sufficed not his son ; and even then, broad-realmed, he ruled over the Sarrastian peoples and the plains that Sarnus waters—over all that dwell in Rufrae and Batulum, and on Celemna's soil, and over them on whom Abella's towers look down through the apple-blossom ! In Teuton fashion they hurled the lance ; their helms were bark reft from the cork-tree ; and brass glittered on their crescent shields, glittered from their brands.

Thee, too, Ufens, Nersae sent to battle from her moun-

tains, illustrious in the fame of thy prospering sword—whose clan, rugged among the rugged and bred to the woodland chase, walks the harsh Aequiculan glebe. Armed they till the earth, and exultant they drive the new-won spoils and live by the pillaging hand.

More, from the Marruvian race, his helm featly decked with leaves of the fruitful olive, came stout-hearted Umbro, the priest, sent by Archippus the king—Umbro, who, by the spell of his song and hand, would sprinkle the dews of sleep on the viperous brood and on the foul-breathing snakes of the water, soothing their ire and healing their bite by his skill. But the bite of the Dardan point he availed not to heal, and against that stroke he found no charm in his slumber-laden songs, nor in the herbs that he culled on the Marsian hills! Umbro—thee the groves of Angitia wept, thee Fucinus' crystalline wave, thee thy limpid lakes!

Nor less Hippolytus' fairest son marched to war—Virbius, whom his mother Aricia sent, all-glorious. In the groves of Egeria he was nursed round the moist shores, where Diana's altar stands blessing and blest. For the tale is told, how that Hippolytus—when he fell by his stepdame's art and slaked his father's vengeance in blood, rent asunder by his panic-smitten coursers—was restored by the Healer's herbs and the love of Dian, and once more beheld the starry firmament and respired the upper air. Then the Sire omnipotent, in anger that any mortal should rise from the nether shades to the vital light, with his bolted thunder himself hurled down to the Stygian flood that child of Phoebus, discoverer of such daring leechcraft. But Trivia, gracious Queen, hid Hippolytus from the view of man, and sent him far away to the keeping of Egeria, the Nymph, and her grove, that there, alone in the Italian woods, he might live out his days unknown

and, *Virbius* named, be no more Hippolytus. And thence it comes that no hooves of horses may tread her fane and holy forest, since, in terror of the ocean monsters, they wrecked the chariot and flung her charioteer forth upon the shore. None the less, his son schooled his ardent steeds on the level plain, and, charioted, sped precipitate to battle!

In radiant beauty, with weaponed hand, and head towering sheer above all, Turnus himself moved in the van. On his lofty helm, triple-plumed, rose the Chimaera, with throat breathing Aetnean fires; raging the more and wild with dire flames, as the blood flows faster and the fray waxes fiercer. But, on his spotless shield, Io—memorable theme!—was blazoned in gold, a heifer now with bristled hide and uplifted horns, while Argus stood ward over the maid, and, from embossed urn, father Inachus poured his stream. There followed a sable cloud of infantry, and on all the plain the bucklered squadrons gathered thick—the Argive hosts and the Auruncan bands, the Rutules and the old Sicani, the Sacranian lines and the Labicians with painted targe; they, O Tiber, who till thy glades and Numicius' sacred shore, whose ploughshare cleaves the Rutulian hills and Circeii's headland, whose fields are watched by Jove of Anxur and Feronia smiling in her verdant grove; where the black marsh of Satura lies, and cold Ufens threads his way through the lowly vales and sinks into ocean.

To crown the tale, Volscian Camilla, warrior-maid, came leading her mounted host and her squadrons resplendent in brazen mail. No distaff, no weaving basket, claimed those womanly hands: but her girlish frame was stubborn to endure the battle, and her feet were swift to outstrip the winds. She might have flown over the topmost blades of the untouched corn, nor, flying, have scathed the tender ears.

She might have sped over the mid seas, poised above the swelling wave, nor dipped her glancing feet in the flood.

The youth came streaming from house and field, and matrons stood in admiring throng, viewing her, as she rode, with rapt astonishment—how the purple's regal splendour draped her shoulders of marble; how the clasp entwined her tresses with gold; how her own hands bore the Lycian quiver and the pastoral myrtle tipped with steel!

VIII

WHEN high on Laurentum's tower Turnus upreared the ensign of war, and the horns rang in harsh concent—when he spurred his fiery steeds, and clashed his weapons—straight men's souls were troubled; eagerly all Latium conspired in rude rebellion, and her warriors raged exasperate. Messapus and Ufens, chief of the captains, with Mezentius, scorner of Heaven, levied succours from every hand, and far and near bared the wide fields of husbandmen. More, Venulus was sent to the city of great Diomede, there to entreat aid, and announce that the Teucrians planted foot in Latium; that Aeneas was come with his fleet, bearing his vanquished gods into Italy, and proclaiming himself the fate-crowned king; that many tribes flocked to the Dardan standard, and the Dardan name was heard through the breadth of Latium: —what structure this foundation augured, what issue of battle he desired, should Fortune attend him, was clearer to himself than to King Turnus or King Latinus.

Thus it went with Latium. But the hero of Laomedon's line watched all, tossing on the troubled tides of care; and now hither, now thither, swiftly he transferred his divided

mind, and swept it over all the range of thought: as when a gleam of water, tremulous in the brimming bronze, is flung back from the sun or the lustre of the mirrored moon; then glances abroad over all, till mounting skyward it strikes the fretted roof high above. It was night, and, through all the earth, weary creatures, bird and beast alike, lay wrapped in deep slumber; when father Aeneas, with heart wrung by that lamentable strife, flung him down by the river's brim, under the chill cope of heaven, and allowed sleep to steal, belated, over his frame. Before him the deity of the place, Tiber of the pleasant stream, seemed, in very presence, to uplift his white head through the poplar leaves. Thin lawn draped him in mantle of grey, and shady reeds crowned his hair. Then thus he addressed the prince, and, speaking, assuaged his sorrow:

'O child of celestial race, who, from the foeman's midst, dost bring to us again the city of Troy and preservest Troy-towers immortal, thyself long awaited by Laurentine soil and Latin fields—here thy home is sure, and sure the gods of thy home! Shrink not, nor dread the menace of war: the ire and malice of Heaven are spent! Even now, lest thou deem this the idle figment of sleep, thou shalt discover beneath the holms on my bank a huge sow with a litter of thirty heads, white as she reclines on earth, and white the young about her teats: a sign, that when thirty years have rolled, Ascanius shall found the White Town—Alba, illustrious name. Doubt clouds not my prophecy! Now lend ear, and I will show thee in brief how thou mayest surmount in triumph the task that confronts thee. In these coasts an Arcadian people, sprung from Pallas, who have followed Evander the king and his banners, have chosen a site and set their city on the hills—from Pallas their forefather

styled Pallanteum. These wage ceaseless war with the Latin race: these unite to thy camp in alliance, and league thee with them. Myself I will guide thee betwixt my banks, unswerving along the stream, that thy climbing oars may overcome the adverse current. Then rise, goddess-born, and, as the first star fades, meetly prefer thy prayers to Juno, and vanquish with suppliant vows her anger and her menace. When thine is the victory, mine shall be thy worship. I am he whom thou seest, as I lave the banks with my welling flood, and wind through the furrowed fields of plenty—azure Tiber, dearest of rivers to Heaven! Here is my stately home: my fount flows from towering cities.'

Thus the River said; then plunged into the nethermost depths of his pool, while night and sleep fled from Aeneas. He rose, and, with eyes turned to the orient light of the ethereal orb, held, as use ordains, water from the stream in his hollow palms, and poured this utterance to Heaven:

'Nymphs, Laurentine Nymphs, from whom is the generation of rivers, and thou, O father Tiber, with thy sacred wave—receive Aeneas, and, in this late hour, guard him from peril. In what spring soever thy pools contain thee, as thou pitiest our travails,—whatsoever the soil whence thou issuest in thy beauty—ever my worship, ever my gifts shall grace thee, horn-crowned River, monarch of the Western streams! Only be thou present, and more nearly confirm thy will!'

So he prayed, and, choosing two galleys from his fleet, manned them with oarsmen and accoutred the crew in arms.

But, lo, the omen broke sudden on their wondering gaze: for on the green marge, recumbent along the sward, they descried a spotless sow, one in hue with her milk-white brood: whom good Aeneas offered in sacrifice to thee—even to thee—

imperial Juno, and set mother and young before thine altar. All that livelong night Tiber calmed his swelling flood, and, refluent, halted his silent wave, smoothing the face of the waters to the semblance of a gentle lake or unruffled pool, that naught might impede their labouring oars. Thus, swiftly they abridged the voyage begun. With cheerful murmur the pine slid careened along the stream, while the waves and the unwonted wood admired the heroes' far-flashing shields, and the painted hulls that breasted the river. Through the night and the outworn day they rowed and ascended the spacious reaches, overshadowed by motley trees and glancing betwixt verdant woods over the tranquil tide.—The flaming sun already had scaled the mid arch of heaven, when they discerned in the distance city-walls, and a tower, and scattered roofs—now exalted to the stars by Rome's empery, then Evander's scant domain! Quickly they swung the prows to land, and drew to the town.

It fell that on that day the Arcadian king paid his annual homage to Amphitryon's great child and his kindred of Heaven, in a grove before the city. With him Pallas his son, with him the flower of his realm and his needy senate, offered incense, and the warm blood reeked by the altars. At sight of the high-masted ships, gliding through the twilit forest and plying the noiseless oar, alarmed by the sudden vision they started, one and all, from their abandoned boards. But Pallas, undaunted, bade them forbear not the rite, and, seizing his spear, flew himself to front the strangers, and called from a mound afar: 'Warriors, what cause hath constrained you to adventure on an unknown path? Whither bend ye? What race claims you? what home, where left? And bring ye hither peace or the sword?' Then father Aeneas spoke

from the tall stern, a branch of peaceful olive outstretched in his hand: 'Men of Troy thou seest, and arms inimical to Latium, whose haughty battle hath driven us fugitive. We seek Evander. Bear this message, and say that chosen captains of Dardania are come, suing for his allied spears.' Pallas stood, awe-struck at the mighty name; then: 'Come forth,' he cried, 'whosoever thou art; speak before my father's face, and prove the welcome of our hearth!' And with kindly grasp he greeted him, and seized and clung to his hand. Thus, advancing, they forsook the stream and entered the grove; where with courteous speech Aeneas accosted the king:

'Best of the sons of Greece, to whom Fortune has willed that I address my prayer and proffer the fillet-wreathed bough, I feared not because thou wert a Danaan chief—an Arcadian and linked to the twin sons of Atreus by blood. But conscious worth and Heaven's holy oracles, the kindred of our sires, and thy fame that pervades the earth, allied me with thee, and urged me willingly on the pathway of Fate. Dardanus, first father and founder of Ilium's city, born—as Greece relates—of Atlantean Electra, sailed to our Teucrian realm. Electra was sprung of mightiest Atlas, whose shoulder sustains the celestial spheres. Ye have Mercury for sire, whom fair Maia conceived and bore on the snowy peaks of Cyllene. But Maia, if we credit the tale that our ears have heard, was the seed of that self-same Atlas who uplifts the starry firmament: and thus the lineage of both disparts from a single stock. Reliant on this, I sent no envoys, nor assayed my overtures by rule: myself and my life are in thy hands, and, suppliant, I stand at thy gates! The pitiless sword of Daunus' race is drawn against us, as thee: and they deem that, if we be cast forth, nothing lets but their

yoke shall be set over Hesperia's uttermost bounds, and themselves shall hold the sea that laves her above and the sea that laves her below. Then give friendship, and receive! With us are hearts stout in battle, high souls, and a people approved by deeds!'

Aeneas ceased. While he spoke, Evander's gaze had long roved over his face, and eyes, and all his frame: then in brief he returned: 'Bravest of the Teucrians, with what joy do I receive and acknowledge thee! How memory strays to the words, the voice, and the visage, of great Anchises thy sire! For I call to mind, how Priam, Laomedon's child, when he journeyed to Salamis to view the kingdom of his sister Hesione, prolonged his way and visited our cold Arcadian borders. In those days the springtide of youth bloomed on my cheeks, and I wondered at the princes of Troy, and wondered at Laomedon's son; but statelier than all Anchises moved. My heart burned with youthful ardour to accost the hero and feel his hand in mine; till I approached him, and eagerly led him under the battlements of Pheneus. And as we parted, he gave me a lordly quiver, furnished with Lycian shafts, a scarf inwoven with gold, and two golden bridles that now my Pallas possesses. Therefore, this hand that ye seek is already plighted to you in league, and, so soon as the morrow's light shall dawn once more on the world, I will send you hence cheered by my succour and aided by my powers. Meanwhile—since in amity ye are come hither—with minds attuned, solemnize with us this yearly festival, which it were sin to defer, and be strangers no more to your allies' board!'

This said, he commanded that they replace the viands and the goblets removed, and himself ranged his guests on the grassy seat, with especial honour welcoming Aeneas to the

cushion of a lion's shaggy hide and gracing him with a throne of maple. Then youths, chosen for the service, and the priest of the altar, brought, in emulous haste, roasted carcasses of bulls, piled on the baskets Ceres' corn, wrought by the hand of man, and ministered the juice of Bacchus' grape; while Aeneas, and, with him, his warriors of Troy regaled them on the chine of an ox entire and on the flesh of sacrifice.

When hunger was appeased and the desire of food assuaged, King Evander spoke: 'No vain superstition, ignorant of the gods of old, has burdened us with this solemn rite, with this ordinance of festival, and this altar of reverend sanctity. Preserved, O Trojan guest, from the bitterness of peril, we render sacrifice, and, year after year, pay honour where honour is due. First mark yonder rock-hung cliff,—how the massy crags are flung shattered afar, how the mountain home stands desolate, and the boulders are fallen in giant ruin. Here, receding to fathomless depth, pierced never by the solar ray, yawned a cavern, tenanted by the dire shape of half-bestial Cacus. The ground steamed incessant with new-spilt blood, and, nailed to the proud doors, pale faces of men hung grim and gory. This monster was sprung of Vulcan; and Vulcan's black fires he belched from his mouth, as he stalked in titanic bulk. But to our longing also there was an end, and Time brought succour in the advent of a god. For the great avenger came, and Alcides, triumphant in the slaughter and spoils of triple Geryon, drove this way the huge bulls in victory, and his oxen thronged vale and stream. But Cacus, with his robber's soul infuriate, resolved to leave naught undared or untried in crime or in craft, ravished from the stalls four goodly bulls and as many beauteous heifers. And these—to annul the true course of their footprints—he dragged by the tail to his cave, and, when the track gave

perverse testimony, hid his booty in the sunless rock; and he that searched saw no signs leading to the cavern. Meanwhile, when, in act to depart, Amphitryon's son was already moving the full-fed herds from their stalls, the oxen began to low farewell, and all the woodland was filled with their plaint, as clamorously they left the hills. But one of the kine returned the cry, bellowing in the dreary cave, and from her dungeon baffled the hopes of Cacus. Instant at this Alcides' wrath flashed out in black choler, and, snatching his arms and his oaken club, all knotted and ponderous, he raced to the crest of the skiey hill. Then, as never before, our eyes saw Cacus in fear and trembling: for swifter than the East he fled on the moment, and sought his cavern with feet winged by dread.

'Scarce had he shut him within, and, from severed chains, lowered the vast boulder hung in iron by his father's art, and fortified his doorway by support of such barrier, when, lo, he of Tiryns came in the fury of his heart, and, surveying every access, turned his face this way and that, and gnashed his teeth. Thrice in hot anger he traversed all Mount Aventine: thrice he assailed the craggy portals in vain, and thrice sank wearied in the valley. There stood a pointed column of flint, with the rock on all sides cut sheer away, rising from the ridge of the cavern in dizzy eminence—fit site for the nests of unclean birds. This—as, sloping from the ridge, it inclined to the river on the left—he shook, urging it full from the right, till he tore it loose from the nethermost base; then, with sudden shock, hurled it down. To that shock the infinite heavens thundered, the banks leapt apart, and the shuddering stream recoiled. But the den of Cacus, and his vast palace, lay naked to the view, and the gloomy pit stood plain: even as though earth, rent asunder by some

resistless force, were to unlock Hell-gates and disclose the pallid realms abhorrent to Heaven, and from above were descried the unbottomed abyss, and phantoms dazed by the invading light. On him, then,—as he bellowed in unearthly sort, surprised by the unhoped day and pent in the hollow rock,—Alcides rained missiles from aloft, and called every weapon to his aid, pressing him with boughs and great millstones. But he, for now no other escape from peril was left, belched from his jaws huge volumes of smoke—hear and wonder !—and involved his lair in viewless obscurity, till the eye was impotent to see, and, in the depths of his cave, rolled a smoke-wrapt midnight of darkness commingled with fire. The high heart of Alcides brooked not this, and headlong he flung himself at a bound through the flames, where the eddying smoke whirled thickest, and the vast cave surged black and vaporous. Here, where amid the gloom Cacus disgorged his idle fires, he seized him, limb entwined with limb, and, in unremitting grasp, stifled him till the eyes burst forth and his throat was drained of blood. Straight the doors were torn open and the dark den bared to sight : the purloined oxen and the rapine, abjured erewhile, were displayed to the sun, and the hideous carcass dragged out by the heels. Men could not sate their hearts, gazing on those terrible eyes,—on the visage of the brutish monster, on his shaggy bristled breast, and the flames quenched in his throat. From that time has this worship been paid, and a joyous posterity keeps the day — Potitius foremost, founder of this observance, and the Pinarian house, guardian of Hercules' rite. This altar himself set in the grove—this altar, that by us shall ever be named the Greatest, and ever greatest shall be. Then come, sirs, and, in homage to merit so glorious, wreathe your hair with leaves and stretch forth the cup in

your hand; call on our common deity, and with willing hearts make offering of wine.' He ceased: and the double-hued poplar, pendent in twining foliage, invested his locks with the shade of Hercules' love; and a goblet charged his right. Unlingering, all poured glad libation on the board, and prayed to the gods.

Meanwhile the star of evening drew nigher along the slope of heaven. And now the priests, clad in hides, as custom ordained, moved in procession—Potitius at the head—with torches flaming in their hands. Renewing the festival, they brought welcome offerings for a second repast, and piled the altars with laden platters. Then came the Salii to sing round the fires of sacrifice, their temples crowned withpoplar sprays,—of youths the one quire, white-haired the other,—and with chanting lips they extolled the glories and deeds of Hercules:—how his infant hand strangled the twin serpents, earliest of his stepdame's terrors; how the sword in that selfsame hand shivered mighty cities, Troy with Oechalia; how he endured to the end a thousand perilous toils under King Eurystheus by the bitter doom of Juno. 'Thou, O hero unvanquished—thou it was who didst slay the cloud-born people, double-bodied, Hylaeus and Pholus, and the monsters of Crete, and the great lion under Nemea's crag. Before thee the Stygian waters trembled: before thee, the warder of Hell, as he lay in his bloody cave upon half-gnawn bones. Not any shape could affright thee,—not Typhoeus himself when he towered in arms,—and counsel forsook thee not, when with multitudinous heads the snake of Lerna encircled thee. Hail, seed indubitable of Jove, thou new-won glory of Heaven, and with auspicious foot visit us and our worship of thee!' Such was the burden of their song; and they crowned the tale with Cacus' cavern, and its lord of the fiery breath, till

all the forest and every reverberant hill echoed to their clamour.

Then, the rite discharged, the concourse repaired to the city. The time-worn king kept his son and Aeneas by his side to attend his steps, and, walking, lightened their way with changing discourse. Admiring, Aeneas turned his swift glance over all, and, spell-bound by the scene, inquired gladly and gladly heard, each by each, the memorials of an earlier world. Then King Evander, founder of Rome's citadel: 'Once these woods were tenanted by Fauns and Nymphs, native born, and by a generation of men, sprung from boles of trees and the obdurate oak. They had neither rule of life nor culture, nor knowledge to yoke the ox, nor to lay up stores, nor to husband their gains; but forest boughs and the huntsman's rude trade yielded their sustenance. And no help came till Saturn descended from skiey Olympus, fleeing before the arms of Jove and exiled from his ravished throne. He it was gathered into a state that ungentle race, scattered over mountain peaks, and gave them laws, and chose that their land be called Latium, since within those borders he had lain latent and secure. Under his sway passed those ages that men style golden: in such serenity of peace he ruled the nations; till with stealthy step there succeeded a degenerate time of a baser hue, and, in its train, the frenzy of war and the lust of possession. Then came the Ausonian host and the Sicanian tribes, and time and again the land of Saturn resigned her title. And kings came, and Thybris, gigantic and fierce, from whom in later days we of Italy have called Tiber's stream, while ancient Albula has lost her authentic name. Myself—as, outcast from the land of my fathers, I voyaged to the extremity of ocean—the inevitable doom of Fate, and Fortune's omnipotence, planted on this

soil, spurred onward by the awful warnings of Carmentis, Nymph and mother, and Apollo, who inspired her lips.

Scarce had he ceased; when, advancing, he showed the altar and the gate that Rome styles Carmental, in immemorial tribute to Carmentis the Nymph, prophetess of fate, who first foretold the greatness that should dawn on the sons of Aeneas, and the renown of Pallanteum. Next he displayed a spacious grove, where bold Romulus made his Asylum, and the Lupercal, shrouded by the cool rock, and hallowed, in Arcadian wont, to the name of Lycaean Pan. He showed, moreover, the forest of sacred Argiletum, and called the place to witness, as he rehearsed the slaying of Argus, his guest. Thence he led them to the Tarpeian height, and the Capitol—golden now, erst an unkempt mass of thickets. Yet even then the dread sanctity of that region appalled the fearful rustics: even then they quailed before the forest and the crag. 'This grove,' he said, 'this hill with its leafy crown, a god inhabits:—what god, we know not! My Arcadians hold that full oft they have looked on Jove himself, when his right hand shook the darkening aegis and summoned the storm-clouds. More, in these twin towns of the shattered walls, thou seest the relics and memorials of men of an elder day. This tower father Janus built, this Saturn; and Janiculum one was styled, and Saturnia the other.'

In such interchange of converse they neared the palace of Evander's poverty, and saw scattered herds lowing in the Roman forum and amid the splendours of Carinae. When they stood before the dwelling: 'These doors,' he pursued, 'victorious Alcides stooped to enter, and these halls contained his might. Dare, O guest of mine, to contemn riches; like him, mould thy soul till it be worthy of deity; and bring

not disdain to our scanty estate.' Thus saying, he led Aeneas' heroic frame under the roof of his lowly dwelling, and couched him on strewn leaves and the fell of a Libyan bear. —And Night came down, and her sable wings enfolded earth.

But Venus—for not idle the maternal care that dismayed her soul!—moved by the Laurentine menace and the grim call to arms, had recourse to Vulcan, and thus began in her golden nuptial chamber, with words breathing celestial love: 'While the embattled Grecian kings harried the fated citadel of Troy, and her towers, doomed to fall by the hostile flame, I asked no succour to their misery, no weapons of thy resource and art; nor, dearest consort, would I task thee and thy toils to no avail—deep though my debt to the children of Priam, many though my tears for the bitter agony of Aeneas. Now, by Jove's mandate, his foot is on the Rutulian borders; and suppliant I come to thee, as I came not before, and ask arms from the deity I revere—a mother for her son. Thou didst bend to the tears of Nereus' daughter, to the tears of Tithonus' spouse! Behold the mustering nations—the cities that with closed gates sharpen the sword against me and the lives of my people.'

The goddess ceased, and, as he delayed, flung her snowy arms about him and fondled him in soft embrace. Sudden he caught the wonted spark; the familiar glow entered his being, and coursed through his melting frame:—even as when, bursting from the thunderclap, the glittering streak of fire runs fringing the storm-clouds with blinding light. His consort felt, and, smiling at her ruse, knew that she was fair.— Then the old god spoke, bound in love's eternal chain:

'Why delvest so deep for pleas? Whither, goddess, is vanished thy trust in me? Had such been thy care of old,

of old I had armed the Teucrians, and deemed it not sin: for neither the all-puissant Sire nor Fate forbade Troy to stand, and Priam to wear the crown, for ten years more. And now, if thou preparest war, and this is thy sentence, whatever diligence I may avouch to my craft, whatever iron and molten electrum may achieve, whatever fire and air avail—cease to mistrust thy power by this humility of prayer!' So saying, he bestowed the embrace desired; then sank on the bosom of his queen, and wooed calm slumber to his limbs.

Then, so soon as sleep was fled, banished by the rest it gave, and retiring Night wheeled in mid career—at the hour when a woman, whom need constrains to support life by her distaff and the pittance of the loom, wakes the embers and slumbering flames, and, adding night to her laborious day, holds her maidens to the long lamp-lit task, that she may keep her husband's bed without stain and nurture his infant sons:—even thus, nor at more slothful hour, the Lord of Fire rose from his soft couch to the labours of the smith.—Fast by the Sicilian coast and Aeolian Lipare rises an island, sublime with smoking cliffs. Beneath it thunders a cavern, and the vaults of Aetna, hollowed by Cyclopian forges; mighty blows are heard re-echoing from the anvil, bars of Chalyb steel hiss through the depths, and the fire pants in the furnace: for here is Vulcan's home, and the soil owns Vulcan's name.—Hither, on that day, the Lord of Fire descended from high Heaven.

In the dreary cave his Cyclops were labouring iron—Brontes and Steropes and Pyracmon with naked limbs. In their hands a thunderbolt was assuming shape, such as those that the Father hurls down unnumbered from all heaven; part already was polished, part remained imperfect. Three

shafts of writhen rain, three of watery cloud, they had wrought therein—three of ruddy fire and the winged southern blast: and now they were blending in their work glittering terrors, and sound, and fear, and the anger of pursuant flames. Elsewhere they urged on for Mars the chariot and flying wheels, wherewith he rouses men and cities to battle; and with golden scales of serpents emulously burnished the horrid aegis—accoutrement of ireful Pallas—and her knotted snakes, and the Gorgon's self on her divine breast, with neck severed and eyes revolving. 'Away with all,' he cried, 'remove your labours begun, O Cyclops of Aetna, and give ear to me! Arms ye shall make for a fearless warrior. Now is need of strength, now of the quick hand, now of the lessons of our art. Banish delay!' No farther he said: but incontinent all bent to their equally portioned toil. Brass and golden ore flowed in streams, and the wounding steel was molten in the vast furnace. They formed a mighty shield, that, sole, might withstand every Latin spear, and plated it with seven folds, circle on circle. Some with panting bellows drew in and expelled the blast: others plunged the hissing bronze in the trough; and the cave moaned under its load of anvils. In measured rhythm, one by one they lifted their giant arms, and with gripping tongs turned the metal.

While the lord of Lemnos made such dispatch on his Aeolian shores, the gracious dawn and the matin songs of birds under his eaves roused Evander from his humble home. The old king arose, drew on his tunic, and bound his feet in Tyrrhene sandals; then buckled to shoulder and side his blade of Tegea, flinging round him a leopard's skin pendent from his left. Nor lacked he guard; for two dogs went before him from his high-raised threshold, attendant on their master's steps. Thus the hero, mindful of his words

and the service promised, sought the dwelling of his guest and the privacy of Aeneas. Nor less the Trojan was abroad with the morn. With his father Pallas walked; with his comrade, Achates; till meeting they clasped hands, and, seated in the inmost chamber, at length enjoyed full freedom of converse. And first the king:

'Mightiest captain of the Teucrians—whose life enduring, this tongue shall never confess the star of Troy set, nor her empire vanquished!—our name is great, but our strength is small to give succour in war. On this hand we are prisoned by the Tuscan stream: on that, the Rutulian presses hard, and his weapons clash about our wall. None the less, my purpose is to unite with thee broad peoples and hosts that flourish under many a king. An unhoped chance reveals thy salvation, and the call of fate hath led thee hither. No great way hence, established on immemorial rock, stands Agylla's peopled city, where of old the war-famed Lydian race settled on the Etruscan peaks. For many years it prospered, till Mezentius the king governed it with iron sceptre and bloody sword. What profits it to recount the nameless murders, the pitiless deeds, of that tyrant? Heaven visit them on him and his! Nay, he would link the quick to the dead, joining—fell discovery of torment!—hand to hand and face to face, and, in the streaming gore and corruption of that woeful union, so slay them by a lingering doom. But the day came when his citizens, outworn by such impious frenzy, besieged him and his palace in arms, hewed down his hench-men, and hurled fire to his roof. He, amid the slaughter, fled for refuge to Rutulian soil, and found defence among the friendly spears of Turnus. Therefore all Etruria has risen in righteous fury, and at the point of the sword they demand their king for punishment.—Of these thousands, Aeneas,

I will make thee captain! For their chafing barques throng all the shore, and they bid the banners advance; but the aged soothsayer restrains them with fateful presage: *O ye chosen of Maeonia's land, flower and strength of your fathers' realm,—ye, whom just resentment spurs against the enemy, and Mezentius kindles with the anger himself hath earned,—none of Italy born may sway thus mighty a people! Choose ye an alien leader!* Therefore the Etruscan array is encamped on this plain, awed by the warning of Heaven; and Tarcho himself has sent envoys to me, with the crown and sceptre of the kingdom, and offers the ensigns of royalty, will I but enter their camp and mount the Tyrrhene throne. But the frosts of sluggish eld, the feebleness of many years, and strength that is past the day of deeds, deny me dominion. My son I would fain urge to the task, did not the blood of his Sabine mother, mingled with mine, make this in part his fatherland. Thou, on whose years and descent alike Fate smiles—whom deity summons—enter thou on this office, the fearless captain of Troy and Italy! More, I will give thee this my Pallas, our hope and comfort. Under thy guidance let him learn to endure warfare and the grim toils of battle; let him view thy prowess, and revere thee from his early years. To him I will consign twice a hundred Arcadian horsemen, the choice of our chivalry; and Pallas shall bring thee as many else by his proper gift.'

Scarce had he spoken; and Aeneas—Anchises' child—and faithful Achates stood with downcast eyes, revolving each in his own sad heart many a troubled thought, had not Cythera's queen granted a sign from the cloudless sky. For, unforeseen, a flash came quivering from the empyrean, thunder-heralded, and suddenly all nature seemed to totter, while the trumpet's Tyrrhene note rang through the firmament. They looked

up : again, and yet again, the mighty peal crashed, and in the serene expanse of heaven they saw arms, cloud-enwrapped, gleaming red through the translucent air and clashing in thunder. The rest were aghast : but Troy's hero knew that in the sound spoke the promise of his goddess-mother. Then :

'Ask not, my friend, ask not,' he cried, 'what issue these portents bode to our journey ! It is I who am called ! This sign the goddess who bore me foretold she would send from Olympus' height, did war assail, and would bring through the skies Vulcanian arms to my succour ! Alas, what carnage awaits the hapless of Laurentum ! What vengeance, Turnus, thou shalt yield me ! How many a buckler and helm, how many a warrior's stalwart frame, shalt thou roll, O father Tiber, under thy wave ! Now let them clamour for battle, and dishonour treaty !'

This said, he rose from his lofty seat, and, first quickening the oblivious altars with the fire of their divinity, approached in gladness the Lar of yesterday and the household's lowly gods ; while Evander alike and the men of Troy offered chosen ewes in wonted sacrifice. Next he plied to the ships and revisited his men, from whose number he chose the stoutest hearts to follow himself to battle : the residue sailed down the waters and floated idly along the descending stream, messengers to Ascanius of his sire and his fortunes. Steeds were assigned to the Teucrians who sought the Tuscan borders ; and one they led to Aeneas for especial guerdon, all caparisoned in a tawny lion's fell that glittered with claws of gold.

With sudden flight Rumour sped blazoned through the little town—that the horsemen rode with speed to the doors of the Tyrrhene king. Trembling matrons redoubled their vows ; fear trod closer on peril, and the War-god's semblance

rose larger on their view. Then Evander, clasping the hand of his departing son, clung to him with insatiable tears, and so spoke :

'O, would Jupiter restore me the years that are fled, and make me as I was when, hard beneath Praeneste, I smote down their vanward lines and, victor, burned their high-piled shields ! With this right hand I sent King Erulus down to hell, though at birth—a tale of dread !—Feronia gave to her child three lives and threefold weapons to wield. Thrice must he be laid low in death ; yet on that day this hand bereft him of all his lives and as oft stripped him of his arms. Never, my son, would I now be torn from thy sweet embrace ; never should Mezentius have loaded his neighbour's grey head with scorn, nor slain his thousands with ruthless sword, nor widowed my city of so many a citizen ! But ye, O powers above, and thou, Jupiter, king and lord of gods, pity, I implore, the Arcadian king, and list to a father's prayer ! If destiny and your will ordain the safety of my Pallas, if, living, I shall see and meet him again, then I pray to live—I am patient to endure whatsoever trial ye will ! But, Fortune, if thou threatenest some nameless disaster, now, oh, now be it granted me to break the bond of this cruel life,—while my care is ambiguous still, while my presage is unproved, while thou, dearest boy, my sole and latest delight, art still in mine arms ; nor let a message more bitter wound these ears ! ' Such the words that the father uttered at their last parting ; then swooned, and his servants bore him within the palace.

And now the horsemen had issued from the open gates, Aeneas and loyal Achates in the van, then the princes else of Troy; while in the midmost line rode Pallas himself, conspicuous in broidered scarf and emblazoned arms : such

as the star of morn, that Venus most loves of all the sidereal fires, when, laved in the ocean flood, he uplifts his sacred head in heaven and the darkness melts away. On the walls stood trembling matrons, with eyes pursuing the dusty cloud and the squadrons that glittered in brass. They, by the path that led soonest to their journey's goal, moved in panoply through the brakes. A shout arose, a column was formed, and the sound of galloping hooves shook the crumbling plain. There stands a vast grove by Caere's cool stream, that the reverence of an earlier day has endowed with sanctity far and near : on all sides sheltering hills enclose it and surround the woodland with sombre pines. Fame tells that the Pelasgians of yore, pristine habitants of Latium's borders, dedicated grove and festal day to Silvanus, the god of field and flock. Not far thence Tarcho and his Tyrrhene bands lay encamped in sure position ; and now from the hill-top all their host could be discerned, and their pavilions wide-spreading over the champaign. Hither came father Aeneas and his chosen warriors, and refreshed their steeds and weary limbs.

But Venus was come in celestial beauty, bearing her gifts through the clouds of heaven ; and when she descried her son in a secluded vale, in the chill stream's distant privacy, offered herself to his view, and thus accosted him :

'Behold this guerdon that my lord hath perfected by his promised art ! Then, shun not, my child, in the coming days to defy the haughty Laurentines and their fiery Turnus to battle !' So saying, Cythera's queen sought the embrace of her son, and placed the arms all radiant under an oak that fronted his view. He, exulting in the divine gift, and in honour thus signal, could not sate his eyes with the vision, as he swept them from point to point, and, admiring, turned

in hand and arm the helmet, plumed with terror and shooting flame, the fate-fraught sword, and the stark corselet of brass, huge and blood-red,—as a sable cloud, when it kindles to the sunbeams and glitters far,—then the burnished greaves of electrum and doubly-refined gold, the spear, and the shield's ineffable fabric. There the Lord of Fire—no stranger he to prophecy nor witless of the ages to dawn—had wrought the fortunes of Italy and the triumphs of Rome ; there, every generation of the stock that should spring from Ascanius, and the ordered line of their stricken fields. And the mother-wolf he had fashioned, couched in the green cave of Mars. About her teats the twin boys hung playing, and, unfearing, licked their dam ; she, her shapely neck bent back, caressed each in turn and moulded their limbs with her tongue. Hard by this he had added Rome and the Sabine maidens, lawlessly reft in full concourse of the theatre, what time the Great Games were solemnized, and a new war suddenly arising betwixt the children of Romulus and aged Tatius with his stern Cures. Soon the selfsame kings, their mutual conflict resigned, stood armed before the altar of Jove, goblet in hand, and with sacrifice of swine concluded their league. No great way thence chariots driven apart had torn Mettus asunder (but, Alban, it behoved thee to abide by thy word !), and Tullus whirled the liar's corpse through the forest, and the briars dripped with a ghastly dew. Nor lacked there Porsenna, commanding that they receive the exiled Tarquin again, and hemming the city with mighty leaguer ; while the sons of Aeneas rushed upon the sword for freedom's sake. On his brow might be seen anger and menace portrayed, that Cocles should dare to lay the bridge low and Cloelia should break her fetters and swim the river. In the topmost shield, Manlius, warder of the Tarpeian

height, stood before the temple and held the lofty Capitol; and the rough thatch lay fresh on Romulus' palace. And here the silver goose, flitting through gilded arcades, cried that the Gauls were on the threshold. The Gauls were come through the thickets and their feet were on the summit; for they were shielded by the darkness and the dusk guerdon of night. Their locks were golden, and golden their vesture; the stripes of their cloaks shone bright, and their snowy necks were encircled with gold; each brandished two Alpine javelins, and long shields guarded their limbs. Here his hammers had wrought the bounding Salii and the naked Luperci, the wool-bound crests and the sacred bucklers that fell from heaven; and in cushioned cars chaste matrons moved in solemn train through the city. Away from these he added, withal, the abodes of Hell, the towering portals of Dis, the penalties of sin, and thee, Catiline, hung from a frowning cliff and trembling before the face of the Furies; and the privacy of the just, and Cato giving laws to them. Betwixt all the semblance of the swelling sea flowed wide-streaming in gold, though the blue foamed with whitening waves; and about it wheeled dolphins of lustrous silver, lashing the waters with their tails, and cleaving the tide. In the midst the brazen-beaked fleets of Actium's battle met the view; and the eye might see all Leucate aswarm with the array of war, and the waves ablaze with gold. Here on the tall poop stood Caesar Augustus, leading his Italy to the fray, with senate and people and gods of home and of heaven, while from his auspicious brows twin flames shot, and his father's star beamed over his crest. Elsewhere Agrippa, under the favour of wind and deity, high-towering led his column—his temples refulgent with the prows of the naval crown, that glorious cognizance of battle. There Antonius,

with his barbarous powers and motley arms, victor from the peoples of the Dawn and the strand of the ruddy sea, bare with him Egypt, and the might of the East, and utmost Bactra; and by his side went—O vision of shame!—his Memphian paramour. At once all closed, and the whole main foamed convulsed by the sweeping oars and triple-toothed prows. To the deep they sped. A man might deem that the Cyclades floated, uptorn, on ocean, or that mountain-height clashed with mountain:—so mightily the seamen urged onward their turreted ships. Flaming tow and winged steel flew volleyed from their hands, and the plains of Neptune were crimsoned with unfamiliar carnage. In the midst, the queen called upon her hosts with their native cymbal, nor as yet cast back her glance on the twin serpents behind her. Gods monstrous and manifold, and barking Anubis, stood with lifted weapons against Neptune and Venus, and against Minerva. In the heart of the conflict Mavors raged, graven in iron, with the fell Sister-fiends descending from heaven; and in rent robes Discord walked exultant, while Bellona followed her with bloody scourge. Actian Apollo saw the sight, and drew his bow from on high; in terror whereof all Egypt and Ind, and all of Arabia and Saba, turned to flee. The queen herself seemed to spread her sails to the responsive winds, and even now to fling loose the slackened sheets. Her, amid the slaughter, the Lord of Fire had shown pale at the coming death, convoyed by the waves and the western gale; while over against her was Nile, his mighty frame in the throes of grief, opening wide his folds, and with all the expanse of his raiment inviting the vanquished to his azure bosom and sheltering streams. But Caesar, entering the walls of Rome in threefold triumph, consecrated to the gods of Italy the immortal tribute he had vowed—thrice a

hundred stately shrines throughout all the city. The ways rang with mirth and games and applause.—In every fane was a quire of matrons; in every fane an altar stood, and before the altar slain steers strewed the ground. Himself, seated in the snowy portal of shining Phoebus, reviewed the offerings of the peoples and affixed them to the haughty doors, while the conquered nations defiled in long procession diverse in tongue, diverse in fashion of attire and in arms Here Mulciber had portrayed the Nomad race and the ungirt African, here the Lelex and the Carian and the quivered Gelonian. Euphrates now passed with gentler wave, and the Morini, uttermost of men, and the double-horned Rhine and the untamed Dahans, and Araxes fretting at his bridge.

Such sight the hero surveyed, admiring, on Vulcan's shield, that his mother gave, and, though he knew not of the deeds, yet rejoiced in their pictured semblance, as he upraised on his shoulder the fame and fate of his children's children.

IX

WHILE in the far distance such deeds were wrought, Saturnian Juno sent Iris from heaven down to the gallant Turnus,—Turnus, who then, as it fell, sate in his sire Pilumnus' grove and the hallowed vale. To whom, with roseate lips, spoke the child of Thaumas:

"'Turnus, that which thou mightest have prayed, and no god promised,—behold, the circling hours have brought it thee unsought! Aeneas has left town, and crews, and fleet, to seek the kingdom of the Palatine and the habitation of Evander. Nor suffices this! He has won his way to Corythus' utmost cities and the Lydian host, and he arms the mustered countrymen. Why art thou hesitant? Now

is the season to call for thy steeds—the season to summon thy chariots! Away with all delay, and fall on the turmoiled camp!' She said, and on even wing soared skyward, tracing, as she fled beneath the clouds, the mighty arch of her bow. The prince knew his monitress, and, lifting either hand to heaven, with such utterance pursued her flight: 'Iris, glory of the sky, who hath sent thee, shot from the clouds, down to me upon earth? Whence is this sudden serenity of the air? I see the firmament parting in twain, and the stars wandering about the pole! Whosoever thou art that callest to arms, I bow to thy powerful sign!' And so saying he went onward to the river and took up water from the brimming wave, with reiterate prayer entreating the gods and burdening heaven with vows.

And now all the army was advancing over the open plains, splendid on gallant chargers, splendid in broidered raiment and gold, with Messapus marshalling the van, the sons of Tyrrheus the rear, and Turnus their captain in the midmost column:—even as Ganges, when through the silence he rises high with his seven tranquil streams, or Nile, when his bountiful flood ebbs from the champaign and at length he is sunk in his channel. The Teucrians looked forth and saw a sudden cloud gathering black in dust, and darkness arising over the plains. First Caicus called from the ramparts opposite: 'What mass, my countrymen, rolls hitherward in misty gloom? Get ye steel, and linger not! Serve weapons; ascend the walls! The enemy is on us, ho!' Loud clamouring, the Teucrians streamed in through every gateway and manned the bulwarks. For such had been the charge of Aeneas, the wise in war, when he went upon his way:—that, were aught to chance in the meanwhile, they should neither adventure to order their array for battle nor

to put faith in the open field, but should keep only to the camp and their walls' protecting mounds. Therefore, though shame and anger advised them to the conflict, yet they barred the gates and discharged his behest, awaiting the foe under arms in the shelter of their towers.

Turnus, who had spurred onward in the van of his tardy column, with retinue of twenty chosen horsemen, rode suddenly to the gates, borne on a white-dappled courser of Thrace and helmed in a red-plumed casque of gold. 'Is there one, ye gallants, who at my side will lead the way to the enemy! Behold!' he said; and, whirling his javelin, flung it heavenward—the prelude of war—and galloped towering on the plain. His band took up the cry, and followed with dread and dissonant clamour, wondering at the craven hearts of Troy—that no man was found to brave the impartial field and the encountering lance, but all nursed the camp! Hither and thither he rode in fury round the walls, seeking entry where entry was none. Even as a wolf that lies in ambush against the full fold, when, beaten by the winds and rains, he ravens round the pens at dead of night, and safe beneath their mothers the lambs bleat unceasingly; he, exasperate and reckless, rages in anger against the absent prey, wearied by the long-gathering lust of food and his dry, bloodless jaws:—not otherwise kindled the Rutulian's ire, as he surveyed walls and camp; and resentment blazed in his iron frame. By what mode should he assay his approach? what path pursued might dislodge the imprisoned Teucrians from their rampart, and drive them streaming into the plain? Fast by the side of the camp lay the fleet, hedged by earthen mounds and by the flowing river: the fleet he assailed, calling to his exultant train for fire, and, with heart as hot, clutched the flaming pine in his hand. Then in truth they bent to the

toil, spurred by Turnus' presence, and all the band armed them with murky torches. Instant they stripped the hearths: smoking brands flung a pitchy glare, and Vulcan rolled to the stars a cloud of glowing ashes.

What god, ye Muses, repelled those fierce flames from Troy? Who warded from the ships that perilous fire? Speak and say! Ancient the warrant of that deed, but everlasting the fame!—In those earliest days, when, on Phrygian Ida, Aeneas began to shape his fleet and prepared to sail the deep seas, the tale is told how she of Berecyntus, the great Mother of gods, addressed sovereign Jove, and said: 'Grant, O son, to thy mother's prayer the boon that she [85] asks thee for Olympus subdued! A grove I had on the mountain crest, whither men brought me sacrifice, dim with the shade of many a pine and with boles of the maple. These gladly I bestowed on the Dardan prince, when he lacked a fleet; but now anxious fear racks my doubting soul. Resolve thou my dread, and vouchsafe that thy parent's entreaty may thus much avail—that they be overborne neither by stress of voyage nor by the whirling wind. Be it counted to them for good, that their roots were in my hill!'

Whom answering, her son who sways the stars in the firmament: 'O mother, whither wouldst thou wrest the fates? Or what seekest thou for thine own? Shall barques fashioned by mortal hand possess the immortal privilege? Secure, shall Aeneas traverse perils insecure? To what god is such power permitted? Not so: but hereafter when their service is done and they have attained their bourne in Ausonia's havens, from each that hath escaped the waves, and borne the Dardan prince to the fields of Laurentum, I will take away the shape of mortality and bid them be goddesses of

the great sea, like to Doto, Nereus' child, and Galatea, when they breast the foaming main!'—He ended; and by the waters of his Stygian brother, by those banks where the torrent pitch eddies in black abysm, he nodded confirmation, and, nodding, shook all Olympus.

Thus the promised day was come and the Sisters had fulfilled their appointed times, when Turnus' injurious deed admonished the Mother of Heaven to avert the brands from her sacred ships. First now a strange light flashed before their eyes, and a great radiance was seen speeding from the Dawn athwart the sky, and in it the quires of Ida. Then a voice of terror fell through the air, filling the hosts of Troy and Rutulia: 'Take not thought, ye Teucrians, to defend my ships, nor lay your hands upon your swords. Sooner shall Turnus fire the seas, than these holy pines! Go ye in freedom; go, goddesses of ocean: the Mother commands!' And incontinent each vessel severed her bonds from the shore; and, like dolphins, all plunged with submerged prow into the depths, whence—strange and portentous sight!—as many maiden faces appeared, glancing amid the waves.

Aghast was every Rutulian heart: behind his affrighted steeds even Messapus trembled; and, with hoarse murmur, Tiber river paused and recalled his waters from the brine. But his trust failed not Turnus' unfearing soul! Nay, he spoke in encouragement and rebuke: 'On the Trojans these portents fall! Jove himself has stripped them of their wonted succour. They await not our Rutulian steel and flame! Thus the ways of ocean are shut against Troy, and hope of flight there is none. The moiety of nature is lost to them, and the earth is in our hands: for in all their thousands the nations of Italy bear the sword. The fateful responses of Heaven—whatsoever they be—that these

Phrygians vaunt, dismay me not. Fate and Venus are paid in full, now that their Trojans have attained the fruitful fields of Ausonia. I, too, have my fate to encounter theirs,—to hew down with the sword the accursed race that has stolen my bride! That pain stings not the sons of Atreus alone, nor alone is Mycenae licensed to rise in arms. *But once to have perished is enough!* Nay, enough it should have been once to sin, then loathe utterly all but the whole of woman's kind! These are they who trust in their intervening rampart,—whose courage is fired by the hindrance of their trenches, that petty pale betwixt them and death! Yet saw they not their Trojan battlements, that the hand of Neptune built, sinking in the flames? But ye, my chosen,—who of you is ready, sword in hand, to tear down their bulwarks? Who assaults the bewildered camp at my side? I need not arms from Vulcan, nor a thousand ships, to do battle against Troy! Let all Etruria join their alliance forthwith! They need fear neither the hour of night nor the coward's theft; nor shall they find us ambushed from the view in a horse's belly! My resolve is fixed: in the broad light of day we will circle their walls with fire. By proof they shall learn that they are matched not with Danaans, nor with those Pelasgic legions that, till the tenth year, Hector held at bay! Now since the fairer portion of day is done—for what remains, gallants, refresh your limbs in gladness after this prosperous issue, and be assured that battle prepares!'

Meanwhile Messapus received charge to beset the gates with posted sentries, and ring the battlements with fires. Twice seven Rutulians were chosen to guard the walls with soldiery, and on each followed a hundred warriors, purple-plumed and glittering in gold. Disparting they varied the watch, and, couched on the sward, drank their fill,

uptilting great bowls of bronze. The fires shone all, and the warders passed the slumberless night in play.

All this the Trojans viewed from their rampart above, as they held the height in arms. Weapons in hand, they explored the gates with fearful haste, and threw gangways from bulwark to bulwark. Foremost laboured Mnestheus and bold Serestus, whom father Aeneas had ordained to be captains of his warriors and pilots of the state, should adversity call; while along the walls, dividing the peril, the whole host kept changing vigil over their allotted charges.

Nisus was warder of the gate,—Hyrtacus' warrior-son, whom huntress Ida had sent attendant on Aeneas, swift to hurl the javelin and speed the light shaft. At his side was Euryalus—none fairer among Aeneas' people ever wore the harness of Troy!—a boy whose unshaven cheek showed the earliest bloom of youth. They were bound by a single love; side by side they charged in the fray; and in that hour also they kept the gate in community of guard. First Nisus spoke: 'Is it the gods, Euryalus, who kindle this ardour in our souls? Or does the unblest yearning of each become his god? Long time has my heart burned to adventure battle or some great deed; and peace and rest content it not. Thou seest the Rutulians—what faith in their star possesses them. Their lights gleam few and scattered; they lie unmanned by wine and sleep; and far and wide silence reigns. Then learn my wavering thought; the purpose that now rises in my mind. People and senate,—all demand that Aeneas be summoned and messengers sent with certain tidings. If they promise the boon that I ask for thee—for enough the glory to me—methinks I might find a path beneath yonder mound to the city-walls of Pallanteum!' Thrilled by high love of honour, Euryalus stood astounded, and instant he

addressed his hot-souled friend: 'Nisus, and dost thou shun my alliance in this great emprize? Shall I send thee alone into the midst of peril? Not so did Opheltes my sire, grown grey in battle, breed and nurture me amid the terrors of Argos and the travails of Troy! Not such the part I have played at thy side, since I followed noble Aeneas and the utmost hazards of his fate! In this breast—even in this—dwells a soul that contemns the light, and counts that honour for which thou strivest well bought at the cost of life.' To which, Nisus: 'Deem not that I had such fear of thee; nay, the thought had been crime! As I speak truth, so may great Jupiter, or whosoever beholds us with righteous eyes, restore me in triumph to thee! But if aught—as oft thou mayest see betide in like desperate perils—if aught, whether chance or deity, sweep me to a disastrous goal, I were fain that thou shouldst live; for thy years more merit life. Let there be one to commit me to earth, rescued from battle or redeemed at a price; or—if this Fortune's wonted malice deny—to render the last rites to the absent and pay the tribute of a grave. Nor, child, would I be the cause of such agony to thy unhappy mother, who, of many mothers, alone has followed her son, nor regards the city-walls of great Acestes.' But he: 'Vainly thy pretexts are spun; my purpose changes not nor falters so soon! Haste we'; he said, and, with the word, roused the guards. They, succeeding, observed their watch: he, quitting his ward, walked by Nisus' side in quest of the prince.

All creatures else throughout all lands lay in slumber, with cares assuaged and hearts oblivious of their sorrows: but the chief captains of Troy, flower of the host, held momentous council on the fortunes of the state,—how it behoved to act, or who now should be their messengers to

Aeneas. Leaning on long spears they stood, shield upon arm, in the mid-space betwixt camp and plain. It was then that Nisus and Euryalus together prayed with urgency for instant audience: for the matter was great and would requite delay. First Iulus welcomed the impatient pair, and bad Nisus speak his errand. Then thus the son of Hyrtacus: 'Listen, ye people of Aeneas, with impartial mind, nor measure our offer by our years! Relaxed by sleep and wine, the Rutulians lie in silence. Our own eyes have seen where stratagem may be assayed—the open ground in the forked way from that gate which lies nighest the sea. There the circle of fire is broken,—the smoke rolls black to the stars. If ye permit us to use occasion, and seek Aeneas and the walls of Pallanteum, soon shall ye see us returned, laden with spoils and fresh from a mighty slaughter. Nor can the path deceive us as we journey. By dint of incessant hunting we have descried the outskirts of the city in the dim vales, and all the river is known to us.' Then Aletes, bowed with years and ripe in wisdom: 'Gods of our fathers, under whose shadow Troy ever rests, not yet, in despite of all, do ye purpose utterly to blot out Teucer's race, when ye have brought us such valour in our youth and hearts thus steadfast.' And as he said, he held the shoulders and hands of each, while the tears rained down his cheeks and face. 'Sirs, what guerdon—what worthy guerdon—shall I deem may be paid you for this high deed? First and fairest shall be the reward of Heaven and the knowledge of duty done. The remnant ye shall speedily receive from good Aeneas, and from Ascanius, the young in years, who never shall forget your glorious deserts.' 'Nay,' and Ascanius took the word, 'I whose sole salvation lies in the return of my sire—Nisus, I adjure you both by the great gods of our home, by the Lar

of Assaracus, and by white-headed Vesta's shrine—all my fortune and all my trust I lay upon your knees; recall my father, restore him to sight; with his recovery sorrow vanishes! Two goblets shall be my gift—wrought of silver and rough with chasing—that he took when Arisba fell, two tripods, two great talents of gold, and the immemorial bowl that Dido of Sidon gave. But if victory be mine, if ever I grasp the sceptre of captured Italy and assign her spoils, thou hast seen the charger of Turnus and the arms wherein he moved all golden: steed, shield, and crimson plumes will I except from the lot—thy guerdon, my Nisus, from this hour. More, my sire shall bestow on thee twice six matrons of choicest beauty, and captive warriors, his harness with each; and—to crown his boon—all that domain whereof King Latinus himself now is lord. But thee, whose years mine follow at nigher interval, thee, noble boy, I now take to my heart and embrace thee, my comrade in every chance. Without thee will I seek no glory to gild my fortunes: come peace, or come war, in deed or in word thou shalt be the staff of my trust!'

To whom Euryalus, in reply: 'Time shall not prove me degenerate from the promise of this bold emprize: let but Fortune's first cast aid us, not thwart! But, above all thy gifts, there is one that I would entreat from thee. I have a mother, of Priam's ancient line, who laid not her careworn head in our Ilian soil, nor in King Acestes' city, but went forth with me. Her I now leave in ignorance of this peril, be it great or small, and without word of farewell, because—Night and thy right hand be witness—I might not endure that she who bare me should weep. But thou, I pray, comfort the helpless, succour the deserted! Let me carry with me this hope in thee, and with bolder front I will encounter whatsoever shall befall.'

Moved to the heart the children of Dardanus broke into tears—chief of all the fair Iulus, as the image of his own filial love struck upon his soul. Then thus he spoke: 'Assure thyself that all shall be done that is due to thy mighty enterprise: for thy mother shall be my mother—Creusa, save for Creusa's name. Not slight our debt to one that has borne such a son! Whatever fortune attend thy deed, I swear by my life, as my father was wont to swear:—all that I promise to thee, if thou return in prosperity, shall remain unforfeited to thy mother and thy house!' So, weeping, he spoke; and, with the word, undid from his shoulder the gilded blade fashioned with wondrous art by Gnosian Lycaon, and featly cased in scabbard of ivory. To Nisus Mnestheus gave the fell, stripped from a shaggy lion, and loyal Aletes changed helm for helm. Once armed, they advanced without delay; and, as they went, all the throng of nobles, young and old, escorted them to the gate with vows. Nor lacked there fair Iulus, dowered beyond his years with manly spirit and thought, burdening them with many messages to his sire. But the winds scattered all, and flung them, frustrate, to the clouds!

Issuing, they crossed the trenches, and through the shadows of night sought the fatal camp—doomed, yet charged with the doom of many. Everywhere they saw senseless frames stretched along the sward in drunken slumber, chariots uptilted on the shore, men lying amid wheels and harness, and piles of weapons and pools of wine. First Hyrtacus' son broke silence: 'Euryalus, here is need of the unflinching hand: now occasion calls! By this path our journey lies. Keep thou watch and far-reaching ward, that no hand may be lifted against us from behind. Here I will wreak destruction till a broad highway be made for thy feet.' So said, he was

mute: and instant his blade assailed proud Rhamnes, who, pillowed on high-piled coverlets, lay, with broad chest heaving to the deep breath of sleep—a kingly augur, best-beloved of Turnus his brother king: but not all his augury availed to thwart his doom. Three of his henchmen he slew by his side, where careless they slumbered amid their arms. Remus' armour-bearer he slew, and the charioteer, found at his horses' feet. He severed their drooping necks with the steel; then reft their lord of his head, and left the trunk spurting blood, while earth and couch streamed with black gore. Nor less Lamyrus and Lamus fell; and Serranus, the young, the beautiful, who had played long and deep that night, and lay with the Wine-god heavy on his limbs—happy he, had his play outworn the livelong night and endured to the dawn! Even so, goaded by hunger's maddening pang, an unfed lion riots through the full folds, gnashing his bloody teeth, and mangling and tearing the feeble flock that is dumb with fear! Nor less the carnage of Euryalus! He caught his partner's flame, and, in his infuriate course, invaded the nameless multitude that lay in his path: Fadus and Herbesus, Rhoetus and Abaris—unwitting these; save Rhoetus, who with wakeful eyes beheld all, but cowered behind a great bowl in fear. Thence as he arose, hard at hand he plunged his sword to the hilt full in his breast, and drew it back incarnadined with streaming death. Dying, the Rutulian gasped out his soul, and wine commingled with blood: the foe pursued his stealthy massacre. And now he drew near Messapus' powers. He saw the last fire failing, and horses, tethered duly, cropping the grass; when Nisus, in brief—for he saw him swept away by the reckless lust of blood:—'Forbear we: for the unfriendly dawn is nigh! Of vengeance we have drunken enough; and a way is cut

through the foe!' Many a warrior's accoutrement, wrought in solid silver, they left behind—with many a bowl, and many a fair coverlet. Euryalus descried the trappings of Rhamnes and his baldrick, gold-embossed—gifts that erewhile, in pledge of amity from the absent, richest Caedicus sent to Tiburtine Remulus, and Remulus, as he lay dying, consigned to his grandchild for his own. These he rent away, and flung them—vain defence!—over his stout limbs; then donned Messapus' shapely helm with its glancing plumes. This done they issued from the camp and sought less perilous ground.

Meanwhile a vanguard of horse, dispatched from Latinus' town, while the remnant of their host halted on the plains in battle array, came riding with messages to Turnus the king. Three hundred they numbered—all shielded men, Volcens at their head. And now they approached the camp and drew to the walls; when at distance they descried the two turning aside by the leftward path, and, in the glimmering shadow of night, his helm betrayed the unthinking Euryalus, flashing as it met the lunar ray. Nor did the sight fall on heedless eyes! From his column Volcens called loudly:

'Stand, warriors! What imports your journey? Who are ye that travel in arms? Or whither wend ye?' No answer they made, but quickened their flight to the wood, and rested their hope on the night. On this hand and that, the horsemen barred the familiar crossways, and the circle of their sentinels beset every passage.—The forest stood wide-spreading with horrent thickets and shady holms: serried briars thronged it on every hand, and through the hidden tracks the path gleamed fitfully. Hampered by the gloomy boughs and the burden of his spoil, Euryalus, in fear, strayed from the line that marked his way. Nisus sped thence; and now,

oblivious, he had outpassed the enemy, and those regions—*Alban* styled thereafter from Alba's name—where in those days stood the lofty stalls of King Latinus. When, halting, he looked back in vain for his lost friend: 'Unhappy Euryalus,' he cried, 'where have I left thee? Or by what path shall I seek thee?' Unravelling once more the tangled maze of that treacherous wood, he scanned, the while, and retraced his steps, as he wandered in the silent brakes. He heard the horses, heard the din and the signals of pursuit. Yet a little while and a cry broke on his ears, and on the instant he saw Euryalus, in the hands of all their band, betrayed by the ground and the gloom, bewildered by the sudden onslaught, and dragged helpless away, despite all his frustrate struggles. —What could he do? With what force—what arms—might he adventure the rescue? Or should he cast himself amid their swords to his doom, and, bleeding, find a swift death and glorious?—Hastily he drew back his arm with poised lance, looked up to the moon on high, and so prayed: 'O goddess, Latona's child, be with us and succour our evil case—thou the glory of the stars, the guardian of the greenwood! If ever my father Hyrtacus brought tribute to thy altars for me,—if ever I swelled the meed from my hunting with offerings hung to thy dome or affixed to thy hallowed roof,—grant me to confound this mass, and guide my javelin through the airs!' He ceased, and with all the strength of his frame flung the steel. The flying spear flashed through the shadows of night, struck the back of Sulmo as he stood averted, then broke, and with splintered shaft pierced the midriff. Chill in death he rolled, while the warm tide gushed from his breast, and long-drawn sobs shook his sides. This way and that they gazed round. He, thus emboldened, already poised a second dart from the tip of his ear. Ere their con-

fusion abated, the whistling spear passed through Tagus' either temple and lodged warm in his cloven brain. Volcens raged infuriate, yet nowhere descried the author of the wound, nor where to wreak his flaming vengeance. 'Yet thou, meanwhile, with thy hot blood shalt pay me the penalty for both,' he cried; and with naked brand rushed on Euryalus. Then in truth terror-stricken, sense-bereft, Nisus called aloud; for no longer could he hide himself in darkness—no longer endure that bitter agony: 'On me,—here I stand who did the deed,—on me turn your steel, Rutulians! Mine is all the guilt. He dared not, nor, daring, could have achieved!—Heaven and the conscious stars be witnesses! He loved but his hapless friend too well!' So he pleaded: but the sword, driven by that strong arm, had passed sheer through the ribs and was rending the snowy breast. Euryalus rolled over in death: along his fair limbs blood streamed, and his drooping neck sank on his shoulder—as a purple flower, that the plough has severed, languishes and dies, or as poppies, weighted by random showers, bow laden heads on weary necks. But Nisus rushed into their midst, and sole among all sought Volcens—in Volcens his only care! Around him the clustering foemen closed, and assailed him on every side. Natheless he pressed on, whirling the lightning of his blade, till full in the mouth of the shrieking Rutule he plunged it, and, dying, bereft his enemy of life; then flung his pierced frame on the clay that was his friend, and there at length, in the peace of death, slept well.

Happy pair! if aught of power resides in my verse, the years may roll, but shall never efface you from the memory of time, so long as the house of Aeneas shall dwell by the Capitol's unmoved rock and the Father of Rome bear sceptre!

Their spoils and booty secured, weeping the victor Rutulians bore Volcens dead to the camp. Nor in that camp was their sorrow less when Rhamnes was found with his life-blood spilt, and Serranus, and Numa, and those many princes fallen in one red burial. To the corpses and the warriors stricken to death—to the ground reeking fresh with carnage and the full-foaming streams of gore—they ran in their multitudes; and there, each communing with each, they recognized the spoils—Messapus' shining helm and the trappings so hardly regained by the sweat of their brow.

And now the early Dawn, rising from Tithonus' couch of saffron, was bespangling earth with her new-tricked beams: the sunlight was streaming in, and day had revealed the world, when Turnus, himself in arms, to arms summoned his warriors. Each captain marshalled his brass-mailed lines, and with motley rumours edged their anger. More, on lifted spears they affixed—O vision of woe!—the heads of Nisus and Euryalus, and followed loud clamouring. On the left portion of the walls—the right was girt by the river—the stout hearts of Troy opposed their battle array, held the broad trenches, and stood on the turret-heights, plunged in gloom and moved by the sight of those upreared heads, that their weeping eyes knew too well, though now they streamed with black and corrupted gore.

Meanwhile, on disaster-laden pinions, Fame flew through the trembling town, and sped to the ears of Euryalus' mother. Instant the warmth abandoned her careworn frame: the shuttle dropped from her hands, and the threads were unrolled. Forth she rushed in her misery, and with a woman's cry of anguish, ran frenzied—her tresses rent—to the walls and the vanward lines, heedless she of the eyes of men, heedless of the peril and hurtling spears; then filled the sky with her plaint:

'Is it thus, Euryalus, that I see thee again? Couldst thou, the late solace of my years—couldst thou leave me desolate so cruelly? And was permission to speak the last farewell denied to thy hapless mother, when they sent thee into jeopardy? Ay me, on alien soil thou liest, flung forth for the Latin dogs and fowls to tear! Nor might I, who bare thee, give thee burial! I laid thee not out; I closed not thine eyes; I washed not thy wounds; nor shrouded thee in that robe which night and day I hastened to achieve for thee, beguiling with the loom the sorrows of age and womanhood. Whither shall I follow thee? What land now possesses thy mangled limbs, thy dismembered body? Is this all, my child, that returns to me of thyself? Was it this that I followed over earth and ocean? Pierce me, ye Rutulians, if ye know aught of a mother's love; on me hurl your every spear; here let your steel first drink blood! Or thou, great Father of Heaven—be thou pitiful, and with thy bolt smite this hated life down to hell, since in no wise else can I sever the cruel bonds of being!' At that wailing cry their spirits faltered; a groan of sorrow ran through their lines, and their broken strength was palsied for battle. Then, as her fire of grief burned fiercer, Idaeus and Actor, at command of Ilioneus and tearful Iulus, seized her and bore her in their arms within.

But on the shrill-tongued brass the distant trumpet rang loud and terrible; a shouting followed and heaven re-echoed. On came the ordered Volscian lines under their driven roof of shields, intent to fill the moat and tear down the palisade. Part, in quest of entrance, assayed to scale the walls with ladders where the beleaguered array was thinnest and light shone through rifts in the serried ring of foemen. In answer, the Teucrians, whom year-long war had inured to defend

their battlements, showered omnifarious weapons, and with strong pikes thrust down the assailants. Rocks of fatal weight, moreover, they rolled below, in hope to break the armoured ranks; yet under the firm-locked penthouse the enemy still laughed at peril—but no longer availed! Where the great throng surged imminent, the Teucrians rolled and overthrew a mountainous mass, that laid low the Rutulians far and wide and shattered their encasing steel. And now the stout Rutulians had no more zest to contend in that blind mellay; but with missiles they strove to unman the ramparts. Elsewhere, Mezentius—dread sight!—was brandishing his Etruscan pine and hurling smoky flames; while Messapus, the Neptune-born, tamer of steeds, breached the palisade and called for ladders to the battlements.

Thou and thy Sister Nine, Calliope, list to my prayer! Inspire my song—what slaughter, what deaths the brand of Turnus wrought on that day, what warriors each hero consigned to doom—and with me unfold the great scroll of war!

Posted on ground of vantage, a tower with lofty gangways loomed high above the view; which all the Italians, with utmost strength, strove to storm, and, with utmost force of their powers, laboured for its overthrow: while the Trojans, responsive, hurled stones in defence, and rained missiles through the hollow loopholes. First Turnus cast a burning brand that lodged flaming in the side, then, fanned by the wind, assailed the planking and fastened with consuming fang on the gateways. Within were confusion and turmoil, and men seeking in vain to escape calamity. For while huddling they shrank backward to the part where destruction was not, under the sudden weight the tower fell, and all the empyrean thundered to the crash. Half-dead

they came to the ground, pierced by their own spears or with breasts impaled on the stubborn wood. Scarce Helenor and Lycus escaped alone—Helenor in the flower of youth, whom, in furtive commerce, a Licymnian slave bore to Lydia's king and dispatched to Troy in forbidden arms, lightly accoutred with sheathless sword and shield unblazoned and unrenowned. He, when he saw himself in the midst of Turnus' thousands with Latium's embattled lines arrayed on this hand and that, like a wild beast that, beset by the serried ring of huntsmen, rages against the steel, flings herself to foreseen death, and is borne at a bound above their spears—so the youth rushed to his doom amid the foe, and, where he saw their lances thickest, thither took his way. But Lycus, far swifter of foot, wound betwixt hostile lines and brands, and, gaining the wall, strove to grasp the lofty battlements and reach the hands of his friends. Whom Turnus, pursuing alike with foot and javelin, thus taunted in triumph: 'Fool, didst thou hope to escape our hand?' And with the word, he clutched him as he hung, and tore him down with a great fragment of the wall: even as Jove's armour-bearing bird soars to the height, bearing aloft, in his crooked talons a hare or a snow-white swan; or as the wolf of Mars snatches from the fold a lamb whose loud-bleating mother recalls it in vain! On all hands the battle-cry ascended. Charging, they filled the trenches with earth, while their comrades flung lighted brands to the pinnacles. With a massy rock, huge fragment of some hill, Ilioneus whelmed Lucetius as, flame in hand, he pressed to the gate. Liger slew Emathion, Asilas Corynaeus—skilled, one with the javelin, one with the distant arrow's elusive flight. Before Caeneus Ortygius fell: before Turnus victorious Caeneus. Itys and Clonius, Dioxippus and Promolus bled by Turnus'

hand, and Sagaris, and Idas, as he stood advanced on the turret-height. Privernus Capys struck down: Themilla's spear had first lightly grazed him; he—fond fool—flung away his shield and clapped his hand to the wound. So the feathered shaft came fleeting, pinned the hand to his left side, and, buried within, broke through the lung with mortal stroke.—In resplendent arms stood the son of Arcens, lustrous in Spanish purple, with needle-broidered scarf—a youth of fairest presence, whom Arcens his sire had sent from his mother's fostering grove by the waters of Symaethus, where Palicus' altar stands blessing and blest. But, casting aside his lances, Mezentius, with tightened thong, thrice whirled the whistling sling round his head; and the molten lead cleft his temples in twain, where he stood adverse, and stretched him in all his length on the wide tract of sand.

Then, Fame tells, Ascanius first levelled his winged arrow in war, wont ere then to pursue the timorous creatures of the chase, and laid low the gallant Numanus—Remulus surnamed—whom the bridal bed had but now allied to Turnus' younger sister. He, with heart puffed at thought of his nascent royalty, strode before the vanward lines, loud-tongued and gigantic, clamouring taunts meet and unmeet to record:

'Blush ye not, twice-captured Phrygians, again to be pent within leaguered ramparts, and again to oppose your walls to death? These are they who would wed our maidens at point of sword! What god—what madness—drove you to Italy? Here are no sons of Atreus, no false-mouthed Ulysses! The stubborn race of a stubborn stock, we bear our new-born infants down to the river and harden them in the pitiless, ice-cold wave. Our boys pass sleepless nights in hunting and outweary the forest—their only sport to rein the steed and dispatch the shaft from the bow: but, patient of toil and

inured to want, our youth tames earth with the hoe or shakes cities in battle. All our life is spent in the service of the steel; with lance reversed we smite the flanks of our oxen, and tardy age impairs not the strength of our spirit nor quells our vigour. On white hairs we press the helm; and our delight is ever to drive the new-reft booty and to live by the despoiling hand. But ye—ye are clothed in broidered saffron and shining purple: your heart is set on sloth, your love on the restrainless dance; and your tunics are sleeved and your turbans beribboned! Phrygian maids, in sooth!—for Phrygian men ye are not!—get ye over Dindymus' heights where the twin-mouthed pipe makes music to your familiar ears! The cymbals of Ida's queen are calling—calling, the Berecyntian flute! Away! leave arms to men, and resign the steel!'

As so in ominous strain he vaunted, Ascanius brooked him not, but, turning, levelled his shaft from the horse-hair string and took his stand with arms drawn apart, yet stayed to entreat Jove with suppliant vow: 'Jove omnipotent, deign to smile on my bold assay! Year after year this hand shall bear offerings to thy fane, and before thine altar shall stand a steer with gilded brow, white as the snow, with head borne high as his dam's, his horn already meet for the fray, his hooves already spurning the sand!' The Father heard, and, from an unclouded space of sky, thundered on the left; while at the same moment rang the fatal bow

From the drawn string the arrow fled with her song of death and clove the head of Remulus, so that the steel pierced either hollow temple. 'Go now, and mock valour with insult! Thus twice-captured Phrygia answers Rutulia!' This, and no more, Ascanius. The Teucrians cheered responsive, and, shouting for joy, rose heaven-high in courage.

In that hour, it chanced, fair-tressed Apollo, cloud-throned, looked down from the ethereal tract on the Ausonian lines and the leaguered camp, and thus bespoke the triumphant prince: 'Good speed to thy youthful valour, child! So shalt thou scale the stars, thou scion of gods, sire of gods that shall be! Justly shall all wars fated to come sink to peace under Assaracus' race, nor can the bounds of Troy confine thee!' So saying he shot from the heights of ether, parted the breathing gales, and repaired to Ascanius; then changed the lineaments of his visage and became ancient Butes—Butes, the armour-bearer of Dardan Anchises erewhile, and the loyal warder of his gate, till a father's care made him Ascanius' henchman. Like to the greybeard in all Apollo moved,—in voice and in hue, in white locks and dread-clanging arms,—and so addressed the hot-souled Iulus: 'Be it enough, O seed of Aeneas, that unscathed thou hast seen Numanus bleed by thy shaft! This earliest meed of glory great Apollo vouchsafes to thee, nor envies thy bow, unerring, as his! For the rest, my child, refrain from the combat!' Thus Apollo began, and, with the words yet on his lips, fled from mortal vision and faded from view in the substanceless air.

The Dardan princes knew the god, and his celestial arms, and heard his quiver clash as he went. Therefore, by the word and will of Phoebus, they quelled Ascanius' zeal for battle, themselves resumed the fray, and flung their lives into manifest jeopardy. Along the walls the shout ran from battlement to battlement, and men drew their resilient bows or twisted their javelin thongs. The ground was all strewn with spears; shields and hollow helms rang conflicting, and the battle rose fierce and high:—wild as the showers, that, when the Kids set in rain, travel from the West and scourge

the earth—dense as the hail that the storm-clouds volley on the main, when Jove, glooming amid the southern blasts, hurls the watery tempest and bursts the hollow mists in heaven!

Pandarus and Bitias, sprung from Idaean Alcanor's loins, whom silvan Iaera nurtured in the grove of Jupiter—warriors tall as their native pines and hills—flung open the gate, entrusted to them by their captain's charge, and, reliant on their own good swords, invited the foe to enter the walls. Themselves within stood before the towers to right and left, cased in steel, the plumes waving above their stately heads:—even as by the crystalline stream, whether on the banks of Po or nigh to pleasant Athesis, twin oaks rise star-pointing, lifting their unshorn crowns to heaven and nodding with aery crests. In surged the Rutulians, when they saw the entrance clear. On the instant Quercens and Aquiculus, all beautiful in arms, Tmarus of the reckless heart, and Haemon, seed of Mars, turned and fled with all their array, or, turning not, resigned their lives on the threshold's verge. At this, passion flamed higher in their exasperate souls, and now the Trojans mustered their rallied powers, and ventured on closer conflict and longer sallies.

While far away Turnus swept raging against the routed columns, news came that the foe, flushed by new bloodshed, had flung his gates wide. Stung with ineffable anger, he abandoned his emprize, and rushed to the Dardan gate and the haughty brethren. And first Antiphates—for first Antiphates came—he slew with hurled javelin, bastard son of great Sarpedon by a mother of Thebê. Through the yielding air flew the Italian cornel, and, lodging in his throat, pierced deep into the breast: the black and cavernous wound disgorged a foaming tide, and the iron grew warm in the cloven lung. Then Meropes

and Erymas, then Aphidnus bled by his hand; then Bitias fell, flame in his eyes, fury in his soul, but not before the javelin—not to the javelin had he rendered his life! Loud-screaming came the whirled falaric, driven like the thunderbolt; whose stroke not two bull hides, not the staunch corselet with its twin scales of gold, availed to withstand. The giant limbs tottered and fell; earth groaned, and his massy shield dropped thundering above the dead. So may the rocky pile fall on Baiae's Euboic shore, compact of mountainous blocks, then flung into the main; so, prone, it descends in ruin, and, dashed into the waves, sinks deep to the appointed place, while the seas are turmoiled and the black sands seethe up—while at the sound the deeps of Prochyta quail, and Inarime's rugged bed, laid by behest of Jove on Typhoeus.

And now Mars armipotent gave new strength and courage to the Latins, and plied his keen goad deep in their hearts, but on the Teucrians sent Flight and sable Fear. From every hand the assailants thronged, now that the battle had ample verge, and the warrior-god possessed each soul. Pandarus, when he saw his brother fallen—saw how fortune stood, and the chance that governed the day—with desperate effort opposed his broad shoulders and swung the gate on the turning hinge, leaving many a comrade shut out from the walls in that fatal fray, but enclosing others with himself as they streamed to shelter. Madman! who saw not the Rutulian king bursting through in the columns' midst, but with his own hands pent him within the camp, like a grisly tiger amid the helpless cattle! Incontinent a strange light flashed from his eyes, and his arms clanged fearfully; on his crest the plumes quivered blood-red, and lightnings shot flickering from his shield. With sudden terror Troy knew

that hated face and titanic frame. Then great Pandarus leapt forth, and, blazing with rage for his brother dead, cried: 'Not this Amata's bridal palace! Not Ardea's ancestral walls encircle their Turnus! Thine eyes are on the foeman's camp, and thy feet shall find no egress!' To whom Turnus, smiling with heart unruffled: 'Begin, if aught of valour reside in thy spirit, and join encounter! Thou shalt tell to Priam how here also was found an Achilles!' He ceased. The other, with might strained to the uttermost, flung his spear, rugged and knotted with unpeeled bark. The winds received the blow, Saturnian Juno turned aside the coming wound, and the javelin lodged in the gate. 'But not from this blade, that my strong arm wields, shalt thou escape: for not such is he that bestows weapon and wound!' So saying, he rose high to speed his uplifted steel, clove the forehead midway betwixt either temple, and with ghastly stroke sundered the unbearded cheeks. Loud-crashing, Pandarus fell; and earth shuddered beneath the monstrous weight. His sunken limbs, his arms spattered with the gory brain, rolled to the ground in death, and, to left and right on either shoulder drooped half a head!

In panic haste the Trojans fled routed; and, if instant thought had come to the conqueror to burst the barriers and admit his allies through the gates, that day had been the last both of battle and of Troy! But rage and the mad lust of slaughter drove him infuriate against the confronting foe. First Phaleris he overtook; then hamstrung Gyges; and, seizing their spears, hurled them against the backs of the fugitive mass, while Juno ministered might and courage. Halys he sent to rejoin them below, and Phegeus, his shield transfixed; then Alcander and Halius, Noëmon and Prytanis, as on the ramparts unwitting they roused the fray. Calling

on his comrades, Lynceus advanced athwart his way. From the rampart on the right he swept his vibrant sword and caught him. Severed by that single close-dealt blow, head and helmet lay far away! Next Amycus bled, the mighty hunter, whom no man surpassed in skill to anoint the dart and arm the steel with venom; then Clytius, of Aeolus' line; and Cretheus, whom the Muses loved—Cretheus, the Muses' friend, whose delight was ever in song and lyre and numbers strung upon the chord, whose strains were ever of steeds, and battles, and weaponed heroes!

At last, hearing of the slaughter of their men, the captains of Troy, Mnestheus and bold Serestus, hastened together to the scene, and beheld their comrades wavering and the foe within their gates. Then Mnestheus: 'Whither now, whither,' he cried, 'do ye bend your flight? What other walls, what farther city, have ye yet in prospect? Shall it be told, my countrymen, how a single man—and he compassed on every side by your ramparts!—shed torrents of your blood, hurled so many a hero to hell, and paid not the penalty? Recreants, have ye neither pity nor shame for your calamitous motherland, for your ancient gods, and great Aeneas?' His words were flame to their hearts: they rallied and halted in serried array; while, step by step, Turnus receded from the battle towards the river and the part which the waters laved. Emboldened thereby, loud-clamouring the Teucrians pressed on, massing their band—as when a troop of huntsmen assails an angry lion with menacing spears: he, alarmed, retreats exasperate and fierce-eyed; for wrath and courage forbid him to turn and flee, nor yet, despite of his desire, can he charge through the line of lances and men. So Turnus, in doubt, drew back with unhastened step and soul boiling with rage; yet even then twice dashed amid

the enemy, twice drove their routed columns fleeing along the walls. But from the camp the whole host mustered with speed, and no longer Saturnian Juno dared to supply him with strength in counterpoise: for Jove had sent Iris, air-borne, from Heaven, charged with no gentle hest to his sister, did not Turnus withdraw from the Teucrian towers. Therefore, by bare dint of shield and arm, the hero could no longer avail; so dense the steely rain that whelmed him. Round his hollow temples the casque rang with incessant clash; the solid brass cracked under the hail of stones; the horse-hair crest was shorn away; and the buckler sufficed not to ward the blows from his head. The Trojans and Mnestheus himself, thundering in arms, showered volley on volley of spears. Then from all his body the sweat poured in clammy stream—for breathing-space there was none—and sickly gasps racked his weary limbs. Then at length, in full panoply, he cast himself at a bound sheer into the river. Tiber with his yellow flood received him as he came, uplifted him on gentle wave, and, purging the stains of death, restored him in joy to his hosts.

X

MEANWHILE was opened the palace of all-puissant Olympus, and the Sire of gods and King of men summoned a council to the starry halls, from whose height he surveyed the expanse of earth, and the Dardan camp, and the Latin peoples. In the twin-doored chambers they sate, while their lord began: 'Great sons of Heaven, wherefore is your sentence reversed, and whence this bitterness of strife in your discordant souls? My nod forbade that Italy should close with Troy in the shock of war. What

conflict is this that thwarts my mandate? What terror hath beguiled either these or those to rush to arms and brave the steel? The rightful day of battle shall dawn—prevent it not!—when, in years to be, fierce Carthage shall unbar the Alps and hurl fell destruction upon the towers of Rome. Then shall be scope for rapine, for hatred and for strife! Now let be, and in cheerfulness assent to the league that I ordain!'

Thus Jupiter in brief; but not brief the answer of golden Venus:

'O Father, sovereign eternal of men and things—for what power else may we yet entreat?—seest thou how the Rutulians triumph, while Turnus, behind his stately steeds, sweeps through the midmost ranks and rides on the partial tide of war? Their stony barriers no longer protect my Teucrians: nay, within the gates—amid the very ramparts—they join encounter and flood the trenches with gore! And Aeneas, unknowing, is far away! Wilt thou never grant that the leaguer be raised? Again an enemy threats the walls of our infant Troy: a second host is mustered; and once more, from his Aetolian Arpi, Tydeus' son arises against Teucer's race! For me, I doubt not,—in a little while my wounds shall bleed, and she, who calls thee father, too long delays the mortal spear! If without thy leave and in despite of thy deity the Trojans have voyaged to Italy, let them atone their sins, nor aid thou them with thy succour! But if they are come obedient to so many an oracle uttered by gods above and spirits below, why now can any reverse thy command-ment and order the fates anew? What boots it to rehearse the fleet fired on Eryx' strand, the storm-king and his raving gales summoned from Aeolia, and Iris sped from the clouds? Now even Hell she rouses—sole portion of

Nature yet untried!—and Allecto, unleashed on the upper air, raves through the Italian towns. The thought of empire moves me not; that hope is faded with our fortunes: let victory fall where victory thou sendest! If there be no region of earth that thy stony-hearted consort will allow to my Teucrians, yet, Sire, I beseech thee by the smoke of fallen Troy:—let me dismiss Ascanius unhurt from arms—let the son of my son still live! Aeneas, indeed, may be tossed over unknown seas, and follow where Fortune allows him way: *him* let me avail to shield and withdraw from the fatal fray! Amathus is mine, and lofty Paphus, Cythera and Idalia's fane: there, the sword resigned, let him live his inglorious days! Command, if thou wilt, that the sceptred hand of Carthage lie heavy on Ausonia: in him thy Tyrian towns shall encounter no stumbling-block! What hath it profited him, that he escaped the doom of war, that he broke through the ring of Argive fires, and drained to the lees so many a peril of the main and the desolate earth, while his Teucrians sought Latium and a resurgent Pergamus? Were it not better done, to have set him down by the last ashes of his country, and the ground where Troy stood—and fell? Sire, I entreat thee, restore to my disastrous people their Xanthus and their Simois: let Teucer's race turn once more the wheel of Ilium's fate!'

Then imperial Juno, shot with fierce passion: 'Why constrainest thou me to break my deep silence and to publish my hidden grief? Did man or god compel thine Aeneas to assume the sword and march in enmity on King Latinus? Fate-prompted, I grant thee, he sailed to Italy,—overborne by Cassandra's frenzy! Yet did we urge him to quit his camp? to commit his life to the winds? to entrust his battlements and the sum of war to a child? to tamper with

Tyrrhene faith and embroil the quiet peoples? What god—what harsh tyranny of ourself?—drove him to his harm? Where shalt thou find Juno herein, or Iris sped from the skies? It is sin to thy sight, that Italy circles thine infant Troy with flames, and that Turnus treads the land of his fathers, —Turnus, whose grandsire is Pilumnus, whose mother divine Venilia! How thinkest thou, when with murky brands thy Trojans assail the Latins? when their yoke is set on another's fields—and they drive the spoil? when they choose whose children they will wed, and tear the betrothed from her lover's bosom? when their hands proffer peace and their galleys bristle with spears? Thou hast power to steal Aeneas from Grecian hands and to offer them mist and substanceless air for the dastard they seek,—power to translate his barques into as many nymphs :—is it utter crime that *we* lend our feeble aid to Rutulia? *Aeneas, unwitting, is far away.* Away and unwitting let him remain! *Paphus is thine Idalium and high Cythera.* Why meddlest thou with these rough hearts, this city that teems with war? Is it we that assay to overthrow from their foundation the tottering fortunes of thy Phrygia? We?—or he who cast the hapless Trojans to the teeth of Achaea? What cause drove Europe and Asia to rise to battle? What pilfering hand shattered their league? Was it I led the Dardan leman to breach Sparta's walls? Was it I put weapons in his hand, or woke the war with Cupid's bow? Then was the hour to fear for thy beloved! Now thou arisest over-late with unjust plaint, and thine insults are bandied in vain!'

Thus Juno pleaded, and all the immortals murmured assent to one or other :—even as the rising winds murmur, when caught in the forest, and the obscure sounds roll on, betraying to the seaman the approaching gale. Then the

all-puissant Sire, prime force of the universe, began : and, as he spoke, the high house of heaven grew still and earth trembled to her base ; silent was the empyrean above; the Zephyrs were hushed, and Ocean calmed his submissive waves : 'Then take these my words to your hearts, and implant them there ! Since it may not be that Ausonia join alliance with Troy, and your discord admits no term, whatever the fortune of each on this day, whatever hope he pursue, be he Trojan or be he Rutulian,—all shall be even in my sight, whether by Fate's will the Italian leaguer hems the camp, or whether by Troy's blindness and the sinister admonishment of prophecy ! Nor do I exempt Rutulia. As each hath sown, so shall he reap, in toil or in triumph ! Jove's sovereignty is one for all. Destiny shall find her way ! ' By the waters of his Stygian brother, by the banks where the torrent pitch eddies in black abysm, he nodded confirmation, and, nodding, shook all Olympus. Thus ended their parle. Then from his golden throne Jove arose, and the circle of immortals escorted him to the threshold.

Meantime about every gate the Rutules pressed hard, intent to slaughter the defenders and engirth the ramparts with flame. But the legion of Troy was pent within the beleaguered walls, and hope of escape was none. Sorrowful and powerless they stood on the turret-heights, and their thin ring lined the battlements Asius, Imbrasus' son, and Thymoetes, Hicetaon's child ; the two Assaraci, and Castor, with greyheaded Thymbris :—such was the foremost rank, while at their side were Clarus and Thaemon, who fared from the Lycian hills, brothers both of Sarpedon. And there—great as Clytius, his sire, or Menestheus, his brother—was Lyrnesian Acmon, his whole frame astrain, bearing a giant rock scarce less than its native hill. Here with

javelins, there with stones, they assayed the defence, launching the firebrand or fitting the shaft to the string. And lo! in their midst, his fair head unhelmed, was the Dardan boy, Venus' most rightful care,—shining as a solitary gem shines amid the yellow gold bedecking some fair throat or brow; or as ivory gleams, set by the artist hand in boxwood or Orician terebinth,—while his loose locks, gathered in a circlet of ductile gold, streamed down his neck of snow. Thee, too, Ismarus, the proud nations saw dealing thine unerring wounds and arming the reed with venom—Ismarus, noble scion of a Maeonian house, in that land where men till their generous fields and Pactolus waters them with gold. Nor lacked there Mnestheus, whom Turnus, driven erewhile from the rampart, exalted heaven-high in glory; nor Capys, whose name yet lives in the name of Campania's city!

So all day long each had coped with other in the close encounter of grim war: and now Aeneas was sailing the midnight seas. For when—Evander left—he entered the Etruscan camp, seeking the king, he announced his name and his race, the boon that he desired and the recompense that he brought; instructed him of the powers that Mezentius mustered to his cause, and the violence of Turnus' heart; then recalled how frail is the hope of our mortal estate, and mingled entreaty with his pleas. Delay was none: on the instant Tarchon united forces and struck alliance. Then, the ban of Fate removed, the Lydian race embarked—committed by Heaven's mandate to the charge of an alien captain. In the van rode Aeneas' galley; under whose prow Phrygian lions bore the yoke, while, above, Ida reared her head—fairest of visions to exiled Troy. There the hero sat pondering the changeful issue of arms; and fast by his left was Pallas—now asking of the stars, their guidance

in the midnight gloom, anon of all his travails on flood and field.

Now, Muses, open Helicon! Awake your strains, and sing what powers escorted Aeneas the while from the Tuscan strand, sailing the seas in vessels armed for war!

First Massicus came cleaving the blue in his brazen Tiger—Massicus, whom a thousand banded warriors followed from Clusium's walls and Cosae city; armed all with arrows, their light quivers and fatal bows slung athwart the shoulder. With him went grim Abas, all his train in dazzling arms, while Apollo shone on his poop in gold. To him Populonia had given six hundred of her sons, all versed in war; three hundred Ilva sent from her generous isle, where the Chalyb mines yield their undiminished treasure. Third sailed great Asilas, interpreter betwixt gods and men, whom the filaments of sacrifice obeyed, and the stars of heaven, and the tongue of birds, and the thunderbolt's presaging fires. A thousand men he swept to war in serried array of horrent spears, whom Pisa—Alphean town on Etruscan soil—bade follow his banners. Next Astyr came, the fair of face—Astyr, whose trust was in his steed and armour of myriad hues. Three hundred, one in loyalty, swelled his ranks from them whose hearths are in Caere and Minio's plains, in ancient Pyrgi or feverous Graviscae.

And thou, bravest captain of the Ligurians, Cupavo of the poor estate and scanty retinue—unsung I would not leave thee, with thy swan-plumes,—emblem of a father's form—rising from thy crest in token of Love's cruelty. For the tale is told how Cycnus, mourning for his beloved Phaëthon, strove to solace his breaking heart by the Muse's aid, and sang amid the poplar-shades and the leaves of the whilom sisterhood, till, clothed in downy plumage, his form

grew white as eld, and he left the earth, and, singing, soared to the stars. And now his son, sailing with a warrior-band of like years, with straining oars urged onward the giant Centaur, that, looming above the flood, high towering menaced the waves with mighty rock and ploughed the deep with enormous keel.

Nor less from his natal shores, the child of prophetic Manto and the Tuscan river, summoned his host—Ocnus, who gave thee, Mantua, thy battlements and his mother's name; Mantua, of ancestors many, though diverse their blood! Three races there are, and in every race four peoples; while she, the queen of all, draws her strength from Tuscan blood. Hence, also, the hated name of Mezentius armed five hundred men; whom, on hostile pine, Mincius, Benacus' son, crowned with grey flags, led into the main.—Onward, in ponderous course, came Aulestes, his hundred oars lashing the wave, while the waters foamed with surface upchurned. Him the huge Triton conveyed, with shell defying the azure flood: down to the flanks, as he swam, his hispid front announced the man; below, a monstrous fish succeeded, and the whitening billows murmured under the brutish breast.

So many the chosen princes who sailed to the succour of Troy in thrice ten ships, ploughing the briny expanse with brazen stems!

And now day had deserted the sky, and gracious Phoebe was spurning the central heaven on her night-wandering car: Aeneas the while—for care denied slumber to his limbs—sat at his post, with his own hand governing the tiller and administering the sails. And lo, midway in his course, a company, that shared his wanderings erewhile, confronted him: for the Nymphs, whom Cybebe's grace had endowed with

deity of the sea and bidden be ships no more, came swimming in even line through the disparting waves—a goddess in lieu of every brass-bound prow that once stood ranged by the strand. From afar they knew their king, and, dancing, encircled him. Then Cymodocea, whose speech was fairest, followed behind, and, grasping the poop with her right, raised her breast; while with the left she parted the silent flood. And now she accosted the wondering prince: 'Wakest thou, Aeneas, scion of gods? Wake, and fling loose the sheets of thy sails! It is we,—the pines of Ida, from her sacred crown,—now Nymphs of ocean, once thy fleet! When the traitorous Rutulian urged us precipitate with fire and with sword, reluctant we broke thy bonds and are come through the deep in quest of thee. This transmuted form the Great Mother gave us in compassion, and granted us to be goddesses and to live our days beneath the foam. But Ascanius, thy child, is immured within moat and wall, amid the flying spears and Latium's fiery battle! Even now the Arcadian horse, united with brave Etruria, holds the appointed place; and Turnus' resolve stands firm—to throw his squadrons between, and disjoin them from the camp. Up, then, and, with the first glimmer of dawn, bid thy allies be summoned to arms, and take that shield which the Lord of Flame himself wrought for thy conquering arm and rimmed the borders with gold! The morrow's light—if thou deem not my message idly spoken—shall break on mountainous piles of Rutulian dead!'

She ceased; and, departing, impelled the tall ship with her right—yet not over great the impulse. Fleeter than javelin or wind-swift arrow it fled through the waves, and the rest in order quickened their course. Lost in amazement, Troy's hero and Anchises' son knew not how to think, yet high his

heart swelled at the omen. Then, looking to the vault above, he prayed briefly :

'Gracious Mother of Heaven, Ida's queen, whose delight is in Dindymus, in tower-crowned cities and lions harnessed for thy bridle—stand thou at my hand in the van of battle, bring this presage to the appointed issue, and with propitious foot come, O goddess, to thy Phrygians !'

Thus far he said : and meantime the returning day was rushing on in fullness of light, and the dark was fled.

First he commanded the host to follow his signals, to attune their spirit to arms, and prepare for the fray. And now, as he stood on the towering poop, he could discern the Teucrians and his camp ; when, on the instant, he upreared the blazing shield on his left. From their battlements the Dardans shouted to heaven ; rekindling hope woke their ire, and the javelins flew from their hands :—as, when under the sable clouds cranes of Strymon cry their signal, while clamorously they stem the air, and, with loud note and joyful, flee before the Southern gales. But to the Rutulian king and the captains of Ausonia all was strange, till, turning, they descried the galleys bearing to the strand and all the sea afloat with ships. On the prince's helm the cone burned red, flame shot from his crest on high, and torrent fire streamed from the golden boss : as oft, through the cloudless night, ensanguined comets glare ruddy and baleful ; or as the splendour of Sirius —herald of drought and disease to suffering mortality— springs to birth and saddens heaven with malefic beams.

Yet Turnus' unfearing heart abated not in confidence to prevent them on the shore and repel the advancing foe from land. 'Ye have prayed and the hour is come : ye may break them with the sword ! Comrades, the god of battles is in your hand ! Now let every man bethink him of wife and home :

now recall the high deeds that won glory to our sires! Let us front them, ere they call us, by the wave, while confusion yet reigns and their feet falter still from the deck! Fortune is ally to the brave.' He said, and pondered with himself whom to lead to the assault, whom to leave in siege of the beleaguered ramparts.

Meanwhile Aeneas landed his crews from the tall ships by gangways. Many there were observed the ebb of the failing sea, and, leaping, braved the shallows: others betook them to the oars. Tarchon, marking a tract on the beach, where no shoals seemed to be and no breakers roared, but with advancing tide the ocean came washing without shock, incontinent turned his prow thither and conjured his men: 'Now, ye chosen, bend to the stout oar! Up and on with your galleys; cleave this land of the foeman with your beaks, and let the keel plough herself a furrow! In such a roadstead I would brook even shipwreck, could I but once gain the land!' Thus, and to such purpose, Tarchon; and his men rose to their oars and urged the foam-dripping barques to the Latin fields, till the prows attained the dry land and every hull came hurtless to rest. But not thy vessel, Tarchon! For, dashed upon a shoal, she long hung in doubtful balance, buffeting the waves, on the fatal ridge; then broke and lodged her crew full amid the billows, there to contend with shattered oars and floating thwarts, while the refluent wave sucked back their feet!

No chains of delay held Turnus. Like flame he swept his full array against the Teucrians, and ranged it on the strand in face of the foe. The trumpets sang. And foremost Aeneas, in presage of the issue, assailed the yeoman ranks of Latium and drove them in confusion as Theron bled—a giant among men, who, unchallenged, sought encounter. But

through the quilted brass, through the tunic all stark with gold, the sword drank from his naked side. Then Lichas he smote, who was cut from the womb of a lifeless mother, and consecrated, Phoebus, to thee—though what did it profit him that his infant life escaped the perils of the steel? At brief distance he struck down in death stubborn Cisseus and towering Gyas, whose clubs felled squadrons at once. Vain the arms of Hercules to succour them, vain their mighty hands and Melampus their sire—Melampus who stood by Alcides so long as ever the painful earth yielded him toil and travail! Lo, as Pharus flung his deedless vaunts, he launched his javelin and fixed it full in the clamorous mouth! And thou Cydon, in thy disastrous quest of Clytius, his cheeks scarce touched by the springtide of youth—thou hadst fallen under the Dardan hand and lain in piteous sort, oblivious of all thy loves, had not the serried band of thy brethren advanced to the rescue—all sons of Phorcus, seven their number, seven the spears that they flung! But, of the seven, part glanced defeated from helmet and shield: part, as they grazed the body, gentle Venus turned aside. Instant Aeneas called to loyal Achates:—'Ply me with weapons; of all that have tasted Grecian flesh on the plains of Ilium, not one shall this hand hurl in vain against Rutulia!' Then he caught and flung a mighty javelin, that, flying, tore through the brass of Maeon's shield and shattered breastplate and breast. To his aid ran Alcanor, and with his right upheld his falling brother: piercing the arm, the spear flew onward and held its bloody tenour, while the dying hand hung by the sinews from the shoulder. Then Numitor, tearing the lance from his brother's corpse, threw at Aeneas; but availed not to transfix the confronting foe, and grazed the thigh of great Achates.

Now Clausus of Cures came reliant on the strength of youth, and at distance struck Dryopes under the chin with heavy thrust of his stark spear, that, while he assayed to speak, pierced the throat and bereft him of voice and life together : but he, his forehead striking on earth, fell with clotted blood gushing from his lips. Three, too, of Thrace, sprung from Boreas' high lineage, and three whom their father Idas and their native Ismarus sent, he slew as the chances of battle willed. To the rescue Halaesus ran with his Auruncan bands ; nor less Messapus, Neptune's child, came behind his fiery steeds. Now these, now those, struggled to unlodge the enemy, and the encounter raged amain on the very threshold of Ausonia.—As oft in the ample heavens conflicting winds rise to battle with equal fury and equal might ; not they, not the clouds, not the seas give ground ; the war hangs long in even scale, and element fronts element at bay :—even so clashed the ranks of Troy and the ranks of Latium, foot locked to foot and man pitted with man.

But in other quarter, where a torrent had driven abroad rolling rocks and bushes uptorn from the bank, Pallas beheld his Arcadians—unused to charge in dismounted line—breaking to flight before pursuant Latium : for the rugged ground had constrained them to resign their steeds. One hope was left in the hour of need ; and entreating, upbraiding, he fired their valour : ' Friends, whither flee you? By your gallant deeds,—by the name of Evander your king—by the fields where ye fought and conquered—and by my hopes, that now rise aspirant to my father's glory—trust not to the fugitive foot ! It is the steel that must hew our path through the foe. Where yon living mass drives thickest, there lies the way, whereby our peerless motherland calls you—and Pallas in your van—back to herself ! The hand of deity

weighs not on us: mortals, we are pushed by a mortal foe, and our lives and our hands are many as his! Lo, Ocean imprisons us with his great salt barrier; already earth fails our flight: shall we seek the main—or Troy?' He said, and burst into the heart of the serried foe.

First Lagus met him, drawn to his death by unkind fate. For, while he tore at a ponderous stone, the Arcadian, with flung spear, transfixed him where the central spine ran parting the ribs; then withdrew the steel as it quivered amid the bones. Nor could Hisbo—though such his hope—descend upon him unawares: for as he came, infuriate and reckless for his comrade done to death, Pallas prevented his onset and buried the sword in the swelling lung. Now Sthenius he assailed and—scion of Rhoetus' ancient line—Anchemolus, who dared to profane his stepdame's bed. Ye, too, the brother twins, fell on Rutulia's plains—Larides and Thymber, children of Daucus, one in semblance, to your kindred indistinguishable, to your parents a sweet perplexity. But between you now Pallas made grim distinction! For thy head, Thymber, the sword of Evander swept away; and thy severed hand, Larides, sought, forlorn, for its lord, while the dying fingers twitched and closed once more on the brand!

Fired by his rebuke and the sight of his glorious deeds, Arcadia rushed to the fray, while anger and shame unsheathed each sword.

Then Pallas pierced Rhoeteus as, charioted, he came fleeing past. This moment of respite—and no more—Ilus gained: for at Ilus he had flung from distance the stout spear, which Rhoeteus, intervening, caught, as he fled from thee, best Teuthras, and from Tyres thy brother. In death he rolled from the car, with heels drumming the Rutulian plain!

And as, on a day in summer, when the winds have risen to his wish, a swain launches his scattered fires among the woods, and on the instant all between is caught and an unbroken line of red stretches with horrid front over the broad fields; he, from his seat, gazes down victorious on the triumphant flames:—even so, Pallas, all that was noble in thy host rallied from every hand to succour thee! Bu Halaesus—grim warrior—advanced on their hostile ranks crouching for the spring behind his arms. Ladon he slew, and Pheres with Demodocus; shore away Strymonius' right with glittering blade, as he raised it against his throat; smote Thoas on the face with a rock, and shivered the bones, commingled with brain and blood. Halaesus his prophet-sire had hidden from Fate in the forest; but when, in the fullness of years, his age-worn eyes closed in death, the Sisters laid hand upon their victim and doomed him to Evander's arms. Him Pallas assailed, first praying: 'Grant, O father Tiber, to this steel that I poise for the cast, a prosperous issue and a path through Halaesus' iron breast! Thine oak shall wear his weapons and spoils.' The god heard; and Halaesus, while he shielded Imaon, offered—unhappy!—his breast defenceless to the Arcadian lance!

But Lausus—giant of the war—left not his columns in terror at that great death. First, front to front, he slew Abas, who stayed the tide of their battle as an oaken knot the axe! The youth of Arcadia fell; fell Etruria, and ye, Teucer's sons, whom the Grecian sword destroyed not! Equal in captaincy and equal in power, the armies met. The rearmost closed up the ranks, till the throng was such that neither arm nor blade had play. Here Pallas drove urgent on; there Lausus opposed. Nor they differed in years, nor in radiance of beauty; but to both Fortune

had denied return to their fatherland. Yet He who reigns in high Olympus suffered them not to meet face to face; no distant doom awaited them at the hand of a greater foe!

Meantime his gracious sister warned Turnus to come to Lausus' aid, and on fleet chariot he came, cleaving the ranks between. Then, seeing his allies: 'It is time to desist from battle. Alone I encounter Pallas; alone will I exact my proper due! Would but that his father were here to see!' He said, and his men gave back from the forbidden space. But, as the Rutulians retired, the warrior-youth—surprised by the haughty mandate—gazed in astonishment on Turnus, swept his glance over that giant bulk, and grim-eyed scanned all at distance; then answered the king, word against word: 'Glory shall soon be mine—whether from a captain slain or an illustrious death! My sire will smile on either event: then forbear thy threats!' So said, he advanced into the mid lists; while the blood gathered, cold as ice, about every Arcadian heart. Down from his car Turnus leapt, in act to join encounter on foot. And as a lion, observant from above, descries a bull standing on some distant plain intent on battle, then flies to the fray—so seemed the coming of Turnus. But Pallas, when he deemed him within range of a spear-cast, advanced the first, in hope that chance would assist where he dared with unequal arm—and thus called on the majestic heavens: 'By my father's welcome, and the board where thou satest a stranger-guest, I entreat thee, Alcides—be with me in my great emprize! Let Turnus watch me strip the bloody arms from his expiring limbs, and let his glazing eyes brook the sight of a conqueror!' Alcides heard and, stifling a deep sob in his heart of hearts, broke into ineffectual tears. At this with mild accent the Father bespoke his son: 'Each hath his proper day: brief and irre-

parable is the span of life to all: but to enlarge his fame by prowess—this is the brave man's task! How many a son of the gods fell under Troy-towers! Nay, did not Sarpedon, our own child, bleed at their side? On Turnus also his destiny calls, and he nears the goal of his allotted years!' He said, and averted his gaze from the Rutulian fields.

But Pallas flung his spear with forceful arm, and plucked the flashing sword from its containing scabbard. Where the summit of the mail rises to guard the shoulder, the flying steel alighted, and, rending a way through the buckler's marge, at last grazed in very deed the mighty frame of Turnus.

Then Turnus, long poising the steel-tipped shaft on Pallas, hurled it and cried: 'See thou whether our weapon pierce not deeper!' He ceased: with vibrant shock the point tore through the centre of his shield, through so many a plate of brass and iron, through so many a swathe of encircling bull-hide; then broke the corselet's resistance and gored the heroic breast within! In vain he wrenched the warm weapon from the wound: by the selfsame passage blood and sense came ebbing away! Prone he fell on the wound; the armour clashed above him, and, dying, he bit with ensanguined mouth at the hostile earth! Then Turnus, standing above the dead: 'Arcadians,' he cried, 'give heed, and bear this my word back to Evander: as the sire hath merited, such I restore the son! Whatever honour resides in a tomb, whatever solace in a bier, this freely I give. Full high shall mount the price of Aeneas welcomed!' And, so saying, he planted his left foot on the corpse, and tore the ponderous belt away with its figured scene of sin: that youthful band foully slain on one nuptial night, and the chambers red with blood—which Clonus, son of Eurytus, had graven

in ample gold. Now Turnus triumphed in the prize and exulted in possession! Alas, for the spirit of man, blind to Fate and the doom to be, impotent to observe the mean on the wave of prosperity! An hour shall come for Turnus, when he were fain to have bought Pallas' safety at a great price—when he shall loathe those spoils and that day!—But with many moans and tears, his comrades laid their hero on his shield and bore him away in dense procession. O source of sorrow and greater glory, that returnest to thy sire! This one day gave thee to war, this one day takes thee hence; yet vast the piles thou leavest of Rutulian slain!

And now no random fame of that dread calamity, but a surer messenger, plied to Aeneas, and told that his troops were wavering a hair's breadth removed from death, and that the moment was come to succour the routed Teucrians. Instant his sword reaped down all that stood to hand, and infuriate he hacked a path through the broad column, while, Turnus, he sought for thee, yet glorying in the new-spilt blood! Pallas—Evander—all rose before his eyes: the board which on that day first welcomed his errant steps, and the hands outstretched in kindness! Then four youths, the sons of Sulmo, and as many whom Ufens nurtured, he took alive, to slay in sacrifice to the dead and bedew the funeral flames with their captive blood. Next, from distance, he levelled the hostile lance at Magus: he, while the shuddering steel flew over, ran warily beneath, and, clasping the hero's knee, poured his suppliant accents: 'By the spirit of thy father, by the nascent promise of Iulus, preserve—I beseech thee—this life to my son and my sire! A princely home is mine, with talents of figured silver buried from day in its vaults, and mine are massy ingots of gold, wrought and unwrought! Not on me hinges the victory of Troy, nor can

a single life make difference so great!' He paused, and Aeneas returned: 'Those many talents of silver and gold that thou vauntest spare thou for thy sons! At that hour when Pallas bled, Turnus—not I—abolished this thy traffic of war! So deems the ghost of my sire, Anchises, so Iulus!' He said; then, grasping the helmet with his left, bent back the suppliant's neck and buried the sword hilt-deep within him. Nor far thence moved Haemon's son, priest of Phoebus and Trivia, his temples wreathed in the fillet's holy riband, himself all shining in snowy robe and vestments. Him he met and pursued athwart the plain; then, bestriding the fallen, slaughtered him and wrapped him in dreadful night; while Serestus stripped his arms and bore them on his shoulder, a trophy to thee, O King Gradivus!

Caeculus, born of Vulcan's line, and Umbro, descending from his Marsian hills, repaired the ranks. In fury the Dardan drove against them. His brand had shorn away Anxur's left, with all the circle of his shield—Anxur, who had uttered some brave vaunt in thought that his hand would avouch his word, and, with spirit uplifted heaven-high, had promised himself, I ween, white age and venerable years!—when Tarquitus, whom Dryope the Nymph had borne to silvan Faunus, fronted his flame-like course, proud in refulgent arms. He, with back-swung lance, fixed his massy buckler to the encumbered corselet; then, amid his idle prayers and the thousand pleas that trembled upon his lips, struck his head to the sod, and, spurning the warm trunk beneath, thus called from unpitying heart: 'Lie, now, where thy terrors lie! No kindest mother shall commit thee to earth, nor shroud those limbs with the tomb of thy sires! To the vultures shalt thou be left; or, sunk beneath the flood, the wave shall whirl thee and hungry fishes mouth thy wounds!'

Unresting, he sped in chase of Antaeus and Lucas—who fought in Turnus' van—of gallant Numa and yellow-haired Camers, scion of noble Volcens, who was richest in land of Ausonia's sons and reigned in mute Amyclae. And as Aegaeon was—who, the tale is told, was lord of a hundred arms and a hundred hands, and flashed fire from fifty mouths and fifty breasts, what time he fronted the bolts of Jove, thundering on fifty levelled shields and waving fifty naked blades—such was Aeneas, as over all the plain he glutted his rage with victory when once his steel grew warm! And now, lo, he swept against the four steeds of Niphaeus' car and their opposing breasts! At sight of his giant stride and the dread menace of his ire, trembling they turned, and, rushing backward, flung forth their charioteer and dashed his chariot to the strand.

Meanwhile, behind twin-yoked coursers of snow, Lucagus and Liger, his brother, broke into the midst—fierce Lucagus brandishing his sheathless sword, his brother reining the wheeling steeds! Aeneas brooked not the hot fury of their onslaught, but made in and loomed enormous on their view with adverse spear. To whom Liger: 'Not Diomede's horses dost thou behold, nor Achilles' car, nor Phrygia's plains! This day shall thy battles and thy life end upon Italian earth!' Thus flew the words of insensate Liger: but not in words Troy's hero couched his response, for he flung his javelin against the foes! And as Lucagus, hanging prone to the stroke, admonished his steeds with the spear, and, advancing his left foot, prepared for the fray, the lance made entry through the lower marge of his shining shield, then gored the leftward groin. Hurled from the chariot, he rolled dying on the field, while good Aeneas greeted him, bitter-tongued: 'Lucagus, no coward flight of thy coursers hath

betrayed thy car; no vain shadow from the enemy hath turned them: springing from the wheels, thyself thou desertest both!' So saying, he caught their heads. But, sliding from the selfsame car, the unhappy brother outstretched his helpless hands: 'By thyself—by the parents who gave being to such a child—spare this life, O mighty one of Troy, and have mercy on my prayer!' Farther he had pleaded; but Aeneas: 'Not such thy words but now! Die, and let brother forsake not brother!' And with the steel he pierced the breast and unbared the vital seat.—Such the carnage that the Dardan chief wrought along the plains, fierce as the torrent flood or the gloomy whirlwind; till at length his young Ascanius, and the warriors beleaguered in vain, burst forth and left the camp.

Meantime Jove unlocked his lips and accosted Juno: 'Sister and sweetest wife in one, thy thought was truth—thy sentence errs not! It is Venus upholds the Trojan powers—not, methinks, the living valour of their hands, nor their bold spirits unbowed by peril!' To whom Juno meekly: 'Why, fairest consort, wilt thou torture this sick heart, that trembles at thy stern accent? Had my love that spell which once it had—and meetly had—not now had thine omnipotence denied me this boon: power to withdraw Turnus from battle, power to preserve him scathless for his father Daunus! Now let him perish and slake the vengeance of Troy with guiltless blood! And yet his name is drawn from our lineage—Pilumnus his sire in the fourth degree—and with generous hand and unstinted gifts full oft has he heaped thy fane!'

To her, in brief response, the king of skiey Olympus: 'If thy prayer import but a delay of present death,—a respite from thy warrior's fall,—and so thou apprehend my will,

bear Turnus away in flight, and snatch him from the jaws of fate! Thus far indulgence hath room. But if thought of a deeper favour lurks under thy prayer, and thou weenest that the sum of war may be moved or altered, thou nursest a barren hope!'

And Juno, with falling tears: 'What if thy heart should yield where thy tongue denies, and Turnus' span remain him assured? Now a heavy doom awaits his innocent life, or my errant mind is void of truth. Yet, O that rather I were mocked by lying fears, and that thou—who canst—wouldst turn thy beginnings to a better end!'

So said, she shot incontinent from high heaven, cloud-girt and driving storm before her through the air, and sought the Ilian lines and the camp of Laurentum. Next from a hollow cloud (strange vision and miraculous!) the goddess wrought a phantom, substanceless and powerless, in likeness of Aeneas; adorned it with Dardan arms, mimicked the great shield and the plumes on his godlike head; then dowered it with vacant speech and senseless utterance, and bade it move with the hero's tread:—such, Fame tells, the shapes that flit when death is past, or the dreams that mock the slumbering brain! But exultant the spectre leapt before the vanward ranks, provoking the foe with weaponed hand and taunting lips. Turnus pressed on, and from distance hurled his strident spear; the shadow wheeled round with retreating step! Then the Rutulian, when he deemed that Aeneas turned and fled, and his storm-tossed soul drank in the fallacious hope: 'Whither away, Aeneas? Forsake not the plighted nuptial couch: at this hand shalt thou receive the soil thou hast sought across the flood!' So clamouring he pursued, brandishing his naked blade, nor saw his joy vanishing with the winds!

Moored, as it chanced, to the ledge of a frowning rock, with ladders flung forth and gangway ready, stood the ship, wherein king Osinius had sailed from the coasts of Clusium. Here, in hot haste, the semblance of fugitive Aeneas flung itself to hiding: nor with less of speed Turnus followed, overbore all hindrance, and sprang across the lofty bridge. Scarce had he touched the prow, when Saturn's child sundered the cable and swept the dissevered barque over the refluent tide. On this the form of shadow sought no farther refuge, but soared sublime and faded in gloom and mist. And while Aeneas was calling his absent foe to battle, and sending down to death warrior on warrior that fronted his path, the winds meantime were whirling Turnus far out to sea!

Witless of the event, thankless for his salvation, he gazed back, with suppliant voice and either hand uplifted to heaven: 'Almighty Sire! and didst thou hold me to have merited such foul reproach? Is this the penalty thou hast willed me to pay? Whither am I borne? Whence am I come? What flight conveys me home?—in what guise conveys me? What of that heroic band, who followed my banner and me? Have I not left them all—accursed thought!—in the jaws of a fearful death? Do I not see them wavering and hear the moans of the fallen? What may I do? How shall earth yawn deep enough for me? Nay, be pitiful, ye winds! Drive this galley on reef or on rock—from Turnus' heart the prayer is uttered! Hurl it upon the quicksand's cruel shoals, where neither Rutulian may follow, nor Rumour blazon my shame!'

So saying, he veered in spirit this way and that. Frenzied for the black dishonour, should he fall upon the sword and drive the bitter steel through his side?—or plunge amid the

brine, swim to the winding beach, and hurl himself again on the Teucrian spears? Thrice he assayed either way: thrice imperial Juno stayed his hand, and—compassion in her soul—restrained her warrior. Over the parting deep he sped, convoyed by wave and tide, and was borne at length to his father Daunus' ancient city.

But meanwhile, at behest of Jove, Mezentius, like fire, took up the fray and assailed triumphant Troy. About him swarmed the Tyrrhene lines—all their hatred, all their frequent spears, bent against one solitary foe! As a cliff that juts into the infinite sea, exposed to the raving winds and fronting the main, endures all the shock and menace of sky and wave, itself unmoved—so he, unterrified, hurled Hebrus, Dolichaon's child, to earth, and with him Latagus and fleeing Palmus: Latagus he caught full in mouth and face with a huge boulder, rent from some hill; Palmus, the dastard, he hamstrung and left to roll; then gave the armour to be worn on Lausus' shoulders, the plumes to adorn his crest. Nor less Evanthes, the Phrygian, bled, and Mimas, compeer of Paris from the birth: for on one same night Theano bore him to Amycus his sire, and Cisseus' royal daughter gave Paris—that firebrand in her womb—to the day. In his father's city Paris sleeps; on the Laurentine shore Mimas lies unknown! And as a mighty boar, driven by snarling hounds from his mountain-top,—whom pine-crowned Vesulus has sheltered through many a year, and Laurentum's fen pastured in silvan reeds,—when once he is come amid the toils, turns to bay, fierce-snorting, with bristled shoulders, and no man's courage mounts to resentment or approach, but all assail him at distance with darts and riskless clamour, —even so, among all that hated Mezentius, and hated justly, not one found heart to close with unscabbarded steel, but

from far they plied him with missiles and wide echoing din. But he, unfearing and deliberate, moved hither and thither, gnashing his teeth and shaking the javelins from his shield.

From Corythus' ancient bounds Acron of Greece had come, fleeing his country and an unwed wife. Him when Mezentius saw afar, gay in crimson plumes and the purple of his plighted bride, dealing havoc amid the ranks,—as oft a fasting lion, ranging the deep coverts under hunger's maddening impulse, if he chance to descry a timorous roe or stately-antlered stag, opens his cavernous jaws in delight, uprears his mane, and clings couchant above the flesh while foul gore bathes his insatiate lips,—so the Tuscan leapt, all eagerness, against the serried foes. Acron, the ill-fated, fell spurning the blackened ground in his last agony, and encrimsoning the shivered spear. The same arm deigned not to smite Orodes down as he fled, nor to inflict an unseen wound with the flung lance. Face to face and front to front he met him and, man against man, joined encounter, conqueror not by guile but by the steel in a brave man's hand! Then, planting his foot on the prostrate form, and leaning on the spear: 'Warriors,' he cried, 'here lies the great Orodes—no mean pillar of the war!' Shouting, his men took up the exultant paean. But he, with his latest breath: 'Whosoever thou art, not long shall the victim be unvenged, nor long shall the victor triumph! Thee, also, a like doom marks, and soon thou shalt lie on the selfsame field.' Then Mezentius, anger struggling with his smile: 'Die thou meantime! With me the Sire of gods and King of men may deal.' So saying, he drew his weapon out from the flesh; ungentle rest and iron sleep fell heavy on the glazing eyes, and their lids closed on eternal night.

Now Caedicus slew Alcathous, Sacrator Hydaspes, Rapo

Parthenius and Orses in his stubborn strength. By Messapus Clonius bled, and Erichaetes, Lycaon's child—one prone on earth, through the stumbling of his unreined steed, the other on foot. On foot, no less, had Lycian Agis advanced; yet him Valerus, heritor of his grandsire's arm and heart, struck down. Before Salius Thronius fell, and Salius before Nealces, master of the javelin's cast and the distant shaft's elusive flight.

And now with stern hand Mars meted out impartial woe and mutual death. Victors and vanquished—alike they slew and alike they fell, and neither these nor those knew thought of flight. In the halls of Jove immortal eyes looked pityingly down on the vain fury of either host, and wept for the bitter agony of man. Here Venus, there Saturnian Juno, sate opposite and gazed; while pale Tisiphone below raged amid the thousands.

But Mezentius, shaking his huge spear, moved tempestuous athwart the plain.—Great as Orion, when, with shoulder overtopping the waves, he marches on foot through the heart of Nereus' realm, cleaving his path through the mighty waters, or when, bearing from the mountain-crest some time-honoured ash, he walks the earth and hides his head among the clouds,—so strode Mezentius towering in steel!

On the other side Aeneas, descrying him in the long column, prepared for encounter. He, undaunted, held his ground, awaiting his high-hearted foe, steadfast in massive strength; then, with eye measuring the distance that might suffice his spear: 'Now speed me my right hand—sole deity to me—and this lance that I poise for the cast! Clad in spoils reft from yon pirate's carcass, thou shalt stand, my Lausus—such my vow—a living trophy of Aeneas.' He said, and from far hurled the whistling steel. Flying, it leapt from the shield and struck peerless Antores betwixt side and flank—

Antores, Alcides' friend; who, sent from Argos, had cloven to Evander's side and found his home in an Italian town. Hapless he fell under an alien wound, and, with gaze turned heavenward, thought in death on his well-loved Argos. Then good Aeneas flung his spear: through the sheltering orb of triple brass, through the linen folds and fabric woven of three bull-hides, it sped and lodged in the nether groin— yet bore not its strength to the goal. Exultant at sight of the Tyrrhene blood, Aeneas snatched his sword incontinent from the thigh, and drove like flame on his bewildered foe.— Deeply Lausus groaned for love of his dear sire, when he saw that sight, and the tears rolled down his face. And here— if that old-world day may win credence for thy generous deed —these strains, at least, shall not pass unsung thy harsh and disastrous doom, nor thy noble prowess, nor thyself, the young and glorious! Useless and encumbered, his foeman's lance trailing from his shield, the sire withdrew his retreating step; when forward the son shot, and closed amid the conflicting swords. And even as Aeneas rose with right hand in act to smite, he struck up the blade and gave the slayer pause. Loud-clamouring his comrades followed, showering spears, and with missiles confounding the enemy from far, till the father might retire under shelter of the filial shield. Aeneas raged at bay in his sheath of steel. And as oft when the storm-clouds descend in volleyed hail, every ploughman, every husbandman, has fled from the plain, and the traveller lies hid in safe fortalice—either the river's bank or the arch of some beetling rock—while the rains descend on earth; that so, when the sun returns, they may assay the laborious day again: even so Aeneas, whelmed from this hand and that under the storm of spears, endured the cloud of war, till its thunderous fury should be utterly spent, assailing Lausus

with rebuke, Lausus with menace: 'Whither hastenest to death, adventurous beyond thy strength? Infatuate! love hath made thy valour blind!' Yet no whit less he charged madly on; and now the tide of fury surged higher in the Dardan captain's heart, and the Sisters gathered the latest threads of Lausus' span. For Aeneas drove his stout blade sheer through the youth and buried it to the hilt within. Through the buckler—frail armour to second his menace!—through the tunic that his mother wove with flexile gold, the point passed on; blood filled his breast, and through air the life fled sorrowing, nor knew the body more. But when Anchises' seed beheld the look on that dying face—that face so marvellously pale—heavily he groaned in pity, and stretched forth his hand, while before his soul rose the semblance of his own filial love: 'What now, unhappy boy—what shall good Aeneas give thee for these thy glories? what guerdon worthy of thy great soul? The arms that were thy delight, keep thou for thine own; and—if that be aught to thee—I restore thee to the spirits and ashes of thy sires. Yet, ill-fated that thou art, one thought shall solace thee for thy piteous doom: thou fallest by great Aeneas' hand!' Then, chiding his laggard comrades, he raised their captain from earth, where he lay with his fair-decked tresses blood-befouled.

Meantime, by the wave of Tiber river, the father stanched his wounds with water, and rested his reclining frame against a tree-bole. At distance his brazen helm drooped from the boughs and his heavy arms lay in peace upon the sward. About him stood chosen warriors; he, sick and panting, eased his neck, while the unshorn beard strayed over his breast. And much he asked of Lausus, and full many a man he sent to recall him and convey the mandate of his sad sire.

But Lausus his weeping comrades bore lifeless upon a shield—
a mighty man, and slain by a mighty stroke. Far off the
disaster-boding soul knew their lamentation. With dust on
dust he defiled his white hairs, extended either palm to
heaven, and clung to the dead: 'My child, and was I so
chained to love of life, that I suffered thee, blood of my
blood, to front the enemy's hand for me? Am I, thy father,
preserved by these wounds of thine? Art thou dead, that
I may live? Ay me! now at last the bitterness of death is
come: now is the iron within my soul! It was I, my son,
who sullied thy name with guilt—I, whom they drove in
loathing from sceptre and ancestral throne! Vengeance
I owed to my mother-land and the hatred of my people:
would but that I had surrendered this sin-stained life by
every form of death! And now I live, nor as yet depart
from the sight of man and day—but depart I will!' And,
with the word, he raised himself on his stricken thigh, and,
though the deep wound crippled his might, yet, with spirit
unbowed, bade his charger be brought. This was his glory,
this his solace; on this he rode unconquered from every
field.—Then, so speaking, he began to the sorrowing creature:
'Rhaebus, long have we lived, if any thing soever be long to
mortal man! This day shalt thou bear away in triumph yon
bloody spoils with the head of Aeneas slain, and avenge with
me the pangs of Lausus; or, if our strength avail not to
find a path, side by side thou shalt bleed with me! For,
brave heart, I trow thou wilt not stoop to endure a stranger's
bidding, nor to serve a Teucrian lord!' So said, he mounted
and once more disposed his limbs on their familiar seat, and
charged either hand with sharpened javelins, his head re-
splendent in brass and shaggy with horse-hair plume. So,
wind-swift, he galloped into the midst, while in his heart

surged the mighty tides of shame and madness wedded to agony.

And now thrice he called in trumpet-tones on Aeneas. And Aeneas knew the call, and prayed with exultant heart: 'So may the great Father of Heaven ordain, so Apollo on high! Begin, and join encounter.' Thus far he said, and advanced to meet him with menacing spear. But he: 'Fiercest foe, why seekest thou to terrify me, when thou hast robbed me of my son? There lay the sole path whereby to achieve my ruin: I fear not death: I spare not for thy gods. Cease; I am riding to my end, yet first I bring thee these gifts!' He said, and hurled a javelin at his enemy; then planted another and yet another, flying in vast circle: but the golden shield sustained them all. Thrice he rode, wheeling to the left, round the foe that fronted him on foot, flinging weapons from his hand: thrice Troy's hero turned, carrying the great forest of steel on his protecting brass. Then, weary of the long-spun delays, weary of plucking forth so many a spear-head, and hard-pressed in the unequal fray, much debating at length he sprang out and cast his lance full between the hollow temples of the war-horse. The steed reared himself upright, with heels lashing the air, flung his rider, came down above him and encumbered him; then, falling headlong, lay with shoulder oppressing his prostrate form, while Trojans and Latins fired heaven with their cries. Up flew Aeneas, and snatched his sword from the scabbard; then, standing above: 'Where now is the fierce Mezentius and that wild savagery of soul?' To whom the Tuscan, as with upturned gaze he drank in the air of heaven and regained his sense: 'Thou bitter foe, why railest thou and threatenest death? Slay! It is no crime to slay. I came not to battle in quest of mercy; nor such the pact that

my Lausus hath made betwixt thee and me! One sole boon I ask of thee, by whatever grace is due to the vanquished: grant my clay to be laid in earth. I know that the keen-edged anger of my people surrounds me. Shelter me, I pray, from this their fury, and vouchsafe to my son and me the union of a grave!' He said, and, unblenched, received the expected steel in his throat, while the vital stream spread flooding over his armour.

XI

MEANTIME the goddess of morn rose out of Ocean. Aeneas, though duty urged him to allow a space for the burial of his friends, and the fatal field still clouded his soul, yet, with the orient beams, began to pay the conqueror's vows to Heaven. On a mound he reared a giant oak, stripped of its encircling boughs, and clothed it in the lucent arms reft from Mezentius' kingly frame—a trophy to thee, great god of battles. Thereto he affixed the plumes, yet wet with a bloody dew, the warrior's shattered spears, and his corselet stricken and pierced in twice six places; to the left arm he bound the brazen buckler, and from the neck hung the sword of ivory; then, with such prelude, exhorted his triumphant bands—for all the serried throng of his captains girt him round:—'Heroes, the greatest deed is done: for what remains, let fear be unknown! These are the spoils—the first-fruits won from yon proud tyrant—and here is Mezentius as my hands have made him! Now our march lies to Latium's king and Latium's battlements. Prepare your arms, forestall the battle in spirit and hope, that no delay may impede your ignorance, nor any craven thought retard your timorous steps, so soon as high Heaven shall grant us to uplift our banners and lead forth our chivalry

from the camp! Meanwhile commit we our friends and their tombless bodies to earth—sole tribute that can reach the deeps of Acheron! Go,' he said, 'grace with the last rites those glorious souls, whose blood hath bought us this second fatherland: and first to Evander's mourning city let Pallas be sent, whose heart sank not when the black day swept him hence and plunged him in all-unripe death.'

So, weeping, he said, and turned his steps to the threshold where grey Acoetes held ward over Pallas' breathless limbs, composed already for the burial:—Acoetes, that bore erewhile Evander's Parrhasian arms; but now, under less happy star, went forth the appointed guardian to his much-loved foster-child. Around stood all the menial train, and thronging Trojans, and women of Ilium—their mourning tresses unloosed in wonted mode. But when Aeneas entered the lofty portal, they smote upon their breasts and raised the loud wail to the stars; and the dwelling of the king re-echoed to their ecstasy of woe. He, when he saw the pillowed head of Pallas, and his face white as the snow, and the gash of the Ausonian point wide-yawning in his marble breast, so spoke, while the tears welled up: 'Unhappy boy, and did Fortune, in her radiant coming, grudge thee to me, that thou mightest not behold our kingdom nor ride victorious to the city of thy father? Not such the parting promise that I gave to Evander thy sire, when he kissed me as I went and sent me with his benison to high sovereignty, yet warned me in fear that fierce were the men and stubborn the race that should front my sword! And now *he*, perchance, doubly blinded by idle hope, bribes Heaven and piles his altar with gifts: *we*, with the vain tribute of our tears, escort his son's clay that now owes naught to any power soever above us! Unhappy! who shalt see thy child thus cruelly done to death! And is this

our return—our much-hoped triumph? So ends my unfaltering pledge? Yet shall thine eyes, Evander, behold no dastard driven routed with shameful wounds; nor shall the father pray for that bitterest of deaths—when the son lives, and lives dishonoured! Ay me, how stout an arm is lost to thee, Ausonia, and lost, Iulus, to thee!'

His lament so made, he bade them raise the piteous corpse, and sent a thousand men, the chosen of all his host, to attend the last rite and weep with the weeping father—scant solace of that great sorrow, but due to the unhappy sire! Others, unlingering, plaited the wicker-work of a soft bier from shoots of arbute and oaken twigs, and shadowed the high-piled couch under leafy canopy. Here they laid the youth aloft on his rustic litter—fair as some blossom culled by a girlish hand from tender violet or languid hyacinth, whose radiance and native beauty are not yet fled, though the breast of Earth no longer ministers food and strength! Then Aeneas brought two robes, stiff-rustling with gold and purple, which, in other days, Sidonian Dido wrought for him with her (own) queenly hands—a labour of love—and shot the warp with threading gold. Mournfully he placed the one over the boyish dead for his latest tribute, and shrouded those locks doomed to the fire; heaped high the prizes of the Laurentine fray, and bade the spoils be carried in long-drawn procession; then added those steeds and arms of which he had despoiled the foe. The victims' hands he had already bound behind their backs, ere he would send them as offerings to the nether shade and sprinkle the flame with their sacrificial blood. And now he commanded his captains to bear with their own hands tree-boles accoutred in armour of the foe, with hostile names affixed. Worn by the load of disastrous years, Acoetes came led along—now marring his breast with clenched hand, now

rending his cheeks, and anon flinging his whole frame prostrate to earth. His chariot, too, they led forth, all flecked with Rutulian blood. Behind marched Aethon, the battle-steed, weeping, while great gouts bathed his face. Others bore his spear and helm; for the rest was held by conquering Turnus. Then followed a melancholy band—Troy, and all Tuscany, and Arcadia, with arms reversed. Soon, when all the long retinue was past, Aeneas halted, and, with deep sigh, thus resumed: 'Us the same fell destiny of war summons hence to other tears. Hail for ever, noble Pallas, and for ever farewell!' Nor farther he said, but turned toward the frowning walls, and bent his steps to the camp.

And now an embassage was come from the Latin city, all shrouded with olive-boughs and imploring a boon:—that he would restore the dead, that lay where the sword had strewn them along the plains, and suffer them to enter their earthen tomb. No war, they pleaded, is waged against the vanquished and them that have left the light: let him show mercy to those who were once called his friends and the kindred of his bride! Whom good Aeneas—for not despicable their prayer!—crowned with his grace, and so pursued: 'Men of Latium, what malice of Fortune hath enmeshed you in such bitterness of strife, that ye eschew our amity? Ye ask me peace for the dead, whom the War-god's lot hath taken? Full willingly would I grant it to the living! I had not come, save Destiny had assigned me a place and habitation here; nor war I with your people: your king forsook our alliance, and deemed it better to entrust him to Turnus' spears! Yet had it been juster that Turnus should face this hazard of death. If he prepares to end the struggle by the strong hand, his part had been to encounter me with this steel; and he had lived, whom God or his own right arm

had given to live! Now go, kindle the fire beneath your ill-starred countrymen.' Aeneas ceased: they stood in mute wonder, with eye and countenance turned on each other.

Then Drances, the elder-born, whose hatred and injurious tongue held him ever at enmity with young Turnus, unlocked his lips and thus returned: 'O great in glory, greater in arms—hero of Troy, how may my praises equal thee with the stars? Shall I first marvel at thy righteousness, or at thy labours in battle? For us it remains to carry thy response with grateful hearts to our native city, and—if any turn of Fortune shall point a way—to unite thee with Latinus our king. Let Turnus seek him alliance where he will! Nay, it shall be our delight to raise the massy walls of thy destiny, and bear the rocks of Troy on our Latian shoulders!' With this he ceased, and all murmured assent with a single voice. For twelve days the pact was made, and—Peace their mediatress—Teucrians and intermingled Latins roamed woodland and hill, unharming and unharmed. The tall ash rang under the two-edged steel; they laid low the pines that challenged heaven, and unceasingly their wedges clove the oak and fragrant cedar, and their groaning wains transported the mountain-ash.

And now winged Fame, herald of that dire sorrow, filled Evander's ears, and Evander's palace and city-walls, with her tidings—Fame, that but now proclaimed Pallas victor in Latium! The Arcadians came streaming to the gates, and, after their immemorial wont, seized upon funeral torches, till, parting the dim tract of fields, the road shone with a great line of flame. To meet them came the Phrygian train, and united their lamenting bands. Soon as the matrons saw them entering their streets, with cries they fired the

mourning city. But no constraint could withhold Evander! Into the midst he rushed, and, when they laid down the bier, fell above Pallas, and clung to him weeping and moaning, till hardly at long last grief allowed passage to his voice: 'Not such the promise, my Pallas, thou gavest to thy sire! Ah, how gladly now wouldst thou entrust thee with more of caution to the cruel War-god's hand!—I knew what potent charm lies in glory won by a maiden sword—how sweet the laurels of the first field! Alas for the unhappy firstfruits of my child, and the harsh prelude that heralds the coming war! Alas for my vows and prayers to which no god hearkened! And thou, my pure-souled wife—happy thou in the death that spared thee not for this agony! But I have lived and defied my fate, only to linger here—a father without a son! Would that I had followed Troy's allied arms, and fallen whelmed under the Rutulian spears! Would that I had given mine own life, and this procession were bringing *me*—not Pallas—home! Nor yet, men of Troy, would I censure you, nor our treaty, nor the hands we clasped in friendship: this lot was foredoomed to fall on my white head. But if death, ere his prime, awaited my child, yet will there be comfort in the thought that he fell after slaying his Volscian thousands, and fell while leading the Teucrians into Latium! And, Pallas, I could not grace thee with worthier funeral than this which good Aeneas accords, and the princes of his Phrygia, and the Tyrrhene captains, and all the Tyrrhenian host. Great trophies they bring of those that thine arm consigned to death. And thou, Turnus—thou, also, hadst now been standing, a giant trunk encased in steel, were thine age as his, and the strength of thy years the same! But why, unhappy, withhold I the Teucrians from the sword? Go, and forget not to bear this my message to your

king: *If I linger out this hated life now that Pallas is slain, the cause is thy right hand, which—as thine eyes have seen—owes Turnus to sire and to son! This sole room is left for thy merits and fortune to fill. I ask not for joy in life: in me joy were crime: I ask but to bear this tidings to my son beneath the nether shades.*'

Meantime Aurora had lifted her gracious light on high for weary mortality, and returned with the round of task and toil. Already father Aeneas, already Tarchon, had reared the pyres on the winding strand. Hither, as his fathers used, each man brought the bodies of his kindred, and, as the fires were lit beneath, darkness enshrouded the high heavens in gloom. Thrice, girt in resplendent arms, they ran their course round the burning piles; thrice circled the sad funeral-flame on their steeds, and cried from wailing lips. Their tears rained on earth, rained on their armour, and the shout of men and clang of trumpets surged to the stars. And now part flung on the fires spoils torn from Latian dead, helms and fair-wrought swords, bridles and glowing wheels; part, the familiar offerings—their friends' own shields and the blades that prospered not. Around, full many a stout ox was slain in sacrifice to Death; while bristled boars, and cattle harried from every field, were butchered above the flames. Then, over all the strand, they watched their comrades burning, and stood guard above the blackening pyres; nor could be torn away till dewy Night rolled round the cope of heaven, now gemmed with glittering stars.

Nor less, elsewhere, the stricken Latins built piles innumerable. Part of their many slain they buried beneath the sod; part they raised and carried to the bordering fields, then sent them homeward to their city: the residue, a great mound of undistinguished carnage, they burned

unnumbered and unhonoured ; till on every hand the broad plains shone emulous with frequent fires. The third morn had withdrawn the chill curtain of shade from heaven, and sadly men were levelling the mounds of ashes, sweeping the mingled bones from the embers, and heeping hillocks of warm soil above them. But in the homes of rich Latinus' city the voice of sorrow was loudest, and greatest the share of that long agony. Here were mothers, and their sons' unhappy brides, and tender-hearted sisters weeping, and boys orphaned of their sires—all cursing the unhallowed war and Turnus' hymeneal : he, they cried, he himself should decide the issue by arms and the naked steel, who claimed for himself the empery of Italy and her chiefest honours ! Fierce Drances edged their anger, attesting that Turnus alone was called, Turnus alone defied to the fray. Yet, in other sort, many a sentence, the while, was cast for Turnus in varying phrase ; the shadow of the Queen's great name sheltered him ; and his high fame, broad-based on hard-won trophies, lent him support.

Amid this turmoil, while the flames of faction were hottest, lo !—to fill full the cup—the envoys from Diomede's great city returned despondent with his message : all their toil had been idly spent ; their gifts, their gold, and their solemn pleas, had nothing availed ; Latium must seek another sword, or sue for peace from the Trojan king ! Even Latinus' royal soul fainted under the burden of sorrow. The celestial anger, and the fresh-made graves before his eyes, warned him that Aeneas was called by Fate and upborne by the manifest will of Heaven. Therefore, by his kingly word, he summoned a high conclave of the princes of his people, and gathered them within his stately portals : and streaming they came to the royal halls through the crowded streets. Eldest in

years and first in dominion, Latinus sat in their midst, but with little joy on his brow. And now he enjoined the embassage, returned from the Aetolian city, to speak and say what message they brought, and bade them rehearse their answer in order and completeness. Then, silence imposed on each tongue, Venulus began, obedient to his word:

'Citizens, we have looked upon Diomede and the Argive camp: our journey is achieved, its perils overcome, and we have touched that hand whereby the kingdom of Ilium fell! He, the victory won, was founding his city of Argyripa, named by the name of his father's race, in the fields of Iapygian Garganus. So soon as we gained ingress, and liberty was accorded to speak before his face, we preferred our gifts and revealed our name and country—who our invaders, what cause had drawn us to Arpi. He lent ear, then so returned with unruffled mien: "O happy races, Saturnian realms, children of time-honoured Ausonia! what spite of Fortune disturbs your peace and lures you to challenge an unknown fray. All we, whose swords profaned Ilium's holy soil—I pass in silence the lees of war that we drained under those towering walls, the brave whom yon fatal Simois whelms!—all of us throughout all the world, have paid the penalty of our guilt in nameless torment, a band that even Priam might weep to see! Minerva's fell star be my witness, and the Euboic cliffs, and avenging Caphereus! Driven from that warfare to distant strands, Menelaus, Atreus' seed, roams exiled to the very columns of Proteus; and Ulysses has looked on the Cyclops of Aetna! Shall I rehearse Neoptolemus' shattered realm, Idomeneus' ruined hearth, or the Locrians dwelling on Libya's shore? He of Mycene, himself, lord of our Argive powers, bled on his threshold's verge by the hand of his felon spouse: Asia had fallen, the adulterer took up the fray!

Shall I tell how an envious Heaven denied that I should return to my ancestral altars, and see the wife of my yearning, and my fair Calydon? Even now grim-visaged portents pursue me: my lost friends have fled into the sky on wings, and flit as birds about the rivers (oh, the dire punishment of my people!), while the crags ring to their tearful cries. This—and no less—had I to hope, even from that day when with frenzied steel I assailed the flesh of deity, and wounded the hand of Venus with impious stroke! Nay, urge me not—urge me not to such combat! I have no feud with Teucer's race since Troy-towers fell; I have no remembrance and no joy in those ancient ills. The gifts that ye bring to me from your native coasts, give ye to Aeneas in my stead. We have fronted his angry blade; our hand hath encountered his: then credit one who has proved how vast his form when he rises to the shield, how fierce the whirlwind of his flung lance! If Ida's earth had but borne two others like to him, Dardanus, unassailed, had come to the cities of Inachus, and Greece were mourning the fates reversed. Long as we lingered round the battlements of obdurate Troy, it was Hector's and Aeneas' hand that halted the victory of Greece and turned back her feet till the tenth year was come. Both stood high in courage, and both were glorious in arms: Aeneas was first in piety. Join hand to hand in alliance, as best ye may: but beware your swords clash not with his!"

So, noble king, thou hast heard both the answer of thy brother-king, and his sentence on our great war.'

Scarce had the envoys concluded, when a various murmur ran along the trembling lips of Ausonia's children: even as, when impeding rocks check some racing river, the pent flood begins to murmur and the neighbouring banks echo to the plashing waters. Soon as their minds were calmed, and

the confusion of tongues allayed, the king began from his throne aloft, first invoking Heaven :

' Latians, I could have wished (and it had been better so !) to have determined ere this on our estate—not summon our conclave at such an hour, when the foe is seated at the walls. We wage an ill-omened war, my countrymen, with a heaven-descended race and men unconquered, whom the battle never wearies nor defeat constrains to sheathe the sword. If ye have rested any hope in borrowed aid of Aetolian spears, resign it. Himself is each man's hope : but ye see how slender it is What universal ruin has stricken the remnant of our prostrate fortunes, is plain to your eyes and the touch of your hands. Yet I censure no man : what the height of valour could do, is done ; we have fought with every sinew of our kingdom. Now I will unfold the judgement, formed in my wavering mind, and expound it in brief if ye lend me heed. An ancient domain is mine, that borders on the Tuscan stream, stretching far toward the set of sun, up to and beyond the Sicanian confines : there Auruncan and Rutulian sow the seed, subdue its stubborn hills with the share, and pasture their roughest slopes. Let the whole of this region, with the pine-clad belt of its high hill, be ceded to the Teucrians' friendship ; propound we just terms of treaty, and call them to share our realm. If so strong their desire, let them settle and build their city. But if they incline to win another country, another nation, and are free to quit our soil, let us build twice ten ships of Italian oak : or, if they can fill more, all the timber lies by the water-edge. Let their part be to prescribe the number and fashion of their vessels, our to accord the brass, and labouring hands, and docks. More, to convey our word and confirm the treaty, I would that a hundred Latin envoys, sprung from

our best blood, should go with hands proffering the bough of peace, carrying in gift talents of gold and ivory, and the chair and robe, ensigns of our sovereignty.—Give counsel for the good of all, and succour our fainting fortunes!'

Then Drances, bitter as ever, whom Turnus' renown goaded with the poignant stings of backbiting envy,—lavish of his wealth and ready of tongue, though his hand was cold to battle, deemed no mean counsellor in debate, and powerful in faction: his mother's high birth ennobled a lineage, which, on the father's side, he professed uncertain:—Drances arose, and piled the fuel of his words on their rising anger:

'Gracious king, the theme whereon thou takest our counsel is dark to no man, and needs no word of mine! All confess that they know whither the star of our people tends; but their timorous lips are mute! Let him give liberty of speech and abate his tempestuous pride, through whose disastrous leadership and sinister soul—for speak I will, though he menace me with arms and death!—so many a sun of battle is set, and we behold our city plunged in grief, while he, his trust in flight, assails the encampment of Troy and affrights the skies with his clashing steel. Add one gift more to that wealth of treasure thou bidst us send and promise to the Dardans,—but one, O best of kings!—nor let any man's violence avail to withhold thy paternal hand from yielding thy daughter to a noble consort, a worthy hymeneal, and confirming this peace by covenant eternal! But if such extremity of terror possess our minds and hearts, *him* let us entreat, and from *him* implore his gracious assent—that he would deign to give way and restore their just rights to king and country! Why fling thine unhappy countrymen so often into the jaws of peril, O fountain-head of Latium's ills? In war is no salvation: peace we all ask of thee, Turnus—peace

and the one inviolate sanction of peace! Lo, foremost of all, I, whom thou deemest thy foe,—and I reck not though I be!—come suppliant to thy feet. Pity thy kindred; resign thy pride; and, defeated, withdraw! Routed, we have seen enough of death, enough of desolation in our broad fields. Or, if Fame spurs thee, if such valiance musters in thy breast, if the dowry of a palace touches thee so nearly,—be bold and bear an unshrinking heart against the expectant foe! What! shall we, unvalued lives,—a crowd unburied and unwept!—fall bleeding upon the plains, that Turnus may wed a royal spouse? Do thou also bear thy burden, and—if any might be in thee—if thou hast aught of thy fathers' prowess—dare to look on the face of him who calls thee!'

At these words Turnus' vehemence flamed out; he groaned, and thus the deep-drawn accents broke upon his heart: 'Truly, Drances, thy large utterance is never stinted at the moment when battle calls for hands; and when the senate is summoned thou art first in the fray! But our conclave needs not to be filled with words—great though they be, as they fly securely from thy lips, while the mounded walls hold back the foe and the moats are not yet running blood. Then thunder glibly on—as glibly thou art wont to thunder—and let Drances' tongue impeach me of fear, since Drances' hand has piled those unnumbered heaps of Teucrian slain, and studded the frequent fields with the trophies of Drances' sword! What living valour may achieve thou mayest try if thou wilt. Nor, in truth, are enemies far to seek; to left and right they encircle our walls! March we to the encounter? Why lingerest? Will thy prowess reside for ever in thy braggart tongue and those recreant feet of thine?—*Defeated?* I? And who, foulest liar, may justly uphold me defeated, that shall see swollen Tiber

surging high with Ilian blood, and Evander's house and Evander's line fallen in one ruin, and his Arcadians stripped of their arms? Not so did Bitias and giant Pandarus experience me, nor those thousand men that in one day this victorious arm hurled to Hell, pent though I was within their walls and girt by hostile battlements. *In war is no salvation*, Madman, let thy presage fall on the Dardan's head, and on thine own fortunes! Go on: cease not to confound all by thy fears,—to extol the might of a twice-conquered people, and, in counterpoise, to slight the sword of Latinus! Now the Myrmidon princes quail before Phrygia's arms, and Aufidus' refluent flood flees from the Adriatic wave! Or when this artist in sin feigns terror for my feud, and edges his calumny with fear . .! Never shalt thou lose such a life as thine—nay, never blench—by this right hand: let it dwell with thee, and inhabit that familiar breast!—Now, sire, I return to thee and the grave theme of thy thought. If thou restest no farther hope on our swords—if our desolation is thus complete—if, our lines once broken, we are fallen for ever, and Fortune, once fled, can never return—let us sue for peace and outstretch our craven hands in entreaty! Yet, oh, did some spark of our old-time valour remain! Blest beyond others in his labours, and heroic of soul, would I esteem the man who—rather than brook that sight—fell dying and bit the earth once and for all! But if we still have means, if all our youth be not taken yet, if Italy still hold cities and peoples to aid us, if their glory has come to the Trojans through rivers of blood (for they, too, have their deaths, and the same tempest swept over all!)—why faint we ignobly upon the threshold? Why do tremors assail our limbs ere the trumpet has sung? Oft Time, and the fickle act of the capricious years, have changed man's lot for the better:

oft Fortune, in fitful visits, has made him her mock, then established him foursquare. There is no succour for us in the Aetolian and his Arpi: but in Messapus there is, in blest Tolumnius, and in those many captains whom the nations have sent; nor small shall be the glory, to attend the chosen of Latium and the Laurentine fields. And Camilla we have, of the glorious Volscian race, leading her mounted squadron and troops resplendent in brass. But if it is I alone whom the Teucrians demand for battle,—if such is your will, and I so impede the common good,—Victory has not used to flee with such utter loathing from these hands, that I should shun to adventure any deed with so fair a hope before me! High of heart I will front him, though he match the great Achilles and accoutre him in harness such as his, wrought by the hands of Vulcan. To you, and to the sire of my bride, have I devoted this life—I, Turnus, brave as the bravest of my fathers. *Aeneas calls on him alone.* And God send that so he may call! nor let Drances, in my stead, atone with his blood this wrath of Heaven,—if wrath of Heaven it be,—nor, if valour and glory be all, bear that palm away!'

Thus they, in mutual conflict, debated the dubious issue: Aeneas moved his embattled lines from the camp. Suddenly, amid dire confusion, a messenger came running through the royal halls and filled the city with wild alarms: the Teucrians, he cried, and the Tyrrhene host, were drawn in array of battle, and sweeping down from Tiber river over all the plain. Instant all minds were wildered; the heart of the people was shaken, and their anger roused by no gentle spur. With outstretched hands they clamoured for arms: for arms their youth cried, while the despairing fathers wept and muttered. And now, on all hands, a wild din rose to the heavens in motley notes of discord:—even as when bands

of birds light haply on some towering grove, or when, by Padusa's fish-haunted stream, the hoarse-throated swans give tongue amid the vocal pools. 'Ay, citizens,' cried Turnus, seizing the moment, 'convene your council and sit lauding peace, while they rush on our realm in arms!' Nor farther he said, but leapt up, and rushed, hot-footed, from the high halls. 'Thou, Volusus,' he cried, 'bid the Volscian squadrons arm; and lead out the Rutulians! Thou, Messapus, and, Coras, thou with thy brother, extend our horse under arms over the spreading plains! Let part strengthen the approaches of the town and man the towers: the rest of our host charge at my side, where my word shall point the way!'

Straight men ran to the battlements from all the city. Latinus himself, grey-headed king, abandoned his conclave and high designs, and, unmanned by that disastrous hour, deferred them to other season; and much he accused himself that he gave not unforced welcome to Dardan Aeneas, nor bestowed a bridegroom upon his child, a son upon his city! Others entrenched the gates, or brought up stakes and stones; and the raucous clarion sang the murderous note of war. Then mothers and boys—a motley coronal—encircled the walls; the last agony left none uncalled! Nor less, amid a matron retinue, the queen moved charioted to Pallas' temple and tower-capped hill, gifts in her hand, and at her side the maid Lavinia,—well-spring of all that woe,—her sweet eyes riveted on earth. Entering, the mothers darkened the shrine with smoking incense, and from the stately threshold poured the voice of lamentation: 'Queen of the sword, arbitress of war, Tritonian maid, break with thine hand the spear of the Phrygian pirate, hurl him prone to earth, and stretch him prostrate beneath our lofty portals!'

—For Turnus, he accoutred him with furious speed for the fray. And now he had donned his red-flashing corselet, and stood horrent in brazen scales, his ankles encased in gold, his brows yet bare, and the sword girded to his side. Glittering he ran, an aureate vision, from the citadel-height, with heart on fire, and in hope already assailed the foe :—even as, when some steed has burst his bonds and fled the stalls, free at length, and master of the open plain, either he races to the pastures and the banded mares, or, wont to bathe in the water of his familiar stream, flashes past and neighs, with head high-tossed in wanton joy, while the mane plays waving over neck and over shoulder !

Face to face Camilla met him, with the Volscian lines behind her, and, fast beneath the gates, leapt queenlike from her charger, while all the observant band quitted the saddle and vaulted to earth. Then she : ' Turnus, if the brave may justly rest any faith in themselves, I both dare and promise to front Aeneas' cavalry and ride alone to encounter the Tyrrhene horse. Grant me to brave the war's first perils with this hand : do thou, on foot, stay by the walls and guard the town ! ' To this Turnus, with eyes fixed on the dread maid : ' O virgin glory of Italy, what thanks shall I assay to speak or render? But now, since that soul of thine rises outtopping praise, share thou the toil with me ! Aeneas— thus fame and the scouts I have sent avouch—has dispatched, with felon thought, his light-armed horse in the van, to thunder athwart the plains, while he, scaling the mountain's desert steep, marches fast upon the town. For him I weave the toils of war in the deep forest-gorge, intent to beset the double pass with men and swords. Do thou, with advancing banners, encounter the Tyrrhene horse. With thee shall ride fierce Messapus, the squadrons of Latium. and Tiburtus'

bands: assume thou, too, a leader's charge!' He said, and with like words spurred Messapus and the allied captains to battle; then advanced to meet the foe.

There is a glen with sinuous curve, fit site for the deceits and wiles of war, confined on either hand by a wall obscure with serried foliage. Thither a narrow path leads, and a straitened gorge and ungenerous approach give access. Above, on the towerlike cliffs and the mountain's topmost crest, lies an unfrequented plain, a retreat sequestered and secure, whether thou wouldst front the battle to left or right, or stand hard upon the ridges and roll down the giant rocks. Hither the prince hastened along a familiar line of road, and, seizing the post of vantage, lay waiting in the traitorous woods.

Meantime, in the halls of Heaven, Latona's daughter addressed fleet Opis, one of her maiden sisterhood and sacred band, and opened her lips in these sad accents:

'Ah, maiden, Camilla is marching to the cruel war, and vainly she girds our arms upon her,—Camilla, whom I loved as none besides! For this is no new love that has come upon Diana, and stirred her heart with sweet thrill and sudden! When, driven from his realm through hatred of his tyrant power, Metabus turned from Privernum's immemorial town, he took with him his infant babe to share his exile, as he fled through the midmost battles of war, and, from her mother's name Casmilla, called her—with light change—Camilla. He, carrying her before him on his breast, sought the long mountain-ridges of solitary forest, while on every side pressed angry javelins, and hovering clouds of Volscian soldiery encircled him. And, lo, midway in his flight, Amasenus was foaming in flood over the summit of his banks: so fierce a rain had burst from the clouds. He, in act to

breast the stream, was checked by love for his babe and dread for that dear burden. And, as in spirit he pondered every course, suddenly his unwilling resolve was made! In his strong hand haply he bore a huge spear, in warrior mode, all solid with knotted and fire-tempered oak: to this he affixed his child, encased in bark of the forest cork, and bound her fairly to the centre of the shaft; then, poising it in his giant hand, thus cried to the heavens: "O gracious queen, dweller in the woods, Latonian maid, this babe a father's voice devotes to thy service! Thine is this earliest weapon she holds, flying—thy suppliant—through the air from the enemy's hand. Goddess, I adjure thee, receive for thine own this little child, whom now I commit to the uncertain breeze!" He said, and, with arm drawn back, launched the whirling lance: the waters shrieked, and over the racing river poor Camilla fled on the strident steel. But Metabus, now that a great band pressed closer upon him, sprang into the stream, and, the victory achieved, plucked spear and maid—his gift to Trivia—from out the green sward. Him no cities received to their hearths, nor to the shelter of their walls; nor would that fierce soul have brooked submission: on the shepherds' lorn hills he lived out his life! There amid brakes and tangled coverts, he nurtured his daughter at the breast of a herded mare on the wild sustenance of her milk, draining the teats into her tender lips. And, soon as she had begun to plant the footsteps of her baby feet, he armed her hands with trenchant javelin, and hung bow and shafts from her infant shoulder. In lieu of gold to bind her tresses, in lieu of the long mantling robe, the skin of a tiger slain drooped from her crown and down her back. Even then she flung her childish spears from that tender hand, whirled the smooth-thonged sling round her head, and struck

down the crane of Strymon or the snowy swan. In the Tyrrhene towns full many a mother has sought her for her son in vain : content with Diana alone, unsullied she cherishes the undying love of arms and maidenhood ! I would she had not been swept away in this tide of war, nor striven to smite the Teucrians : so had she now been dear to me, and one of my sister-train ! But since the pangs of doom are hard upon her, go, Nymph of mine, glide from the empyrean, and repair to the Latin borders, where, under boding star, they join the disastrous fray. Take these, and draw from my quiver the avenging shaft : by it let the foe—Trojan or Italian alike—whose wound shall violate that consecrated flesh, pay me blood for blood ! Then, in sheltering cloud, I will bear her piteous clay and her unspoiled arms to sepulture and lay her again in her native earth.' She said, and Opis shot hurtling down through the light airs of heaven, the black whirlwind shrouding her form.

But meantime the Trojan powers neared the walls, with the Etruscan captains and all their mounted array marshalled into squadrons according to their tale of men. Over all the plain neighed prancing horses, veering hither and thither as they fought against the tight-drawn rein : the iron field bristled far and wide with spears, and the champaign blazed with lifted arms. Nor less, in counter-menace, Messapus and the fleet Latians, and Coras with his brother, and maid Camilla's squadron, rose into view upon the plain in adverse lines, with vibrant javelins and spears far-extended from backdrawn hands : and the marching of men and the neighing of steeds grew hot and furious. And now either advancing host had halted within the cast of a spear : with sudden cry they dashed forth, spurring their frantic chargers ; like snowflakes the frequent javelins showered from all hands, and the

heavens were veiled in shade. Instant Tyrrhenus and fierce Aconteus charged with utmost effort of levelled spears, and closed in the first great thunderous crash, so that the chest of either horse broke and shattered on opposing chest. Like bolted thunder or ponderous mass hurled from some engine of war, Aconteus was flung precipitate far away, and scattered his life to the winds.

Straight confusion seized the embattled lines ; the Latins broke, and, throwing their shields behind them, galloped to the city walls. The Trojans gave chase, Asilas leading the vanward bands. And now they approached the gates, when the Latins raised their battle-cry again, and turned their coursers' facile necks, while the pursuers fled, and retreated far as they might, with slackened rein. As when ocean, advancing with alternate flood, now dashes to earth, flings its wave high over the rocks in foam, and drenches the extreme sands with its crested surge ; now flees racing back, drawing the spinning stones in its reabsorbent tide, and with ebbing waters quits the strand :—even so the Tuscans twice drove the routed Rutules to their city ; twice, repelled, glanced back and slung their protecting shields behind them ! But when, closing for the third encounter, their whole hosts stood interlocked and man marked man, then in truth rose the moans of the dying, and arms, and bodies, and stricken horses mingled with butchered riders, weltered in deep pools of blood ; and the bitter fray surged high. Orsilochus flung his lance at Remulus' steed—its lord he quailed to face !—and left the steel lodged beneath the ear. At the blow the charger reared frantic, and, under the intolerable wound, lifted his chest and flung his feet high : Remulus, unseated, rolled on earth. Catillus brought low Iollas, and Herminius, giant in courage, giant in body and arms :—bare that head

with the yellow hair, bare those shoulders (wounds had no terrors !), and bare the great frame that challenged the steel ! Through his ample shoulders the driven spear came quivering, and, piercing through, bent him double with agony. Everywhere the red blood flowed ; conflicting swords dealt slaughter, and men sought a glorious death by wounds !

But amid the thickest carnage, fierce as the Amazon, raged Camilla, the quiver at her back and one breast bared for the fray ; and now the tough javelins rained from her hand, now, with unwearied arm, she snatched a mighty twy-bill ; while from her shoulder rang the bow—Diana's armament. Nay, were she ever driven back in retreat, she turned her bow, and, fugitive, yet sped her shafts ! Around stood her chosen friends, maiden Larina, and Tulla, and Tarpeia shaking her brazen axe—Italians all, whom high-souled Camilla herself chose, to add lustre to her glory, true servants in peace and war. Such the Amazons of Thrace, when they spurn Thermodon's icy stream and war in painted arms, or round Hippolyte or when grim Penthesilea returns in her car ; and, amid wild tumultuous shrieks, the women-warriors rave exultant with crescent-shields !

Whom first, whom last, dread maid, did thy steel lay low ? How many a bleeding frame didst thou stretch dying on earth ? First Euneus, Clytius' son ; for, as he fronted her, she gored his unharnessed breast with the long spear of pine ! Vomiting streams of blood he fell, bit the ensanguined earth, and, dying, writhed upon his wound. Then Liris, and Pagasus above him. Headlong and side by side they fell, —the one, while, flung from his stabbed horse, he gathered up the reins ; the other, while he came to the rescue and stretched a weaponless hand to his falling friend. Amastrus, Hippotas' son, she sent to crown the tale ; then, pressing on

the rout, overtook with distant spear both Tereus and Harpalycus, Demophoon and Chromis; while, for every hurtling dart sped from her maiden hand, a warrior of Phrygia bled. At distance Ornytus, mighty hunter, rode, strangely dight, on Apulian steed: the hide stripped from a bullock draped his broad shoulders in the fray, a wolf's wide-grinning jaws and white fangs decked his head, and a rustic pike armed his hand; himself he moved in the midmost throng, a full head taller than all. Him she caught,—a light task, when the column fled,—pierced him, and thus, with fierce heart, taunted the fallen: 'Tuscan, and didst thou dream thou wert chasing wild-beasts in thy forests? The day is come that shall refute Etruria's vaunts by a woman's sword. Yet shalt thou carry no slight renown to the shades of thy fathers—that thou didst fall under Camilla's steel!'

Followed Orsilochus and Butes, two Teucrians of giant mould! But Butes she transfixed from the rear, between corselet and helm, where his neck gleamed white as he sat in the saddle, and the shield hung on his left arm. Orsilochus she fled, and, wheeling in wide orbit, baffled him, took the inner circle, and pursued the pursuer; then, rising to greater height, drove her strong axe with reiterate blow through armour and through bone, though he pleaded mercy with many a prayer: and the warm brain gushed down his face from the wound! Now crossed her path—and paused in terror at the sudden vision!—the warrior son of Aunus of the Apennine, not meanest in Liguria, while Fate allowed him to deceive! He, when he saw that by no speed of foot could he escape the conflict, nor turn aside the pursuant queen, assayed to spin his toils by policy and craft, and so began: 'What unwonted chivalry is thine, if—woman though thou art—thou trustest in thy gallant horse? Resign that means of

flight; dare to front me hand to hand on the impartial earth, and gird thee for battle on foot: full soon shalt thou know on whom the penalty of vain-glory shall fall!' He said; but she, flaming infuriate with fierce resentment, passed her horse to a comrade, and stood facing him in equal arms, unterrified and on foot, with naked sword and maiden shield. But the youth, deeming his wiles had conquered, fled on the instant and galloped fugitive away, with rein reversed, and iron heel goring his fleet charger. 'False Ligurian, vainly elated with misproud heart, bootlessly has thy trickster brain had recourse to thy native arts; nor shall thy fraud convey thee unscathed to lying Aunus!' Thus the maiden, and with fire-swift feet ran crossing the horse; then, seizing the bridle, met him face to face, and exacted vengeance from her enemy's blood:—lightly as the falcon, bird of prophecy, stoops from a towering cliff, and overtakes on the wing some dove, high-soaring amid the clouds, then holds her in the clutch and tears out her heart with crooked talons, while blood and rent plumage come falling from the sky.

But not with unseeing eye the Sire of gods and men sat viewing the scene, high-throned on Olympus' summit: he roused Tyrrhenian Tarchon to the fierce fray, and woke his ire by no gentle stings! Therefore, amid the carnage and wavering columns, Tarchon spurred, and goaded his ranks with manifold rebuke, calling each warrior by his name and rallying the routed to battle:

'O hearts that will never feel—men that are ever sluggards! —Etruscans, what panic, what utter cowardice has come upon your souls? A woman drives you in disarray, and breaks these ranks! To what end bear we the steel? or why these futile blades in our right hands? But no laggards ye in

love's midnight fray, nor when the curved pipe has proclaimed the Bacchic rout! Look to the feast and the cups on the laden board (this your passion, this your delight!), till the seer's auspicious voice announce the sacrifice and the fat victim call you to the deep groves!' So saying, he spurred his charger into the throng, ready himself to bleed, and dashed storm-like upon Venulus, gripped the foe with his right, tore him from his steed, and bore him off before his saddle bow with fiery speed and giant strength! A shout went up to heaven, and all the Latins turned their eyes. Like fire Tarchon flew over the plain, the arms and the man within his grasp; then broke the steel from the head of his enemy's lance, and searched the unguarded flesh where he might implant the fatal stroke: he, in counter-struggle, held the hand from off his throat, and foiled force by strength. And as when a tawny eagle, high-soaring, flies with a captured serpent, and her feet bind it fast, and her talons cling firm-fixed; but the wounded snake rolls his sinuous coils, horrent with erected scales, and hisses from his mouth, rising and towering; she, undismayed, presses her reluctant foe with crooked beak, while her pinions beat the air:—even so Tarchon bore his prey in triumph from out the Tiburtian line! Fired by their captain's example and success, the sons of Lydia charged. Then Arruns, the claimed of Fate, circled in the van of fleet Camilla with javelin and deep-pondered guile, and explored how occasion might most lightly be won. Wherever the infuriate maid rode amid the ranks, there Arruns crept up, and silently tracked her steps: wherever she returned in triumph and withdrew from out the foe, there stealthily he bent his rapid reins. Now this approach he assayed, now that, traversed the whole circuit on every hand, and, remorseless, shook his destined spear.

It chanced that Chloreus—priest, once, and holy, on Cybelus' peaks—glittered, far-resplendent in Phrygian arms, and spurred his foaming charger, which a gold-clasped skin covered with feathery brazen scales. Himself he shone in foreign purple of darkened hue, and from Lycian horn sped his Cretan shafts: a golden bow was on his shoulders, a golden helm on his sacred head: his saffron scarf and its rustling folds of linen were gathered into a knot by yellow gold; and his tunic and barbaric hose were broidered by the needle. Him,—whether in hope to affix his Trojan arms to her temple-gates, or to follow the chase, dight in his captive gold,—the maiden, with unforeseeing heart, pursued alone out of all the conflicting war, and swept, reckless, throughout the ranks, flaming with a woman's passion for prey and spoils: when, the moment gained at last, Arruns sped his lance from the ambush, and thus prayed aloud to Heaven: 'Apollo, highest of gods, guardian of holy Soracte,—in whose worship we are first, in whose honour the blazing heap of pine is fed, while we, thy votaries, walk faith-supported through the fire amid many a living ember!—grant, Sire omnipotent, that my steel may cancel this our shame! I seek no prize of war, no trophy from the defeated maid, nor any spoils: exploits to come shall bring me fame. Let but this dire scourge fall vanquished beneath my stroke, and inglorious I will return to the cities of my fathers!'

Phoebus heard, and in thought vouchsafed that half his vow should prosper: half he scattered to the fleet winds. That he should overthrow Camilla and strike her down in sudden death, he yielded to his prayer: that his high motherland should view his return, he granted not; and the storm merged his accents in the southern gales. Thus, when, sped from his hand, the lance hurtled through the air, each eager

Volscian mind, each eye, was turned upon the queen. She alone heeded neither air, nor sound, nor weapon descending from the skies, till the spear winged its way, and, fixed beneath the bare breast, drank, deep-driven, her maiden blood. In wildered haste her companions ran and lifted their falling queen. More terrified than all, Arruns fled, fear mingling with his joy; and no more he dared to trust his lance, nor to front the maiden's arms. And as the felon wolf—when he has slain a shepherd or great steer—ere the hostile steel takes up the pursuit, plunges incontinent into the shelter of the high hills, afar from the ways of men, and knows the boldness of his deed, and, drooping his craven tail, whips it beneath his belly, and races to the woods:—even so Arruns rushed, unmanned, from the view, and, contented to escape, was lost amid the weaponed throng! She, with dying hand, strained at the spear: but, lodged by her ribs, the pointed steel stood between the bones, deep within the wound. Bloodless she sank; her eyes sank, chill in death; and the once radiant hue deserted her cheeks. Then, as her life ebbed, she turned to Acca, one of her maiden company and loyal above the rest, sole participant in Camilla's cares, then so spoke: 'Thus far, sister Acca, have I availed: now the cruel wound undoes me, and all grows dim and dark around. Hie thee hence, and bear my latest message to Turnus: let him replace me in the fray and ward the Trojans from the town. And now, fare thee well!' And, with these words, she dropped the reins, and sank perforce to earth. Then, as she grew chill in death, little by little she freed herself from all the burden of her clay, drooping her languid neck and that head which Fate had touched: the steel fell from her grasp, and, moaning, the indignant life fled beneath the gloom!—Then, in truth, an infinite clamour

rose striking the golden stars: on Camilla's fall the fray waxed hotter, and in serried battalions there charged at once the full Teucrian powers, and the Tyrrhene captains, and Evander's Arcadian horse.

But Opis, Trivia's sentinel, had long sat high-throned on the mountain-crests, and, unterrified, surveyed the battle. And when from far she discerned Camilla, thus ruthlessly done to death amid the din of raging combatants, she sighed and so spoke from the depths of her heart: 'Alas, poor girl! too, too cruel the penalty thou hast paid for assaying to attack the Teucrians with the sword! And naught has it availed thee, in thy day of desolation, to have served Dian in the woods and borne our quiver upon thy shoulder! Yet not, in this last hour of death, has thy queen left thee unhonoured; nor shall thy doom be unsung on earth, nor thyself brook the fame of the unavenged. For be he who it may, whose wound has profaned thy flesh,—his guilty blood shall pay the forfeit!' Under the mountain-height stood a vast tomb of mounded earth, embosomed in shadowing oaks, where Dercennus slept, Laurentum's whilom king. Here first, on rapid pinion, the goddess alighted, all beautiful, and gazed from the hillock's summit in quest of Arruns. Then, as she beheld him refulgent in arms and puffed with vanity: 'Why,' she cried, 'wilt thou stray so far? Turn thy step hither—come hither to thy doom, and receive the overdue reward for Camilla slain! Shall even such as thou bleed by Dian's shafts?'—Thus she of Thrace, and drew the fleet arrow from her golden quiver, stretched the bow with grim intent, and drew it afar, till the curving ends met each with other, and at length, with levelled hands, she touched the pointed steel with her left, her breast with her right and the string. Straight, at one and the selfsame moment, Arruns

heard the whistling of the dart and the rustling of the air, and the iron lodged in his breast. Him, gasping and moaning his last, his oblivious comrades left on the unknown dust of the plain, while Opis winged her departure to Olympus the skies!

First, their mistress reft, fled Camilla's light-accoutred horse: the Rutulians fled in rout, bold Atinas fled, and scattered captains and devastated troops sought safety, and turning their chargers, raced to the walls. Not a man availed to sustain in arms the death-dealing onslaught of Troy or to abide the brunt, but, on languid shoulders, retreating they bore their slackened bows, and galloping hooves of four-footed steeds shook the crumbling champaign. Dust rolled to the ramparts in black and turbulent clouds, and, from their watch-towers, matrons with beaten breasts uplifted the cry of women to the stars of the firmament. On those, who, at full speed, first broke through the opening gates, followed multitudinous foes, mingling with their ranks: nor might they escape a piteous death; but, on verge of the threshold, within their ancestral walls, and amid the shelter of their homes, they were pierced, and sobbed away their lives. Part closed the gates, nor dared to open to their comrades, nor to receive the suppliants within the town: and a woeful carnage arose, of them that guarded the entry in arms, and them that dashed upon their arms! Shut out before eye and visage of their weeping parents, part rolled headlong into the moats before the pursuant ruin: part, with frantic rein, charged blindly against the gates and the firm-barred doorways. Even the matrons on the walls, in hot rivalry—true love of country their guide, Camilla before their eyes!—hurled down spears from eager hands, and, in fiery haste, did the work of the steel with poles of stubborn

oak and seared stakes, and burned to be first to die for their city!

Meantime the bitter tidings filled Turnus' ear in the woods, and Acca brought to the prince her tale of giant turmoil:—the Volscian lines destroyed, Camilla fallen, the enemy pressing his assault, sweeping all before him in victorious war, and panic already driving to the walls. He, infuriate—and thus the stern will of Jove required!—abandoned the ambuscaded hills and quitted the rough woods. Scarce had he passed from view and issued upon the plain, when father Aeneas entered the unwatched defile, surmounted the ridge, and marched out from the shadowy forest. Thus both at speed hastened with their full powers to the ramparts, not long the distance between: and at one moment Aeneas descried afar the dust-smoking plains, and saw the Laurentine hosts, and Turnus was ware of dread Aeneas in arms, and heard the coming of their feet and the snorting of their steeds. And in that hour they had begun the fray and tried the issue of battle, had not roseate Phoebus begun to lave his weary coursers in the Iberian flood, and to restore the night in place of the waning day.—Thus they encamped before the town, and fortified their ramparts.

XII

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins broken and fainting in War's adversity, saw his promise now claimed, and himself the cynosure of all eyes, he burned with heart yet more implacable, and his pride surged yet higher. As, in Punic fields, the lion, whose breast the hunters have stricken with heavy wound, rallies at last to battle, and, exultant, bids the hirsute muscles start from his neck, snaps unterrified the

brigand's implanted spear, and roars from lips incarnadined : —even so, as Turnus kindled, his vehemence grew ! Then thus he bespoke the king, and, storm-like, began : 'In Turnus lies no impediment ! it needs not that craven Troy should retract her word and renounce her pact : I go to the encounter ! Bring the vessels, sire, and solemnize the terms of truce. Either with this arm I will hurl the Dardan renegade from Asia down to hell—let Latium sit by and watch !—and with unaided sword cancel our nation's shame, or let him rule where he has conquered, and Lavinia's hand be his ! '

To whom Latinus, with soul unruffled : 'Great-hearted prince, the higher thy fierce courage towers, the more heedfully it befits that I should counsel and anxiously balance every chance ! Thou hast the realms of Daunus thy sire, thou hast many a town that thy hand has captured, and Latinus has gold and a generous heart. There are unwed maidens else in Latium and our Laurentine fields, and they of no unhonoured line. Grant me—the mask removed—to make this ungentle saying plain ; and take this to thy thought no less : Without sin I might not ally my child to any of her old-time wooers—so sang the inspired voice of both gods and men ! Conquered by my love for thee, conquered by our kindred blood, and the tears of my mourning queen, I severed all bonds, snatched the betrothed from her bridegroom, and drew the unrighteous sword ! From that day, Turnus, thou seest what perils, what wars, pursue me—what calamities thyself art first to suffer. Twice vanquished in the stricken field, hardly we protect the hopes of Italy behind our battlements : the streams of Tiber are yet warm with our blood, and the far-spread plains yet white with our bones. Why do I drift with every wind ? What madness works on my brain ?

If, with Turnus dead, I stand prepared to welcome their alliance, why do I not annul the conflict while Turnus lives? What shall our Rutulian kin, what the rest of Italy, say, if (Fortune refute my word!) I betray thee to death, while thou suest for my daughter and our espousals? Bethink thee of war's inconstancy: pity thy white-haired father, who now sits sorrowing in his native Ardea, far-estranged from thee!'

But not all his words could assuage Turnus' passion: it swelled yet higher, and the leech's touch lent fury to the fever! Soon as he found voice, he thus began: 'The care, gracious sire, which thou bearest for me, for me—I entreat thee—resign, and suffer me to purchase honour, though it be at the price of death. We, too, my king, scatter spears and no weakling steel from our right hand; and blood flows when our sword, too, has smitten! No goddess-mother will be at his side to enshroud in mist her fugitive son with woman's wile, and conceal herself in traitorous shadows!'

But the queen, dismayed by the new terms of conflict, wept, and clung to her fiery son, resolved to die: 'Turnus, by these my tears, by any reverence for Amata that yet may touch thy soul—thou art now our only hope, the solace of my joyless years—the honour and sovereignty of Latinus are in thy hands, and on thy shoulders rests all the incumbent weight of our sinking house,—one guerdon I entreat: forbear to join encounter with Troy! Whatever hazards await thee in this thy conflict, await me also, Turnus: with thee I will quit this hated day, nor look—a captive queen—on Aeneas wedded to my child!' With burning cheeks bathed in tears, Lavinia heard her mother's voice; deep blushes kindled their fires, and mantled in her glowing face. As when the artist has stained ivory of Ind with sanguine purple, or white lilies are red with many an intermingled rose—such the hues that

her maiden countenance revealed! He, lost in love's turmoil, fixed his gaze upon her, then, fired yet more for the fray, shortly addressed Amata: 'Mother mine, give me not tears, I pray thee, nor thus sad omens, to attend me as I march to the strife of relentless war: for Turnus is not free to delay his doom. Idmon, be thou my herald, and bear to the Phrygian tyrant this message that shall like him not: So soon as the morrow's Dawn shall ride blushing through the skies above her encrimsoned wheels, let him forbear to urge the Teucrians against the Rutules: Rutulia and Troy—let their swords have peace; with our own blood let us decide the war, and Lavinia be wooed and won in yonder lists!

So said, he rushed within the palace; then called for his steeds, and with quickening joy surveyed them, as they neighed before his face—those steeds that Orithyia herself gave in guerdon to Pilumnus, to outshine the snows and outstrip the winds. Around stood the eager charioteers, caressing their breasts with hollowed palms and combing their flowing manes. Next he threw upon his shoulders the hauberk rugged in golden scales and pallid orichalc, and, with the act, adjusted his blade and buckler and the horns of his ruddy crest:—that blade the celestial Lord of Fire had himself wrought for his father Daunus and dipped glowing in the Stygian wave. Then—where, leaning on a giant column, it stood in his central halls—he seized with strong hand his mighty spear, the spoil of Auruncan Actor, and shook it quivering, while he cried: 'O thou, my lance, never false to my call, now—now—is the hour come! Once greatest Actor bore thee, as now the hand of Turnus bears: grant that I may smite down the body of the Phrygian—the woman-man!—that I may tear his corslet and rend it away in this strong hand, and defile in dust his love-locks, curled by the

warm iron and dank with myrrh!' Such the frenzy that spurred him on: sparks flashed from all his blazing visage, and flame shot from his angry eyes:—even as a bull, ere the fray begins, raises dread bellowings, and, dashing against some forest-bole, instructs his horn to anger, while his blows defy the gales, or with scattered sand he marks the prelude of battle!

Nor less, meantime, Aeneas, grim in the arms his mother gave, edged his valour and roused himself with the whips of anger, rejoicing that offer of truce abridged the war; then solaced his comrades and the fears of mourning Iulus, expounded the decrees of Fate, and bade an embassage convey his settled answer to king Latinus, and announce the terms of peace.

The risen morn was scarce sprinkling the mountain-peaks with light, what time the coursers of the Sun first rise from the unfathomed flood, and breathe the day from uplifted nostrils, when already Teucrians and Rutulians were preparing the measured plain for conflict beneath the stately city's walls, with hearths in the midst, and turf-clad altars to their common deities. Others were bringing water from the fount and fire, draped in the ritual apron, and with brows wreathed in vervain. Forth marched Ausonia's array, and bands of pikemen came streaming through the crowded gates. From other quarter rushed all the Teucrian and Tyrrhene host, accoutred in steel, as though War's stern encounter called them. Nor less, amid their thousands, the captains glanced here and there in the splendour of gold and purple: Mnestheus of Assaracus' line, gallant Asilas, and Messapus, the tamer of steeds, the Neptune-born. So soon as, at given signal, each had retired to his own ground, they planted their spears in earth and reclined their shields against them. Matrons,

eager and uncontained, the old and feeble, and the unweaponed vulgar, took their posts on tower and roof, while yet others stood by the frowning gates.

But Juno, gazing forth from the summit of that eminence which is now styled *Alban*,—then a hill unnamed, unhonoured and inglorious,—viewed the plain, and the twin hosts of Laurentum and Troy, and Latinus' town. Instant, goddess to goddess, she spoke to Turnus' sister, mistress of lakes and sounding rivers—such honour Jove, throned in the empyrean, made consecrate to her, in recompense for her reft maidenhood: 'Nymph, glory of the stream, best-beloved of our heart, thou knowest how I have preferred thee alone before all that ever ascended to the ingrate couch of high-souled Jove, and how full willingly I have yielded thee a place in Heaven: learn, Juturna, what sorrow is thine —nor censure me! Where Fortune seemed to permit, and the Three allowed the star of Latium to prosper, I have shielded Turnus and thy city: now I behold the prince ranged against a destiny that is greater than his; and the hour of fate and the enemy's stroke draw nigh. This battle, this truce, mine eyes cannot brook. Do thou, if thou darest aught of avail for thy brother's sake, proceed: it is thy part. Perchance a kindlier lot may yet attend the unhappy! Scarce had she said, when the tears gushed from Juturna's eyes, and thrice and four times she smote on her fair breast. 'This is no season for tears,' cried Saturn's daughter; 'hasten, and—if any mode be found—snatch thy brother from death; or wake the battle again, and strike the compacted league from their grasp. It is I that warrant thee to dare!' Thus having counselled, she left her wavering and stricken in soul by the cruel wound.

Meantime the kings came forth:—Latinus' ample frame

drawn in four-horse car, his brows resplendent in a diadem of twice six golden rays, emblem of his ancestral sun; while Turnus rode behind a snowy pair, waving in his hand two spears pointed with broad steel. On the other hand came father Aeneas, source of the Roman line, flaming in starry shield and celestial arms, and at his side Ascanius, second hope of queenly Rome, moving from the camp; while the white-stoled priest had brought the young of a bristled boar with an unshorn ewe of two summers, and set his flock by the burning altars. With gaze turned to the orient sun, they sprinkled the salted corn from their hand, marked the foreheads of the cattle with the knife, and from goblets poured libation on the altar-stones.

Then, with drawn brand, good Aeneas preferred his prayer: 'Now be the Sun witness to my call, and this Earth, for whose sake I have availed to support such weight of woe, and the almighty Sire, and thou his consort, Saturnian queen (now—my prayer is—now at last of kindlier soul!); and thou, famed Mavors, who governest all battles under thy lordly sway; and the Fountains and Rivers I invoke, and the deity of the high Empyrean, and the powers that tenant the azure sea:—if chance will that victory shall fall to Ausonian Turnus, we assent that the vanquished shall retire to Evander's city; Iulus shall quit your soil, not ever in days to come shall the people of Aeneas return in rebellious arms, or assail this realm with the sword. But if Victory shall make the field our own—as I rather deem, and as I pray the heavenly will may rather confirm!—I shall not bid Italy stoop beneath the Teucrian sway, nor seek I the crown for my head: under equal law let each unconquered nation enter on everlasting league! I will prescribe but the gods and their worship: my father Latinus shall bear the sword, and bear his wonted

sceptre. For me, the Trojans shall raise my city-walls, and Lavinia lend her name to the town!'

Thus first Aeneas: and thus Latinus followed in order, with eyes uplifted to heaven, and hand outstretched to the stars: 'By the same powers I swear, Aeneas—by Earth, and Sea, and Stars, and Leto's twin progeny, by Janus of the double face, by the might of the nether gods, and the shrines of cruel Dis: may the Father hear my words, whose bolted thunder sanctions treaty! I touch the altars, I attest the flames and sacred powers betwixt me and thee: on the part of Italy no lapse of time shall break this peace and this league, let the issue fall as it may; nor shall any violence bow my will, not though, in universal deluge, it spill earth into ocean and blend heaven with hell,—even as this sceptre' (for a sceptre by chance his right hand bore) 'shall never again be dressed in light foliage and put forth branch and shade, since once in the forest it was hewn from the nether stem, and, motherless, resigned its verdant sprays beneath the steel—once a tree: now the workman's hand has sheathed it in fair bronze and given it to the Latin sires to bear!' With such interchange of pledges they confirmed the treaty, full in view of the princes: then slew the doomed creatures above the flame, tore out the entrails while they still breathed, and piled the altars with laden trenchers.

But to the Rutulians the battle had long seemed unequal, and their breasts throbbed with conflicting impulse: and now all the more, when they beheld the combatants at closer view. Their mood was quickened by Turnus, as he advanced with quiet step and humbly adored the altar with downcast eye,—quickened by his wasted cheeks, and the pallor of his youthful frame! Soon as his sister Juturna marked that these whispers spread and the hearts of the multitude were

wavering and hesitant, into the midmost ranks, in feigned semblance of Camers—great his ancestral house, lustrous the renown of his father's worth, and dauntless himself in arms! —into the midmost ranks she flung herself, with no dubious intent, sowed a motley harvest of rumour, and so cried: Think ye not shame, Rutulians, to hazard a single life for thus many and thus brave? In numbers—or in might?—are we less than their peers? Behold, all Troy is here with Arcady, and Etruria's fated powers, bent upon Turnus' doom. If but the half of us charge, scarce may each man find a foe! He, indeed, shall ascend on the wings of fame to that Heaven for whose altars he vows himself to the death, and shall live and move on the lips of men: we, our country lost, shall obey perforce our haughty lords—we, who on this day sat listless upon the field!'

More and yet more her words incensed the warriors' resolve, and a murmur crept along their lines. Even the Laurentines, even the Latians, felt that change; and they who of late hoped only repose from battle and safety for their fortunes, now yearned for the sword, prayed that the league might be annulled, and pitied Turnus' unjust fate! To these Juturna added another, and more potent, spur: in the heights of heaven she gave a sign, than which none more powerful blinded their Italian hearts with lying miracle. For, winging the crimson sky, Jove's golden-hued bird was chasing the fowls of the strand and the noisy rout of their plumed array, when, suddenly stooping to the waves, he bore off in felon claws a swan, passing fair. The Italians stood alert, and—wondrous to see!—all the birds turned clamorously from flight, their pinions obscuring heaven, and in massed cloud pursued their foe through the air, till, overborne by their assault and overweighted by his prey, he

yielded the struggle, flung the victim from his eagle-talons into the stream, and fled far within the clouds!

Then, in truth, the Rutulians hailed the omen with acclaim, and threw up their hands. And first Tolumnius, the augur: 'This it was, this,' he cried, 'that my vows so often have sought! I receive the sign, and acknowledge the hand of Heaven. With me—even me—at your head, grip the steel, oh hapless people, whom yon rapacious alien affrights with his battle like weakling birds, and by the strong hand harries your coasts. He, too, will take to flight and spread his sails far out to the deep. Do ye, with single soul, close your squadrons, and defend with the sword your ravished king!' He said, and, running forward, cast his spear against the confronting foe: the strident cornel sped hurtling on, and cleft the air in no dubious course. Instant upon the deed followed a wild clamour, and all their ranks were disarrayed, and the tumult fired their hearts. The spear flew on, where it chanced that nine brothers of goodly frame stood opposite —those nine, whom one faithful Tuscan wife had borne to Arcadian Gylippus. On one of these—a comely youth in shining arm—it lit, hard by the waist, where the sewn belt chafes upon the belly and the clasp bites the juncture of either side. Through his ribs it drove, and flung him prone on the yellow sand! But his brethren—a gallant band, and kindled by grief—drew their blades or snatched at the missile steel, and rushed blindly on. In counter-charge ran the Laurentine columns; while, in adverse tide, streamed Trojans, and men from Agylla's town, and Arcadians with painted shields. Thus fierce the one passion in every breast—to decide the issue by the sword! Incontinent they stripped the altars; the storm of weapons passed glooming over all the sky, and the iron rain fell fast. Altar-fires and wine-

bowls were swept away; and Latinus himself fled, bearing back his defeated gods from the barren league. Others reined their cars, or flung themselves at a bound upon their steeds, and made in with unsheathed brands.

Messapus, aflame to break the truce, spurred with threatening mien full against Tuscan Aulestes, a king and wearing the ensign of a king: he, in precipitate retreat, stumbled—luckless wight!—amid the altars that stood in his path behind, and fell upon head and shoulders. Lance in hand, Messapus flew up like fire, and, towering on his charger, smote heavily down with the beaming spear, as he pleaded and pleaded again; then cried: 'The blow has sped: the high gods have gained a better victim! The Italians ran swarming round, and stripped his warm limbs.—As Ebysus came, in act to wound, Corynaeus fronted him, snatched a smouldering brand from the altar, and dashed the flames in his face: the great beard caught the blaze, and a stench of burning arose. Then, pursuing his blow, he grasped the hair of the bewildered foe in his left, bent him to earth by the pressure of his knee, and so struck him in the side with stark blade. Podalirius, in chase of shepherd Alsus, as he rushed through a rain of darts in the van, was hard upon him with imminent, naked steel; when he, swinging back his axe, sundered brow and chin full in front, and bathed the armour in broad streams of gushing blood. Ungentle rest and iron sleep sank heavily on his eyes, and his lids closed to eternal night.

But good Aeneas stood with weaponless hand outstretched and head unhelmed, calling loudly on his host: 'Whither will ye rush? What means this swelling tide of discord? Oh, bridle your ire! Truce is already sealed, and all its terms fixed: the right of combat is mine alone. Give me

way, and resign your terrors; this hand shall confirm the league; these rites even now make Turnus mine!' While yet he spoke, while the accents were still on his lips, lo, an arrow came flying to him on strident wing—by what hand driven, in what blast sped, none knows, nor who (whether chance or deity!) conferred that glory on Rutulia: the lustre of that high deed is dark, and no man made his vaunt in the wounding of Aeneas!

When Turnus descried Aeneas withdrawing from the lines, and the captains in confusion, he burned with sudden hope and ardent, called for his steeds and called for his arms, leapt agile and triumphant into the car, and set his hand to the reins. Many a stout warrior-frame he consigned to doom or his flying course, many a man he left rolling in the throes of death, crushing their ranks beneath his wheels, or flinging their captured spears on the fugitive rout. Even as, when he whirls along the stream of icy Hebrus, red Mavors thunders on his shield and gives rein to his frantic steeds, waking War: they, on the open plain, fly before the South-wind and the Zephyr, while farthest Thrace moans under the trampling of their feet, and around him whirl the faces of black Fear, and Anger, and Treachery, attendant on the god:—such was Turnus, as eagerly through the mid fray he urged his smoking coursers, spurning—woeful sight—the hostile slain, while the racing hooves scattered bloody dews, and trampled on gore and commingled sand! And now he had delivered Sthenelus to death, and Thamyrus and Pholus, that and this in close encounter, the first from far; and from far the two Imbrasidae, Glaucus and Lades, whom Imbrasus himself had nurtured in Lycia and equipped in equal arms, whether to join battle hand against hand, or, mounted, to outstrip the winds.

Elsewhere Eumedes rushed into the midmost battle, Eumedes, the war-famed scion of ancient Dolon,—in name his grandsire come again, in heart and hand his sire of old, who dared to claim the chariot of Peleus' son for his guerdon, did he approach the Danaan camp as spy : but with far other guerdon the seed of Tydeus requited his emprize, and now his hope aspires no more to Achilles' steeds ! Him when Turnus descried from far on the open plain, first hurling his fleet javelin in pursuit through the void expanse, he stayed his twin coursers, leapt down from the car, and descended on the fallen, dying man ; then, with foot planted on his neck, wrenched the blade from his right, dyed its lustrous edge deep in his throat, and with such taunt crowned his blow : ' Lie, Trojan !—lie and measure those fields and that Hesperia which thou soughtest in war : such the meed that falls to them who dare to tempt me with the sword ; thus do they found their city-walls.' With flung spear he sent Asbytes to join him in death, and Chloreus, and Sybaris, and Dares, and Thersilochus, and Thymoetes, flung over the neck of his stumbling horse. And as the blast of the Edonian North sounds on the deep Aegean, chasing the rollers to the beach, and the clouds flee through heaven before the incumbent gales : so, where Turnus cleft his path, the columns yielded and the battled lines turned to flight : the impulse bore him on, and the breeze that met the car shook his streaming plume. Phegeus brooked not his onset, nor the fury of his pride : he flung himself before the chariot and with his right hand swung aside the jaws of the careering steeds, as they foamed upon the bit. While he was dragged pendent from the yoke, the broad lance found his unguarded frame, pierced, implanted, the double corselet, and grazed the surface of his flesh with slight wound. Yet he, with opposing buckler,

turned and made upon his foe, seeking succour from the naked blade; when the wheel and the axle, spinning in forward course, flung him headlong and rolled him on the plain, and Turnus, with following sword, severed his head betwixt the nethermost helm and the breastplate's upper marge, and left the trunk to cumber the sand.

And while Turnus' conquering hand thus spread death upon the plains, Mnestheus, meanwhile, and loyal Achates, with Ascanius at their side, lodged Aeneas within the camp, bleeding and with alternate step supported on his tall lance. Raging, he strove to pluck forth the dart with its broken shaft, and demanded the speediest mode of cure, bidding them cut the wound with broad sword, tear apart the weapon's ambuscade to its depths, and send him again to battle! And now Iapyx, Iasus' son, was come, dearest of men to Phoebus; to whom once, under the poignant spell of love, Apollo offered his own arts, his own powers—his augury, his lyre, and his fleet arrows. He, to prolong the span of his sire who lay sick to death, chose rather to know the virtue of herbs and the practice of healing, and to meditate inglorious a silent art! Bitterly impatient, Aeneas stood propped on his mighty lance, with a great concourse of warriors and weeping Iulus at his side, himself unmoved by their tears. The aged man, his robe rolled back and girt high in the Healer's mode, strove much with the leechcraft of his hand and the potent herbs of Phoebus—in vain: in vain his hand assayed the dart and his gripping pincers grasped at the steel! No fortune guided his course, Apollo lent nor counsel nor aid: and higher and higher the dread alarm surged over the plains, and disaster stood nearer now. Already they saw heaven beset with dust: the horsemen came riding up, and shafts were falling thickly in the midst of the

camp ; while starward rose the woeful clamour of battling men and men that fell under the iron doom of War.

In that hour, Venus, heart-stricken by her son's unmerited anguish, plucked with maternal hand dittany from Cretan Ida, a stem with downy leaves and crowned by a lustrous flower ; not strange that herb to the wild goat when the fleet arrows have pierced his flank ! This Venus brought to earth, her face veiled in obscure halo : this, secretly infused, she steeped in the river-water outpoured in the ewer's glittering brim, then sprinkled the healthful juices of ambrosia and fragrant panacea. With that water ancient Iapyx laved the wound, nor knew what he did : and suddenly all pain fled from the body, and the blood was stanched deep in the wound. And now, obsequious to his hand, the shaft fell out under no constraint, and the hero's new-born strength returned to its whilom vigour. ' Bring him arms with instant speed ! Why linger ye? ' cried Iapyx, foremost to incense their spirit against the enemy. ' This comes not by mortal aid nor by my preceptress art : not this the hand that preserves thee, Aeneas ! A greater god works herein, and restores thee to greater deeds.' He, thirsting for battle, had enclosed his thighs in the circling gold, and, loathing delays, stood brandishing his spear. Soon as the shield was adjusted to his side and the corselet to his back, he clasped Ascanius in armed embrace, and, but touching his lips through the helm, thus said : ' Learn valour and true endurance from me, my child, —fortune from others ! Now my right hand shall hold thee secure in war, and lead thee through the paths where high honour may be won : thy care be it to remember this, when soon thy years shall have grown to ripeness ; and, while thy soul dwells on the example of thy kindred, let Aeneas and Hector—sire and uncle—wake thy prowess ! '

So said, he passed through the gates—a mighty man shaking a massy spear. With him Antheus and Mnestheus rushed in serried array, and all the host streamed from the forlorn camp. The plain was a turmoil of blinding dust, and the startled earth quaked under their trampling feet. From an opposing mound Turnus saw their coming: the Ausonians saw, and a chill tremor ran through their very marrow. Before all the Latians else, Juturna heard and knew the sound, and quailed and fled. The prince flew on, and swept his dusk column athwart the open champaign. As when a storm-cloud bursts from the stars and sweeps to earth over the mid seas—ay me, the swain's prescient heart trembles from far: for it shall wreak ruin on his trees and destruction on his crops, and all things shall be whelmed both far and near!—and in its van fly the winds, wafting the roar to the strand:—such was the Rhoeteian chief as he urged his squadrons full on the foe, and, one and all, they closed their battalions and gathered thickly to his side! Thymbraeus smote ponderous Osiris with the sword, Mnestheus Arcetius: Epulo Achates slew, Ufens Gyas; and Tolumnius himself, the augur, bled, who had first hurled his lance on the enemy's line. The din rose up to heaven, and, routed in turn, the Rutulians gave back in flight along the plain amid clouds of dust. Himself he deigned not to strike the fugitives down in death, nor assailed those who met him fairly upon foot, nor them that bore the lance: Turnus alone he tracked and sought through the gathered gloom—Turnus alone he claimed for battle!

Heart-stricken by such terror, Juturna—warrior-maid—hurled Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer, full betwixt the reins, and left him at distance, fallen from the pole: herself she took his seat and with her own hands guided the flowing reins, wearing all that Metiscus wore—his voice, his frame,

and his arms. As a black swallow flits through the ample halls of some wealthy lord and wings her way round his stately courts, gathering her tiny crumbs of food to regale the twitterers in her nest; and now her pinions sound in the vacant colonnades, now round the water-ponds:—such was Juturna, as she whirled behind her steeds through the enemy's midst, and flew over all with racing chariot, and now here, now there, displayed her brother in triumph,—yet suffered him not to close in battle, but shot far away! Nor less, while he sought encounter, Aeneas threaded the mazy circle, tracking his steps and calling him with mighty voice across the shattered squadrons. But often as his glance was cast on his foe and his foot assayed to match the flight of those winged steeds, so often Juturna swerved with retreating car. Alas, what might he do? Vainly he tossed on inconstant tide, and discordant cares racked his breast with call and counter-call. On him Messapus—whose left hand haply bore two stout shafts tipped with steel—levelled and flung the one with nimble charge and unerring stroke. Aeneas halted, and, sinking on his knee, crouched behind his arms: yet the rapid spear bore his helmet's peak away and smote the topmost plumes from the summit. Then in truth his wrath surged high; and, patience overborne by treachery, he watched steeds and chariot vanish in retreat, then—much adjuring Jove and the altars of the broken truce—plunged at last into their midmost ranks, and, clothed in terrors, moved under the War-god's smile, wreaking a fierce promiscuous carnage and casting loose all reins of passion.

And now what god shall hymn me those woeful deeds, that counterchange of slaughter, and the death of the captains, whom Turnus now—now Troy's hero—drove in their turn over all the plain? King of Heaven, and was

it thy will that in thus ruinous shock two nations should close, destined to dwell in endless peace? Aeneas, met by the Rutule Sucro (that fray first stayed the Teucrian onslaught!), caught him in the side after brief delay, and, where death comes speediest, drove the stark sword through his ribs and the fabric of his chest. Turnus, in foot-encounter, smote Amycus, hurled from his horse, and his brother Diores—this with long spear as he rushed on, this with the sword-edge— then hung each severed head from his car, and bore them off dripping with sanguine dews. The one sent Talors and Tanais and brave Cethegus down to death, three met at once, and sad Onites, Peridia's child, of the Echionian name: his foe the brothers sent from Lycia and Apollo's fields, and young Menoetes of Arcadia, who shrank from war in vain: round the streams of fish-haunted Lerna, where his cottage stood, he had plied his art, unversed in the employments of the great, while his father sowed on hired soil. And as fires let loose from diverse quarters on a parched forest and rustling thickets of bay; or as foaming rivers, when, in dizzy career, roaring they descend from the mountain-tops and race to the plain, each in its own wide-wasting path:—with equal fury Aeneas and Turnus alike rushed through the battle: now, now the tide of wrath seethed within them; their unvanquished hearts were strained to breaking; now with utmost force they dashed upon wounds!

This hurled Murranus from his chariot and flung him prone to earth with the whirling stone of a vast rock, Murranus, whose loud tongue vaunted the immemorial names of grandsires and grandsires' sires, and all his long line descending through so many a Latian king! Under rein and yoke the wheels rolled him forward, and he lay trampled beneath the quick-beating hooves of galloping steeds that

forgot their lord. That met Hyllus, charging in giant fury, and flung the spear at his gold-bound forehead; and, piercing the helm, the point stood fixed in his brain. Nor, Cretheus, bravest of the Greeks, could thy strong hand deliver thee from Turnus! nor did Cupencus' deities shield their worshipper when Aeneas came: he laid his breast bare to the steel, and his buckler's brazen rampart availed not the victim. Thee, too, Aeolus, the Laurentine plains saw bleed, covering supine a great breadth of earth. Fallen thou wert laid whom neither Argos' legions nor Achilles, the destroyer of Priam's realm, could overthrow! Here didst thou find thy mortal goal: thy stately home stood under Ida,—at Lyrnesus thy stately home, on Laurentine soil thy sepulchre! The whole lines were flung into utter turmoil, and all Latium and all Troy—Mnestheus and bold Serestus; Messapus, tamer of steeds, and stout Asilas; and the Tuscan phalanx, and Evander's Arcadian horse—fought every man for his own hand with utmost effort of their powers. Nor rest nor respite: they strained in titanic struggle!

And now his fairest mother inspired Aeneas to march on the walls, fling his column swiftly against the town, and confound the Latins with unhoped blow. While he, tracking Turnus through the diverse ranks, swept his glance to left and right, he descried the city immune from the raging war, quiet and unamerced. Incontinent the vision of a greater battle fired him; he summoned his captains, Mnestheus and Sergestus and gallant Serestus, and ascended a mound, round which the rest of the Teucrian host came thronging in serried array, yet resigned not shield or spear. Then, standing in their midst on the earthen eminence, he spoke: 'Let no delay retard my command:—Jove fights with us. Nor let any advance more slowly because the emprize is sudden.

To-day—save they agree to admit our yoke, and, conquered, to obey their conquerors—I will raze this town, the well-spring of the war, the very seat of Latinus' empire, and lay its smoking roofs level with the ground! What, shall I delay till it be Turnus' pleasure to brook our sword and the vanquished again find heart to abide the encounter? Men of my country, this is the head, this the sum, of the accursed war! Bring torches with hot speed, and with fire reclaim the treaty!' He ceased; and all, their hearts kindling with equal zeal, formed a wedge and poured in serried mass to the walls. Ladders and unexpected flames rose into sudden view: part ran to the various gates and slew the foremost sentinels; part hurled the steel and overshadowed the sky with javelins. Himself in the van, Aeneas uplifted his hand to the city-walls, and loudly impeached Latinus, calling heaven to witness that he was again driven into battle—that Italy was twice his foe, and this treaty broken as the first! Among the bewildered citizens faction rose high: some bade unbar the city and fling the gates wide for the Dardans, and dragged their king himself to the battlements: some brought arms, and assayed to defend the ramparts. As when some swain has discovered bees in covert of the rock, and filled their hive with bitter smoke; they within, alarmed for their estate, flit scattering through the waxen fortalice, and edge their anger with loud hummings: the black fume rolls through their chambers, the inner rocks sound with murmurous confusion, and the vapours mount to the void air!

And now this last blow fell on weary Latium, shaking the whole city to her base with woe. For when, from her palace, the queen saw the enemy's advance, the walls assaulted, and fires flying to the roofs, yet nowhere Rutulia's opposing spears, nor any lines of Turnus, she deemed (unhappy!) her prince

dead in combat, and—her brain reeling under the sudden agony—cried out that she was the cause, the guilt-stained fountain-head of ill; then, with many a brain-sick utterance of her melancholy frenzy, rent, death-resolved, her purple robes, and from lofty beams hung the knot of a ghastly death. Soon as the sad Latian dames learned that calamity, first her child Lavinia,—her flowery tresses and roseate cheeks all torn,—then the rest of their throng around her, broke into wild sorrow; while the halls rang far and wide with lamentation. Thence the disastrous rumour was noised through the town: hearts sank, and Latinus, his robes rent, went thunder-blasted by the doom of his consort and the ruin of his city, defiling his white hairs with showers of unclean dust!

Meanwhile Turnus, warring on the extreme plain, pursued the scant stragglers, slacker now, and less and less exulting in his steeds' victorious course. To him the air bore that cry blended with unknown terrors, and on his eager ears smote the sound of the stricken city and its joyless murmur. 'Alas, why are the walls a turmoil of loud sorrow? Or what this great cry ringing from the distant town?' He said; and, distraught, halted with drawn reins. Then his sister,—as, changed to the semblance of Metiscus the charioteer, she governed car and steeds and reins,—thus met his doubt: 'Turnus, pursue we the sons of Troy by this path where victory first opens way: there are others whose hand can guard their homes! Aeneas assails the Italians in mingled mellay: let our sword, no less, wreak dread carnage on his Teucrians! Neither in number of the slain nor in honours of the fray shall he surpass thee when thou retirest!' To this Turnus: 'Sister, I both knew thee long ago, when thy arts first shattered the truce and thou didst fling thee into this war, and now vainly thou wouldst hide thy deity! But

who willed thee to descend from Olympus and endure these toils? Was it that thou mightest view thy brother's cruel death? For what may I do? or what chance can now give me hope of safety? Before these eyes I beheld Murranus—none dearer left to me!—fall, a great man conquered by a great wound, while his voice called on me! Unhappy Ufens has bled, that he might not behold our shame: the Teucrians hold his corpse and arms! Shall I suffer their homes to be razed to earth—the last drop to fill the cup!—nor refute Drances' taunts with this right hand? Shall I turn my back, and shall this earth see Turnus in flight? Is it so hard a thing to die? Be kind to me, ye powers below, for they above regard me not. A stainless soul, ignorant of that guilt, I will descend to you—I whom no day shall have argued unworthy of my great forefathers!'

Scarce had he spoken, when, lo, Saces came spurring through the enemy's throng on foam-covered horse,—the front of his face bleeding from an arrow,—and rushed on, imploring Turnus by his name: 'Turnus, our last hope is stayed on thee: pity thou thy people! Aeneas thunders in arms, and threatens to hurl down Italy's topmost towers and give them to destruction: even now brands are flying to the roofs. To thee Latium turns—to thee with look and eye! Even Latium's king mutters doubt—whom he shall bid to his daughter's hand, or to which alliance he shall incline! More, the queen—thy surest trust—has fallen by her own hand and fled in terror from the day. Alone before the gates Messapus and gallant Atinas uphold our battle. Around these, on each side, throng serried legions, and the iron harvest stands horrent with naked blades: and thou wheelest thy car over the deserted sward!' Aghast, and bewildered by the changing picture, Turnus stood in mute gaze: in his

one heart surged the great tides of shame, grief mixed with madness, love stung by fury, and conscious valour! Soon as the shadows were banished and light dawned again on his mind, storm-tossed he turned his blazing orbs to the battlements and looked back from his car to the spacious city.

But, lo, a fiery crest, flame-rolled betwixt the storeys, was flickering to heaven and preying upon a turret—a turret which himself had built of compacted beams and set on wheels, and overlaid wth lofty bridges. 'Now, now, my sister, fate proves too potent: forbear thy delays; let us follow where God and Fortune's stern dictates call! My purpose stands to join encounter with Aeneas: it stands to endure in death whatever bitterness resides therein; and no longer, my sister, shalt thou view me disgraced! Yet suffer me first, I pray, to be mad with this madness.' He said; and leapt quickly from his car to the ground, rushed through foes and through spears, and, leaving his sister to her sorrow, broke in swift course through the midmost lines. And as a rock falls precipitate from some mountain-crest, torn thence by the wind, or washed forth by the swollen rains, or loosened by the stealthy lapse of years; under mighty impulse the destroying cliff crashes in abrupt descent and bounds over earth, involving in its train forests and herds and men:—so, through the cloven ranks, Turnus rushed to the city-walls, where the ground was deepest-dyed with spilt blood and the air hissed with spears; then, with a gesture of his hand, began in loud tones: 'Desist now, Rutulians; and, ye Latians, check your darts! Whatever fortune comes is mine. It is juster that I alone should expiate the broken truce in your stead, and decide the issue by the steel!' All that intervened gave ground, and yielded him space.

But father Aeneas, when he heard Turnus' name, aban-

doned the walls and abandoned the battlements' height, cast all delays aside, broke off all his toils, and—his heart leaping with joy—rang dread thunder on his arms : great as Athos, great as Eryx, or great as Father Apenninus himself, when he roars with quivering holms and exultant lifts his snowy head in air. And now, indeed, Rutulians and Trojans and every Italian turned their gaze upon them, and undid the armour from their shoulders ;—both they who manned the ramparts on high and they whose ram battered the walls below. Even Latinus marvelled to see those mighty men, born in distant regions of earth, met each with other and ridding their quarrel by the steel. And they, when the lists were clear in the deserted plain, ran forward with swift pace, first flinging their spears from distance, and rushed on the fray with shields and sounding brass. Earth moaned ; their sword showered recurrent blows, and chance and valour were blended in one. And as, in great Sila or upon Taburnus' crown, when two bulls dash to mortal encounter with adverse front, the timorous hinds withdraw, the whole herd stands mute with dread, and the heifers mutter doubt—who shall be the forest-lord, whom all their bands shall follow : they, with vehement fury, deal promiscuous wounds, infix their conflicting horns, and bathe neck and shoulders in streaming blood, while the moaning wood bellows again :—even so Aeneas of Troy and Daunia's hero met under shield, and the ruinous crash filled heaven ! Jove himself upheld two scales in levelled balance and imposed the diverse fates of both,—whom the struggle should doom, and on which side the weight of death should sink.

And now Turnus, deeming himself immune, shot forward, rose with all his frame to the uplifted sword, and smote. Trojans and expectant Latins cried loud, and the ranks of

either host held their breath. But the traitorous blade shivered, and forsook its fiery lord in the mid stroke—did not flight come to his succour. Swifter than the East he fled, when he descried a strange hilt in his unweaponed hand. Fame tells that in headlong haste, when he mounted his yoked steeds for the first affray, he left his father's brand behind, and seized the steel of Metiscus his charioteer ; and for long that sufficed, while the Teucrians were turning their recreant backs : but, when it came to the divine Vulcanian arms, the mortal glaive flew apart at the blow like brittle ice, and the fragments lay shining on the yellow sand. Sense-bereft, therefore, Turnus fled afar over the plain, wheeling in aimless circle, now hither, now thither : for on all hands the serried ring of Teucrians enclosed him, and here the great morass, there the frowning battlements confined him.

Nor less Aeneas,—though his knees, retarded yet by the arrow wound, impeded him at whiles and denied him their speed,—still pursued, and pressed him with foot hard upon racing foot. As when the hunter has caught a stag, shut in by some stream or pent within the feather-hung line of scarlet, and chases him with running, barking hound : he, in dread of the toils and lofty banks, flees a thousand ways, and fleeing returns ; but the quick Umbrian clings open-mouthed to his trail, and now—now—he seems to hold him, and, as though he held, snaps his jaws, and baffled bites at nothingness ! Then, in truth, the clamour rose loud : the encircling banks and lakes gave answer, and all heaven thundered with the tumult. The one, even in act of flight, upbraided his Rutulians all, invoking each by name and demanding his wonted sword. Aeneas, in countermand, threatened death and instant doom, should any approach; terrified their trembling hearts with menace of destruction

to the city ; and, despite his wound, pressed on. Round five full circles they raced, and unthreaded as many more, this way and that ; for they sought no light or sportive meed, but ran for Turnus' life and blood !

Here, it chanced, a wild olive of bitter leaf had stood, consecrate to Faunus, a venerable bole erewhile in the mariner's sight ; whereon, preserved from the wave, they were wont to affix their gifts to the Laurentine god and suspend their votive weeds : but the Teucrians, with unregarding zeal, had hewn down its sacred stem, that the combatants might encounter in clear lists. There the spear of Aeneas stood : thither its force had borne and lodged it, and now held it in the tough root. Bending, the Dardan assayed to pluck the steel forth in his hand, and pursue with javelin-cast him whom his speed availed not to reach. Then Turnus, distraught with fear : ' Faunus,' he cried, ' have pity, I pray thee ; and thou, gracious Earth, hold the iron fast, if always I have observed your honours, which Aeneas' people, in other sort, have made profane with war ! ' He said ; and called the celestial aid to no unavailing vow. For, though he struggled long, and lingered over the stubborn trunk, by no effort could Aeneas unlock the biting timber. While fiercely he strove and strained, the Daunian goddess, changed again to semblance of Metiscus the charioteer, ran forward and restored the blade to her brother. Then Venus, indignant that such licence was granted the bold Nymph, approached and plucked the spear again from the deep root. Towering in arms and refreshed in spirit,—this reliant on his sword, that fierce and erect with spear in hand,—the champions stood fronting War's breathless strife !

Meanwhile the King of all-puissant Olympus bespoke Juno, as from a lurid cloud she surveyed the battle : ' What

now shall be the end, my consort? What remains at the last? Thou knowest—self-avowed thy knowledge!—that the skies claim Aeneas, as hero made divine, and the Fates exalt him to the stars. What devising, or what hoping, lingerest thou in the chill clouds? Was it meet that mortal wound should profane a god? or that his reft blade—for without thee what could Juturna avail?—should be restored to Turnus, and might rise high in the vanquished? Cease at long last, and bow to our entreaty, that thy great sorrow may no longer prey on thee in silence, nor gloomy cares come coursing on me so oft from thy sweet lips! The bourne is reached. Power has been thine to toss the Trojans over land or sea, to kindle an unblest war, to dress a palace in mourning, and to dissolve a bridal in tears: farther to attempt I forbid!' Thus Jupiter spoke; and thus, with downcast look, Saturn's goddess-child returned: 'In truth, great Jove, because thy pleasure was known to me, unwillingly I abandoned both Turnus and the earth: nor else wouldst thou behold me now alone on my aery seat, enduring fair and foul; but flame-girt would I stand even by their embattled lines, dragging the Teucrians to the fatal fray. That I counselled Juturna to succour her hapless brother I confess, and sanctioned her to dare yet more in the cause of life,—but sanctioned not the levelled shaft nor the drawn bow! Thus much I swear by the implacable fount of the Stygian wave—that awful name which alone may bind the upper gods! And now I yield and with loathing resign the war. One guerdon—banned by no fatal law—I entreat from thee, for Latium's sake and the majesty of thy kindred: when soon they establish peace with a happy bridal (so be it for me!), when they shall unite in law and league, command not the native Latins to change their name, to become Trojans, or to bear the Teucrian style,—command them not to change their

tongue nor to resign their garb : let there be a Latium still, let there be kings at Alba throughout the ages, let there be a Roman race strong in Italian valour ! Troy lies fallen, and fallen let her lie—herself and her name ! '

To her—with a smile—the author of men and things : ' True sister of Jove thou art, and Saturn's other seed : so fiercely the waves of passion roll in thy breast ! But come, allay thy fury conceived in vain : I grant thy wish, and, submissive and unreluctant, surrender to thee ! Ausonia's sons shall preserve their ancestral speech and customs ; and as their name is, so it shall be : the Teucrians shall but mingle and merge in the body of their realm. Myself will assign the mode and ritual of their worship, and I will make them all *Latins* of one speech. Thence thou shalt see a race arise from admixture of Ausonian blood, surpassing men and surpassing gods in piety ; nor shall any people celebrate thy honours with equal zeal ! ' Juno yielded assent, and with new-born joy reversed her purpose.—Meanwhile she departed from the sky and abandoned her cloudy throne.

This sped, the Sire revolved other purpose in his breast, and prepared to withdraw Juturna's succour from her brother's sword. There are twin fiends,—*Furies* styled,—whom, with hellish Megaera, Midnight bore in one and the selfsame travail, and swathed them in viperous coils, and gave them wind-swift wings. Before Jove's throne and the threshold of the grim King they start to view, whetting the terrors of suffering men, what time Heaven's monarch plies pestilence and dreadful death, or affrights guilty towns with war. The one of these Jove sent swiftly down from the empyreal height, and bade her confront Juturna, charged with his omen. Forth she flew, borne earthward in rushing whirlwind. Even as a cloud-piercing arrow launched from the string—an arrow which Parthian (Parthian or Cydonian) has armed with

gall of deadly venom and shot, a leech-proof shaft—leaps whistling and unseen through the fleeting shades :—so sped the daughter of Night, as she hied to earth ! Soon as she discerned the Ilian lines and Turnus' array, shrinking with sudden change to the form of that little bird which oft, perched at night on tomb or deserted roof, sings, with boding voice, her belated descant through the dusk,—in such transmuted semblance the fiend passed and repassed, rustling before Turnus' face, and beat his buckler with her wings. A strange palsy unstrung his limbs with fear ; his hair rose with horror, and the voice clove to his throat.

But when from far Juturna knew the Fury's strident pinions, she rent—hapless maid !—her dishevelled tresses, and, sister-like, tore her cheeks and smote her breast : 'What succour, my Turnus, can thy sister now lend? What more is left to me—cruel that I am? What art of mine may prolong thy day? Can I front that presence of dread? Now, now, I quit the field. Ye hellish birds, forbear to appal my quaking heart : I know the beating of your wings and their sound fraught with death—I hear the haughty mandate of great-souled Jove. Is it thus he requites my maidenhood reft? Why gave he eternal life? Why lost I the mortal's privilege? Then, certes, at this hour I might annul my anguish, and journey through the shadows at the side of my poor brother? Immortal—I? Can aught that is mine be sweet to me without thee, my brother? O what earth may yawn deep enough for me and send me down—a goddess to the nethermost shades? ' So far she spoke ; then shrouded her head in the grey robe, and, with many a moan, plunged her celestial frame into the river's depth !

Against his foe pressed Aeneas, brandishing his vast tree-like spear, and thus spoke from unpitying heart : 'What now for thy next delay? Turnus, why shrinkest thou still? Not

with swift foot, but hand to hand with fatal steel must this contest be waged! Turn thee into all shapes soever, and muster all thy powers whether of courage or art: choose, if thou wilt, to wing thy flight to the exalted stars, or to hide thee in shelter of the cavernous earth!' He, with shaken head: 'Thy fiery words dismay me not, fierce as thou art: the gods dismay me, and Jove my foe!' And, without further parle, he looked round on a mighty rock, a mighty rock and ancient, which haply lay on the plain, set there as landmark to ward dispute from the fields. Scarce twice six chosen men could uplift it on their shoulders,—men of such mould as earth produces in these days:—then the hero caught it with hasty hand and hurled it against the foe, rising to his height and running at speed. But he knew not himself as he ran, nor as he moved, nor as he raised his hand, nor as he stirred the gigantic rock: his knees tottered, and his chill blood froze as ice. The very stone that he flung whirled through the void inane; but traversed not all the space, nor bore the stroke to its goal. And even as in dreams, when languid sleep has oppressed our eyes, we seem to strive in vain to extend our eager course, and, in the mid effort, sink swooning down; our tongue is palsied, our wonted strength of limb avails not, and voice and word obey not our summons:—so to Turnus, with whatever valour he sought the means, the dire fiend denied the issue! And now vague phantasies whirled through his soul: he looked to his Rutulians and the town; he wavered in fear, and trembled at death's pursuant step, but saw not whither he might escape, nor how nerved he might advance against the foe, nor anywhere his car, nor his sister that drove the car!

As he wavered, Aeneas brandished the fate-charged spear, choosing occasion with alert eye, and hurled it from far with all the might of his frame. Never stone sped from mural

engine, so roars: never crash follows so loud on the rending thunderbolt! Like sable whirlwind flew the lance on its dread errand of doom, and opened the corselet's edge and the extreme orb of the sevenfold shield; then, singing, pierced full through the thigh. Smitten by that blow, Turnus, with doubled knee, fell to earth in his mighty stature. Groaning the Rutulians rose as a man, and all the mountain round re-echoed, and far and near the forests profound flung back the cry. He, in humble suppliance, raised his eyes and beseeching hand: 'I have merited,' he said, 'and I cry not mercy: use thy fortune to the full! Yet, if any thought of a father's misery can touch thee—in Anchises thou, too, hadst such a sire!—pity, O pity, Daunus' white hairs, and restore to my kindred me, or, if so thou wilt, my breathless clay! Thou hast conquered, and, conquered, the Ausonians have seen me outstretch these palms. Lavinia is thine to wed: strain not thy hatred farther!' Rolling his eyes, Aeneas stood grim in arms, and refrained his hand. And more, and yet more, that speech had begun to sway his hesitant resolve, when the ill-starred belt met the view high on his shoulder, and the baldrick of youthful Pallas flashed with the familiar studs,—Pallas, whom Turnus had vanquished and laid bleeding on earth, and now bore on his shoulders the ensign of his foe. He—soon as his eyes drank in the memorials of his cruel grief and those ravished spoils—incensed with fury and terrible in his wrath: 'And shalt thou, clothed in the trophies of my friend, escape me hence? It is Pallas—Pallas immolates thee with this wound and exacts vengeance from thy guilty blood!' So saying, like fire he buried the steel full in his breast. The chilling limbs relaxed, and the indignant life fled moaning beneath the shades.

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